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DRAMAS AND POEMS

Benj. B. Warfield
Dec 15th 1871.

BY

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

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BOSTON
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PREFACE

TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

In the preparation of this volume, it has been the wish of the publishers to bring together, in a convenient form, the best of Sir E. B. Lytton's dramas, and a selection of his minor productions in verse, which should adequately represent his characteristics as a lyric and narrative poet. It is for the reader to determine how far this attempt has been successful; but it is believed that no piece has been inserted which is not worthy of the established reputation of the author, and that the volume will be an acceptable addition to the pocket library.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is the youngest son of the late General Bulwer of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, and upon his mother's side he is descended from a wealthy family in Hereford, whose surname he has assumed instead of his father's patronymic. He was born in 1805, and is said to have exhibited proofs of superior talents at a very early age. His preliminary stud-

ies were conducted under the eye of his mother, who appears to have been a woman of cultivated taste and rare accomplishments. He was subsequently entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated with honor, having won the Chancellor's medal for the best English poem. In 1826, at the age of twenty-one, he published a small volume of poems, under the title of Weeds and Wild-Flowers; and the next year his first novel, Falkland, appeared. Since that time he has been constantly before the public as an author both in prose and verse, and with a gradually increasing reputation.

The list of his novels includes, besides other works of lesser merit and popularity, Pelham, The Disowned, Devereux, Paul Clifford, Eugene Aram, The Last Days of Pompeii, Rienzi, Ernest Maltravers, and Alice, or the Mysteries, — all of which were published before he was thirty-five, — and The Last of the Barons, Zanoni, Harold, The Caxtons, and My Novel, or Varieties of English Life, which belong to quite a different class of compositions. He has also just commenced the publication of a new serial romance, which seems likely to furnish fresh evidence of the remarkable versatility of his genius. Though these works are of different degrees of merit, they all exhibit great powers, and it is by them that Sir Edward is best known.

But he has not neglected other walks of literature. Soon after the publication of Eugene Aram, he became editor of the New Monthly Magazine; and to that journal he contributed a series of essays and criticisms, subsequently published in a collected form, under the title of The Student. In 1833, he published two volumes of clever and sarcastic observations on England and the English, embodying many shrewd remarks on English literature and society. This was followed by a beautifully illustrated tale, The Pilgrims of the Rhine, in which he wrought up the materials collected during a Continental tour.

In 1842, he published Eva and Other Poems, a volume which met with some success. At a later period, he published anonymously his two longest and most celebrated poems, The New Timon and King Arthur, both of them elaborate productions, which attracted much notice at the time, and are likely to have a permanent place in English literature.

In the mean time, our author had attempted still another species of composition. As early as 1837 he produced his first play, The Duchess de la Vallière, which was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, but was not favorably received. Quickened to fresh exertions by the failure of this piece, he subsequently wrote The Lady of Lyons, Richelieu, and Money, three of the most

popular plays now upon the stage. He also wrote, for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art, a short play entitled Not so Bad as We Seem, which has been frequently represented by Mr. Charles Dickens's amateur company.

Besides his literary labors, Sir E. B. Lytton has also found time to take part in political life. In 1831, he entered Parliament as a Whig, and subsequently became conspicuous for his advocacy of the rights of dramatic authors, and for his liberal opinions on other questions. When Sir Robert Peel formed his first ministry, in December, 1834, Mr. Bulwer, as he was then denominated, published a pamphlet on The Crisis, which ran through more than twenty editions, and produced a very considerable effect. Upon the return of the Whigs to power, he was raised to a baronetcy, as a reward for his services. In the general election of 1842, he lost his seat, and was not again returned to Parliament until 1852, when he became a member for the county of Hertford, having in the mean time joined the Conservative party under the leadership of the Earl of Derby. Sir Edward has not been a frequent speaker in Parliament, but his occasional speeches and addresses have served to raise his reputation. His inaugural address as Rector of the University of Glasgow, in particular, has been greatly admired.

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THE LADY OF LYONS:

OR,

LOVE AND PRIDE.

PREFACE.

An indistinct recollection of the very pretty little tale, called "The Bellows-Mender," suggested the plot of this Drama. The incidents are, however, greatly altered from those in the tale, and the characters entirely recast.

Having long had a wish to illustrate certain periods of the French history, so, in the selection of the date in which the scenes of this play are laid, I saw that the era of the Republic was that in which the incidents were rendered most probable, in which the probationary career of the hero could well be made sufficiently rapid for dramatic effect, and in which the character of the time itself was depicted by the agencies necessary to the conduct of the narrative. For during the early years of the first and most brilliant successes of the French Republic, in the general ferment of society, and the brief equalization of ranks, Claude's high-placed love, his ardent feel-

ings, his unsettled principles, — (the struggle between which makes the passion of this drama,) — his ambition, and his career, were phenomena that characterized the age, and in which the spirit of the nation went along with the extravagance of the individual.

The play itself was composed with a twofold object. In the first place, sympathizing with the enterprise of Mr. Macready, as Manager of Covent Garden, and believing that many of the higher interests of the Drama were involved in the success or failure of an enterprise equally hazardous and disinterested, I felt, if I may so presume to express myself, something of the Brotherhood of Art; and it was only for Mr. Macready to think it possible that I might serve him in order to induce me to make the attempt.

Secondly, in that attempt I was mainly anxious to see whether or not, after the comparative failure on the stage of "The Duchess de la Vallière," certain critics had truly declared that it was not in my power to attain the art of dramatic construction and theatrical effect. I felt, indeed, that it was in this that a writer, accustomed to the narrative class of composition, would have the most both to learn and to *un*-learn. Accordingly, it was to the development of the plot and the arrangement of the incidents that I directed my chief attention; — and I sought to throw

whatever belongs to poetry less into the diction and the "felicity of words" than into the construction of the story, the creation of the characters, and the spirit of the pervading sentiment.

The authorship of the play was neither avowed nor suspected until the play had established itself in public favor. The announcement of my name was the signal for attacks, chiefly political, to which it is now needless to refer. When a work has outlived for some time the earlier hostilities of criticism, there comes a new race of critics to which a writer may, for the most part, calmly trust for a fair consideration, whether of the faults or the merits of his performance.

TO

THE AUTHOR OF "ION,"

WHOSE GENIUS AND EXAMPLE HAVE ALIKE CONTRIBUTED
TOWARDS THE REGENERATION OF

The National Drama,

THIS PLAY IS INSCRIBED.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BEAUSEANT, *a rich gentleman of Lyons, in love with, and refused by, Pauline Deschappelles.*

GLAVIS, *his friend, also a rejected suitor to Pauline.*

COLONEL (*afterwards General*) DAMAS, *cousin to Madame Deschappelles, and an officer in the French army.*

MONSIEUR DESCHAPPELLES, *a Lyonnese merchant, father to Pauline.*

LANDLORD OF THE GOLDEN LION.

GASPAR.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

FIRST OFFICER, SECOND OFFICER, THIRD OFFICER.

Servants, Notary, &c.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

PAULINE, *her daughter.*

THE WIDOW MELNOTTE, *mother to Claude.*

JANET, *the inkeeper's daughter.*

MARIAN, *maid to Pauline.*

Scene. — Lyons and the neighborhood.

Time. — 1795 – 1798.

THE LADY OF LYONS:

OR,

LOVE AND PRIDE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A room in the house of* M. DESCHAPPELLES, *at Lyons.* PAULINE *reclining on a sofa;* MARIAN, *her maid, fanning her. — Flowers and notes on a table beside the sofa. —* MADAME DESCHAPPELLES *seated. — The Gardens are seen from the open window.*

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

MARIAN, put that rose a little more to the left. — (MARIAN *alters the position of a rose in* PAULINE'S *hair.*) — Ah, so! — that improves the air, — the *tournure*, the *je ne sais quoi!* — You are certainly very handsome, child! — quite my style; — I don't wonder that you make such a sensation! — Old, young, rich, and poor, do homage to the Beauty of Lyons! — Ah, we live again in our children, — especially when they have our eyes and complexion!

PAULINE (*languidly*).

Dear mother, you spoil your Pauline! — (*Aside.*) I wish I knew who sent me these flowers!

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

No, child! — if I praise you, it is only to inspire you with a proper ambition. — You are born to make a great marriage. — Beauty is valuable or worthless according as you invest the property to the best advantage. — Marian, go and order the carriage!

[*Exit* MARIAN.

PAULINE.

Who *can* it be that sends me, every day, these beautiful flowers? — how sweet they are!

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Monsieur Beauseant, Madam.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Let him enter. Pauline, this is another offer! — I know it is! — Your father should engage an additional clerk to keep the account-book of your conquests.

Enter BEAUSEANT.

BEAUSEANT.

Ah, ladies, how fortunate I am to find you at home! —— (*Aside.*) How lovely she looks! — It is a great sacrifice I make in marrying into a family in trade! — they will be eternally grateful! —— (*Aloud.*) Madam, you will permit me a word with your charming daughter. —— (*Approaches* PAULINE, *who rises disdainfully.*) —— Mademoiselle, I have ventured to wait upon you, in a hope that you must long since have divined. Last night, when you outshone all the beauty of Lyons, you completed your conquest over me! You know that my fortune is

not exceeded by any estate in the province, — you know that, but for the Revolution, which has defrauded me of my titles, I should be noble. May I, then, trust that you will not reject my alliance? I offer you my hand and heart.

PAULINE (*aside*).

He has the air of a man who confers a favor! — (*Aloud.*) Sir, you are very condescending, — I thank you humbly; but, being duly sensible of my own demerits, you must allow me to decline the honor you purpose.

[*Curtsies, and turns away.*

BEAUSEANT.

Decline! impossible! — you are not serious! — Madame, suffer me to appeal to *you*. I am a suitor for your daughter's hand, — the settlements shall be worthy of her beauty and my station. May I wait on M. Deschappelles?

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

M. Deschappelles never interferes in the domestic arrangements, — you are very obliging. If you were still a marquis, or if my daughter were intended to marry a commoner, — why, perhaps, we might give you the preference.

BEAUSEANT.

A commoner! — we are all commoners in France now.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

In France, yes; but there is a nobility still left in the other countries in Europe. We are quite aware of your good qualities, and don't doubt that you will

find some lady more suitable to your pretensions. We shall be always happy to see you as an acquaintance, M. Beauseant! — My dear child, the carriage will be here presently.

BEAUSEANT.

Say no more, Madame! — say no more! — (*Aside.*) Refused! and by a merchant's daughter! — refused! It will be all over Lyons before sunset! — I will go and bury myself in my château, study philosophy, and turn woman-hater. Refused! they ought to be sent to a madhouse! — Ladies, I have the honor to wish you a very good morning.

[*Exit.*

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

How forward these men are! — I think, child, we kept up our dignity. Any girl, however inexperienced, knows how to accept an offer, but it requires a vast deal of address to refuse one with proper condescension and disdain. I used to practise it at school with the dancing-master.

Enter DAMAS.

DAMAS.

Good morning, cousin Deschappelles. — Well, Pauline, are you recovered from last night's ball? — So many triumphs must be very fatiguing. Even M. Glavis sighed most piteously when you departed; — but that might be the effect of the supper.

PAULINE.

M. Glavis, indeed!

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

M. Glavis? — as if my daughter would think of M. Glavis!

DAMAS.

Heyday! — why not? — His father left him a very pretty fortune, and his birth is higher than yours, cousin Deschappelles. But perhaps you are looking to M. Beauseant, — his father was a marquis before the Revolution.

PAULINE.

M. Beauseant! — Cousin, you delight in tormenting me!

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Don't mind him, Pauline! — Cousin Damas, you have no susceptibility of feeling, — there is a certain indelicacy in all your ideas. — M. Beauseant knows already that he is no match for my daughter!

DAMAS.

Pooh! pooh! one would think you intended your daughter to marry a prince!

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Well, and if I did? — what then? — Many a foreign prince —

DAMAS (*interrupting her*).

Foreign prince! — foreign fiddlestick! — you ought to be ashamed of such nonsense at your time of life.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

My time of life! — That is an expression never applied to any lady till she is sixty-nine and three-quarters; — and only then by the clergyman of the parish.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Madame, the carriage is at the door.

[*Exit.*

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Come, child, put on your bonnet, — you really have a very thorough-bred air, — not at all like your poor father. — (*Fondly.*) Ah, you little coquette! when a young lady is always making mischief, it is a sure sign that she takes after her mother!

PAULINE.

Good day, cousin Damas, — and a better humor to you. — (*Going back to the table and taking the flowers.*) Who *could* have sent me these flowers?

[*Exeunt* PAULINE *and* MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

DAMAS.

That would be an excellent girl if her head had not been turned. I fear she is now become incorrigible! Zounds, what a lucky fellow I am to be still a bachelor! They may talk of the devotion of the sex, — but the most faithful attachment in life is that of a woman in love — with herself!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The exterior of a small Village Inn, — sign, the Golden Lion, — a few leagues from Lyons, which is seen at a distance.

BEAUSEANT (*behind the scenes*).

Yes, you may bait the horses, we shall rest here an hour.

Enter BEAUSEANT *and* GLAVIS.

GLAVIS.

Really, my dear Beauseant, consider that I have

promised to spend a day or two with you at your château, — that I am quite at your mercy for my entertainment, — and yet you are as silent and as gloomy as a mute at a funeral, or an Englishman at a party of pleasure.

BEAUSEANT.

Bear with me! — the fact is, that I am miserable.

GLAVIS.

You, — the richest and gayest bachelor in Lyons?

BEAUSEANT.

It is because I am a bachelor that I am miserable. — Thou knowest Pauline, — the only daughter of the rich merchant, Mons. Deschappelles?

GLAVIS.

Know her! — who does not? — as pretty as Venus, and as proud as Juno.

BEAUSEANT.

Her taste is worse than her pride — (*Drawing himself up.*) Know, Glavis, she has actually refused *me!*

GLAVIS (*aside*).

So she has me! — very consoling! In all cases of heart-ache, the application of another man's disappointment draws out the pain and allays the irritation. — (*Aloud.*) Refused you! and wherefore?

BEAUSEANT.

I know not, unless it be because the Revolution swept away my father's title of Marquis, — and she will not marry a commoner. Now, as we have no noblemen left in France, — as we are all citizens and equals, she can only hope that, in spite of the war, some English Milord or German Count will

risk his life, by coming to Lyons, that this *fille du Roturier* may condescend to accept him. Refused me, and with scorn! — By heaven, I 'll not submit to it tamely: — I 'm in a perfect fever of mortification and rage. — Refuse *me*, indeed!

GLAVIS.

Be comforted, my dear fellow, — I will tell you a secret. For the same reason she refused ME!

BEAUSEANT.

You! — that 's a very different matter! But give me your hand, Glavis, — we 'll think of some plan to humble her. *Mille Diables!* I should like to see her married to a strolling player!

Enter Landlord *and his* Daughter *from the Inn.*

LANDLORD.

Your servant, citizen Beauseant, — servant, sir. Perhaps you will take dinner before you proceed to your château; our larder is most plentifully supplied.

BEAUSEANT.

I have no appetite.

GLAVIS.

Nor I. Still it is bad travelling on an empty stomach. What have you got? (*Takes and looks over the bill of fare.*)

(*Shout without*) — "Long live the Prince! — Long live the Prince!"

BEAUSEANT.

The Prince! — what Prince is that? I thought we had no princes left in France.

LANDLORD.

Ha, ha! the lads always call him Prince. He has

just won the prize in the shooting-match, and they are taking him home in triumph.

BEAUSEANT.

Him! and who 's Mr. Him!

LANDLORD.

Who should he be but the pride of the village, Claude Melnotte? — Of course you have heard of Claude Melnotte?

GLAVIS (*giving back the bill of fare*).

Never had that honor. Soup — ragout of hare — roast chicken, and, in short, all you have!

BEAUSEANT.

The son of old Melnotte, the gardener?

LANDLORD.

Exactly so, — a wonderful young man.

BEAUSEANT.

How wonderful? — Are his cabbages better than other people's?

LANDLORD.

Nay, he don't garden any more; his father left him well off. He 's only a genus.

GLAVIS.

A what?

LANDLORD.

A genus! — a man who can do everything in life except anything that 's useful; — that 's a genus.

BEAUSEANT.

You raise my curiosity; — proceed.

LANDLORD.

Well, then, about four years ago, old Melnotte died and left his son well to do in the world. We

then all observed that a great change came over young Claude: he took to reading and Latin, and hired a professor from Lyons, who had so much in his head that he was forced to wear a great full-bottom wig to cover it. Then he took a fencing-master, and a dancing-master, and a music-master; and then he learned to paint; and at last it was said that young Claude was to go to Paris, and set up for a painter. The lads laughed at him at first; but he is a stout fellow, is Claude, and as brave as a lion, and soon taught them to laugh the wrong side of their mouths; and now all the boys swear by him, and all the girls pray for him.

BEAUSEANT.

A promising youth, certainly! And why do they call him Prince?

LANDLORD.

Partly because he is at the head of them all, and partly because he has such a proud way with him, and wears such fine clothes, — and, in short, looks like a prince.

BEAUSEANT.

And what could have turned the foolish fellow's brain? The Revolution, I suppose?

LANDLORD.

Yes, — the Revolution that turns us all topsy-turvy, — the revolution of Love.

BEAUSEANT.

Romantic young Corydon! And with whom is he in love?

LANDLORD.

Why — but it is a secret, gentlemen.

BEAUSEANT.

Oh! certainly.

LANDLORD.

Why, then, I hear from his mother, good soul! that it is no less a person than the Beauty of Lyons, Pauline Deschappelles.

BEAUSEANT *and* GLAVIS.

Ha! ha! — Capital!

LANDLORD.

You may laugh, but it is as true as I stand here.

BEAUSEANT.

And what does the Beauty of Lyons say to his suit?

LANDLORD.

Lord, sir, she never even condescended to look at him, though when he was a boy he worked in her father's garden.

BEAUSEANT.

Are you sure of that?

LANDLORD.

His mother says that Mademoiselle does not know him by sight.

BEAUSEANT (*taking* GLAVIS *aside*).

I have hit it, — I have it; — here is our revenge! Here is a prince for our haughty damsel. Do you take me?

GLAVIS.

Deuce take me if I do!

BEAUSEANT.

Blockhead! — it's as clear as a map. What if we could make this elegant clown pass himself off as a

foreign prince? — lend him money, clothes, equipage for the purpose? — make him propose to Pauline? — marry Pauline? Would it not be delicious?

GLAVIS.

Ha! ha! — Excellent! But how shall we support the necessary expenses of his highness?

BEAUSEANT.

Pshaw! Revenge is worth a much larger sacrifice than a few hundred louis; — as for details, my valet is the trustiest fellow in the world, and shall have the appointment of his highness's establishment. Let 's go to him at once, and see if he be really this Admirable Crichton.

GLAVIS.

With all my heart; — but the dinner?

BEAUSEANT.

Always thinking of dinner! Hark ye, landlord, how far is it to young Melnotte's cottage? I should like to see such a prodigy.

LANDLORD.

Turn down the lane, — then strike across the common, — and you will see his mother's cottage.

BEAUSEANT.

True, he lives with his mother. — (*Aside.*) We will not trust to an old woman's discretion; better send for him hither. I 'll just step in and write him a note. Come, Glavis.

GLAVIS.

Yes, — Beauseant, Glavis, and Co., manufacturers of princes, wholesale and retail, — an uncommonly genteel line of business. But why so grave?

BEAUSEANT.

You think only of the sport, — I of the revenge.

[*Exeunt within the Inn.*

SCENE III.

The Interior of MELNOTTE'S *Cottage; flowers placed here and there; a guitar on an oaken table, with a portfolio, &c.; a picture on an easel, covered by a curtain; fencing-foils crossed over the mantelpiece; an attempt at refinement in spite of the homeliness of the furniture, &c.; a staircase to the right conducts to the upper story.*

(*Shout without.*) — "Long live Claude Melnotte!" "Long live the Prince!"

THE WIDOW MELNOTTE.

Hark! — there 's my dear son; — carried off the prize, I 'm sure; and now he 'll want to treat them all.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE (*opening the door*).

What! you will not come in, my friends! Well, well, — there 's a trifle to make merry elsewhere. Good day to you all, — good day!

(*Shout.*) — "Hurrah! Long live Prince Claude!"

Enter CLAUDE MELNOTTE, *with a rifle in his hand.*

MELNOTTE.

Give me joy, dear mother! I 've won the prize! — never missed one shot! Is it not handsome, this gun?

WIDOW.

Humph! — Well, what is it worth, Claude?

MELNOTTE.

Worth! What is a ribbon worth to a soldier? Worth! everything! Glory is priceless!

WIDOW.

Leave glory to great folks. Ah! Claude, Claude, castles in the air cost a vast deal to keep up! How is all this to end? What good does it do thee to learn Latin, and sing songs, and play on the guitar, and fence, and dance, and paint pictures? All very fine; but what does it bring in?

MELNOTTE.

Wealth! wealth, my mother! — Wealth to the mind, — wealth to the heart, — high thoughts, — bright dreams, — the hope of fame, — the ambition to be worthier to love Pauline.

WIDOW.

My poor son! — The young lady will never think of thee.

MELNOTTE.

Do the stars think of us? Yet if the prisoner see them shine into his dungeon, wouldst thou bid him turn away from *their* lustre? Even so from this low cell, poverty, I lift my eyes to Pauline and forget my chains. — (*Goes to the picture and draws aside the curtain.*) See, this is her image, — painted from memory. — Oh, how the canvas wrongs her! — (*Takes up the brush and throws it aside.*) — I shall never be a painter! I can paint no likeness but one, and that is above all art. I would turn soldier, — France needs soldiers! But to leave the air that Pauline breathes! What is the hour? — so late?

I will tell thee a secret, mother. Thou knowest that for the last six weeks I have sent every day the rarest flowers to Pauline? — she wears them. I have seen them on her breast. Ah, and then the whole universe seemed filled with odors! I have now grown more bold, — I have poured my worship into poetry, — I have sent the verses to Pauline, — I have signed them with my own name. My messenger ought to be back by this time. I bade him wait for the answer.

WIDOW.

And what answer do you expect, Claude?

MELNOTTE.

That which the Queen of Navarre sent to the poor troubadour: — "Let me see the Oracle that can tell nations I am beautiful!" She will admit me. I shall hear her speak, — I shall meet her eyes, — I shall read upon her cheek the sweet thoughts that translate themselves into blushes. Then — then, oh, then — she may forget that I am the peasant's son!

WIDOW.

Nay, if she will but hear thee talk, Claude?

MELNOTTE.

I foresee it all. She will tell me that desert is the true rank. She will give me a badge, — a flower, — a glove! Oh rapture! I shall join the armies of the Republic, — I shall rise, — I shall win a name that beauty will not blush to hear. I shall return with the right to say to her — "See, how love does not level the proud, but raise the humble!" Oh,

how my heart swells within me! — Oh, what glorious Prophets of the Future are Youth and Hope!

[*Knock at the door.*

WIDOW.

Come in.

Enter GASPAR.

MELNOTTE.

Welcome, Gaspar, welcome. Where is the letter? Why do you turn away, man? where is the letter? (GASPAR *gives him one.*) This! This is mine, the one I intrusted to thee. Didst thou not leave it?

GASPAR.

Yes, I left it.

MELNOTTE.

My own verses returned to me. Nothing else?

GASPAR.

Thou wilt be proud to hear how thy messenger was honored. For thy sake, Melnotte, I have borne that which no Frenchman can bear without disgrace.

MELNOTTE.

Disgrace, Gaspar! Disgrace?

GASPAR.

I gave thy letter to the porter, who passed it from lackey to lackey till it reached the lady it was meant for.

MELNOTTE.

It reached her, then; — you are sure of that? It reached her, — well, well!

GASPAR.

It reached her, and was returned to me with blows. Dost hear, Melnotte? with blows! Death!

are we slaves still, that we are to be thus dealt with, we peasants ?

MELNOTTE.

With blows ? No, Gaspar, no ; not blows !

GASPAR.

I could show thee the marks if it were not so deep a shame to bear them. The lackey who tossed thy letter into the mire swore that his lady and her mother never were so insulted. What could thy letter contain, Claude ?

MELNOTTE (*looking over the letter*).

Not a line that a serf might not have written to an empress. No, not one.

GASPAR.

They promise thee the same greeting they gave me, if thou wilt pass that way. Shall we endure this, Claude ?

MELNOTTE (*wringing* GASPAR'S *hand*).

Forgive me, the fault was mine, I have brought this on thee ; I will not forget it ; thou shalt be avenged ! The heartless insolence !

GASPAR.

Thou art moved, Melnotte ; think not of me ; I would go through fire and water to serve thee ; but — a blow ! It is not the *bruise* that galls, — it is the *blush*, Melnotte.

MELNOTTE.

Say, what message ? — How insulted ? — Wherefore ? — What the offence ?

GASPAR.

Did you not write to Pauline Deschappelles, the daughter of the rich merchant ?

MELNOTTE.

Well? —

GASPAR.

And are you not a peasant, — a gardener's son? — that was the offence. Sleep on it, Melnotte. Blows to a French citizen, blows!

[*Exit.*

WIDOW.

Now you are cured, Claude!

MELNOTTE (*tearing the letter*).

So do I scatter her image to the winds, — I will stop her in the open streets, — I will insult her, — I will beat her menial ruffians, — I will —— (*Turns suddenly to Widow.*) Mother, am I humpbacked, — deformed, — hideous?

WIDOW.

You!

MELNOTTE.

A coward, — a thief, — a liar?

WIDOW.

You!

MELNOTTE.

Or a dull fool, — a vain, drivelling, brainless idiot?

WIDOW.

No, no.

MELNOTTE.

What am I then — worse than all these? Why, I am a peasant! What has a peasant to do with love? Vain Revolutions, why lavish your cruelty on the great? Oh that we — we, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, had been swept away,

so that the proud might learn what the world would be without us! —

[*Knock at the door.*

Enter Servant *from the Inn.*

SERVANT.

A letter for Citizen Melnotte.

MELNOTTE.

A letter! from her perhaps. Who sent thee?

SERVANT.

Why, Monsieur — I mean Citizen — Beauseant, who stops to dine at the Golden Lion, on his way to his château.

MELNOTTE.

Beauseant! — (*Reads.*)

"Young man, I know thy secret, — thou lovest above thy station: if thou hast wit, courage, and discretion, I can secure to thee the realization of thy most sanguine hopes; and the sole condition I ask in return is, that thou shalt be steadfast to thine own ends. I shall demand from thee a solemn oath to marry her whom thou lovest; to bear her to thine home on thy wedding night. I am serious, — if thou wouldst learn more, lose not a moment, but follow the bearer of this letter to thy friend and patron, — CHARLES BEAUSEANT."

MELNOTTE.

Can I believe my eyes? Are our own passions the sorcerers that raise up for us spirits of good or evil? I will go instantly.

WIDOW.

What is this, Claude?

MELNOTTE.

"Marry her whom thou lovest," — "bear her to thine own home." — O, revenge and love; which of you is the stronger? — (*Gazing on the picture.*) Sweet face, thou smilest on me from the canvas: weak fool that I am, do I then love her still? No, it is the vision of my own romance that I have worshipped: it is the reality to which I bring scorn for scorn. Adieu, mother: I will return anon. My brain reels, — the earth swims before me. — (*Looks again at the letter.*) No, it is *not* a mockery; I do *not* dream!

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *The Gardens of* M. DESCHAPPELLES' *House at Lyons — the House seen at the back of the stage.*

Enter BEAUSEANT *and* GLAVIS.

BEAUSEANT.

Well, what think you of my plot? Has it not succeeded to a miracle? The instant that I introduced His Highness the Prince of Como to the pompous mother and the scornful daughter, it was all over with them: he came — he saw — he conquered; and, though it is not many days since he arrived, they have already promised him the hand of Pauline.

GLAVIS.

It is lucky, though, that you told them his Highness travelled incognito, for fear the Directory (who are not very fond of princes) should lay him by the heels; for he has a wonderful wish to keep up his rank, and scatters our gold about with as much coolness as if he were watering his own flower-pots.

BEAUSEANT.

True, he is damnably extravagant; I think the sly dog does it out of malice. However, it must be owned that he reflects credit on his loyal subjects, and makes a very pretty figure in his fine clothes, with my diamond snuff-box —

GLAVIS.

And my diamond ring! But do you think he will

be firm to the last? I fancy I see symptoms of relenting: he will never keep up his rank, if he once let out his conscience.

BEAUSEANT.

His oath binds him; he cannot retract without being forsworn, and those low fellows are always superstitious! But, as it is, I tremble lest he be discovered: that bluff Colonel Damas (Madame Deschappelles' cousin) evidently suspects him: we must make haste and conclude the farce; I have thought of a plan to end it this very day.

GLAVIS.

This very day! Poor Pauline: her dream will be soon over.

BEAUSEANT.

Yes, this day they shall be married; this evening, according to his oath, he shall carry his bride to the Golden Lion, and then pomp, equipage, retinue, and title, all shall vanish at once; and her Highness the Princess shall find that she has refused the son of a Marquis, to marry the son of a Gardener. Oh, Pauline! once loved, now hated, yet still not relinquished, thou shalt drain the cup to the dregs, — thou shalt know what it is to be humbled!

Enter from the House, MELNOTTE, *as the Prince of Como, leading in* PAULINE; MADAME DESCHAPPELLES, *fanning herself; and* COLONEL DAMAS.

[BEAUSEANT *and* GLAVIS *bow respectfully.* PAULINE *and* MELNOTTE *walk apart.*

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Good morning, gentlemen; really I am so fatigued

with laughter; the dear Prince is so entertaining. What wit he has! Any one may see that he has spent his whole life in courts.

DAMAS.

And what the deuce do you know about courts, cousin Deschappelles? You women regard men just as you buy books, — you never care about what is in them, but how they are bound and lettered. S'death, I don't think you would even look at your Bible if it had not a title to it.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

How coarse you are, cousin Damas! — quite the manners of a barrack, — you don't deserve to be one of our family; really we must drop your acquaintance when Pauline marries. I cannot patronize any relations that would discredit my future son-in-law, the Prince of Como.

MELNOTTE (*advancing*).

These are beautiful gardens, Madame, — (BEAUSEANT *and* GLAVIS *retire,*) — who planned them?

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

A gardener named Melnotte, your Highness, — an honest man who knew his station. I can't say as much for his son, — a presuming fellow, who — ha! ha! actually wrote verses — such doggerel! — to my daughter.

PAULINE.

Yes, how you would have laughed at them, Prince! — *you* who write such beautiful verses!

MELNOTTE.

This Melnotte must be a monstrous impudent person!

DAMAS.

Is he good-looking?

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

I never notice such *canaille*, — an ugly, mean-looking clown, if I remember right.

DAMAS.

Yet I heard your porter say he was wonderfully like his Highness.

MELNOTTE (*taking snuff.*)

You are complimentary.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

For shame, cousin Damas! — like the Prince, indeed!

PAULINE.

Like you! Ah, mother, like our beautiful Prince! I 'll never speak to you again, cousin Damas.

MELNOTTE (*aside*).

Humph! — rank is a great beautifier! I never passed for an Apollo while I was a peasant; if I am so handsome as a prince, what should I be as an emperor? — (*Aloud.*) Monsieur Beauseant, will you honor me?

[*Offers snuff.*

BEAUSEANT.

No, your Highness; I have no small vices.

MELNOTTE.

Nay, if it were a vice you 'd be sure to have it, Monsieur Beauseant.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Ha! ha! — how very severe! — what wit!

BEAUSEANT (*in a rage and aside*).

Curse his impertinence!

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

What a superb snuff-box!

PAULINE.

And what a beautiful ring!

MELNOTTE.

You like the box, — a trifle, — interesting perhaps from associations, — a present from Louis XIV. to my great-great-grandmother. Honor me by accepting it.

BEAUSEANT (*plucking him by the sleeve*).

How! — what the devil! My box, — are you mad? It is worth five hundred louis.

MELNOTTE (*unheeding him, and turning to* PAULINE).

And you like this ring? Ah, it has, indeed, a lustre since your eyes have shone on it. (*Placing it on her finger.*) Henceforth hold me, sweet enchantress, the Slave of the Ring.

GLAVIS (*pulling him*).

Stay, stay — what are you about? My maiden aunt's legacy, — a diamond of the first water. You shall be hanged for swindling, Sir.

MELNOTTE (*pretending not to hear*).

It is curious, this ring; it is the one with which my grandfather, the Doge of Venice, married the Adriatic!

[MADAME *and* PAULINE *examine the ring.*

MELNOTTE (*to* BEAUSEANT *and* GLAVIS).

Fie, gentlemen, princes must be generous! — (*Turns to* DAMAS, *who watches them closely.*) These kind friends have my interest so much at heart, that they are as careful of my property as if it were their own!

BEAUSEANT *and* GLAVIS (*confusedly*).

Ha! ha! — very good joke that!

[*Appear to remonstrate with* MELNOTTE *in dumb show.*

DAMAS.

What 's all that whispering? I am sure there is some juggle here: hang me, if I think he is an Italian after all. Gad! I 'll try him. Servitore umillissimo, Eccellenza.*

MELNOTTE.

Hum — what does he mean, I wonder?

DAMAS.

Godo di vedervi in buona salute.†

MELNOTTE.

Hem — hem!

DAMAS.

Fa bel tempo — che si dice di nuovo?‡

MELNOTTE.

Well, Sir, what 's all that gibberish?

DAMAS.

Oh, oh! — only Italian, your Highness! — The Prince of Como does not understand his own language!

MELNOTTE.

Not as you pronounce it; who the deuce could?

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Ha! ha! cousin Damas, never pretend to what you don't know.

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* Your Excellency's most humble servant.

† I am glad to see you in good health.

‡ Fine weather. What news is there?

PAULINE.

Ha! ha! cousin Damas; *you* speak Italian, indeed!

[*Makes a mocking gesture at him.*

BEAUSEANT (*to* GLAVIS.)

Clever dog! — how ready!

GLAVIS.

Ready, yes; with my diamond ring! — Damn his readiness!

DAMAS.

Laugh at me! — laugh at a Colonel in the French army! — the fellow 's an impostor; I know he is. I 'll see if he understands fighting as well as he does Italian. — (*Goes up to him, and aside.*) Sir, you are a jackanapes! — Can you construe that?

MELNOTTE.

No, Sir; I never construe affronts in the presence of ladies; by and by I shall be happy to take a lesson — or give one.

DAMAS.

I 'll find the occasion, never fear!

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Where are you going, cousin?

DAMAS.

To correct my Italian.

[*Exit.*

BEAUSEANT (*to* GLAVIS).

Let us after, and pacify him; he evidently suspects something.

GLAVIS.

Yes! — but my diamond ring!

BEAUSEANT.

And my box! — We are over-taxed, fellow-sub-

jects! — we must stop the supplies and dethrone the Prince.

GLAVIS.

Prince! — he ought to be heir-apparent to King Stork!

[*Exeunt* BEAUSEANT *and* GLAVIS.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Dare I ask your Highness to forgive my cousin's insufferable vulgarity?

PAULINE.

Oh, yes! — you will forgive his manner for the sake of his heart.

MELNOTTE.

And the sake of his cousin. — Ah, Madame, there is one comfort in rank, — we are so sure of our position that we are not easily affronted. Besides, M. Damas has bought the right of indulgence from his friends, by never showing it to his enemies.

PAULINE.

Ah! he is, indeed, as brave in action as he is rude in speech. He rose from the ranks to his present grade, — and in two years!

MELNOTTE.

In two years! — two years, did you say?

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES (*aside*).

I don't like leaving girls alone with their lovers; but, with a prince, it would be so ill-bred to be prudish.

[*Exit.*

MELNOTTE.

You can be proud of your connection with one who owes his position to merit, — not birth.

PAULINE.

Why, yes; but still —

MELNOTTE.

Still what, Pauline!

PAULINE.

There is something glorious in the Heritage of Command. A man who has ancestors is like a Representative of the Past.

MELNOTTE.

True; but, like other representatives, nine times out of ten he is a silent member. Ah, Pauline! not to the Past, but to the Future, looks true nobility, and finds its blazon in posterity.

PAULINE.

You say this to please me, who have no ancestors; but you, Prince, must be proud of so illustrious a race!

MELNOTTE.

No, no! I would not, were I fifty times a prince, be a pensioner on the Dead! I honor birth and ancestry when they are regarded as the incentives to exertion, not the title-deeds to sloth! I honor the laurels that overshadow the graves of our fathers; — it is our fathers I emulate, when I desire that beneath the evergreen I myself have planted my own ashes may repose! Dearest! couldst thou but see with my eyes!

PAULINE.

I cannot forego pride when I look on thee, and think that thou lovest me. Sweet Prince, tell me again of thy palace by the Lake of Como; it is so

pleasant to hear of thy splendors since thou didst swear to me that they would be desolate without Pauline; and when thou describest them, it is with a mocking lip and a noble scorn, as if custom had made thee disdain greatness.

MELNOTTE.

Nay, dearest, nay, if thou wouldst have me paint
The home to which, could Love fulfil its prayers,
This hand would lead thee, listen! * — A deep vale
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world;
Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate!

PAULINE.

My own dear love!

MELNOTTE.

A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon

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* The reader will observe that Melnotte evades the request of Pauline. He proceeds to describe a home, which he does not say he possesses, but to which he would lead her, "*could Love fulfil its prayers.*" This caution is intended as a reply to a sagacious critic who censures the description, because it is not an exact and prosaic inventory of the characteristics of the Lake of Como! — When Melnotte, for instance, talks of birds "that syllable the name of Pauline," (by the way a literal translation from an Italian poet,) he is not thinking of ornithology, but probably of the Arabian Nights. He is venting the extravagant, but natural, enthusiasm of the Poet and the Lover.

We 'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
Why Earth could be unhappy, while the Heavens
Still left us youth and love! We 'd have no friends
That were not lovers; no ambition, save
To excel them all in love; we 'd read no books
That were not tales of love, — that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!
And when night came, amidst the breathless Heavens
We 'd guess what star should be our home when love
Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange-groves and music from sweet lutes,
And murmers of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses! — Dost thou like the picture?

PAULINE.

Oh, as the bee upon the flower, I hang
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue!
Am I not blest? And if I love too wildly,
Who would not love thee like Pauline?

MELNOTTE (*bitterly*).

Oh, false one!
It is the *prince* thou lovest, not the *man:*
If in the stead of luxury, pomp, and power,
I had painted poverty, and toil, and care,
Thou hadst found no honey on my tongue; — Pauline,
That is not love!

PAULINE.

Thou wrong'st me, cruel Prince!
At first, in truth, I might not have been won,

Save through the weakness of a flattered pride;
But *now* — Oh! trust me, — couldst thou fall from power
And sink —

MELNOTTE.

As low as that poor gardener's son
Who dared to lift his eyes to thee? —

PAULINE.

Even then,
Methinks thou wouldst be only made more dear
By the sweet thought that I could prove how deep
Is woman's love! We are like the insects, caught
By the poor glittering of a garish flame;
But, oh, the wings once scorched, the brightest star
Lures us no more; and by the fatal light
We cling till death!

MELNOTTE.

Angel!
(*Aside.*) O conscience! conscience!
It must not be; — her love hath grown a torture
Worse than her hate. I will at once to Beauseant,
And —— ha! he comes. —— Sweet love, one moment leave me.
I have business with these gentlemen — I — I
Will forthwith join you.

PAULINE.

Do not tarry long!

[*Exit.*

Enter BEAUSEANT *and* GLAVIS.

MELNOTTE.

Release me from my oath, — I will not marry her!

BEAUSEANT.

Then thou art perjured.

MELNOTTE.

No, I was not in my senses when I swore to thee to marry her! I was blind to all but her scorn! — deaf to all but my passion and my rage! Give me back my poverty and my honor!

BEAUSEANT.

It is too late, — you must marry her! and this day. I have a story already coined, and sure to pass current. This Damas suspects thee, — he will set the police to work; — thou wilt be detected, — Pauline will despise and execrate thee. Thou wilt be sent to the common gaol as a swindler.

MELNOTTE.

Fiend!

BEAUSEANT.

And in the heat of the girl's resentment (you know of what resentment is capable) and the parents' shame, she will be induced to marry the first that offers, — even perhaps your humble servant.

MELNOTTE.

You! No; that were worse, — for thou hast no mercy! I will marry her, — I will keep my oath. Quick, then, with the damnable invention thou art hatching; — quick, if thou wouldst not have me strangle thee or myself.

GLAVIS.

What a tiger! Too fierce for a prince; — he ought to have been the Grand Turk.

BEAUSEANT.

Enough, — I will despatch; be prepared.

[*Exeunt* BEAUSEANT *and* GLAVIS.

Enter DAMAS *with two swords.*

DAMAS.

Now, then, Sir, the ladies are no longer your excuse. I have brought you a couple of dictionaries; let us see if your Highness can find out the Latin for *bilbo.*

MELNOTTE.

Away, Sir! — I am in no humor for jesting.

DAMAS.

I see you understand something of the grammar; you decline the noun-substantive "small sword" with great ease; but that won't do, — you must take a lesson in *parsing.*

MELNOTTE.

Fool!

DAMAS.

Sir, — as sons take after their mother, so the man who calls me a fool insults the lady who bore me: there 's no escape for you, — fight you shall, or —

MELNOTTE.

Oh, enough! enough! — take your ground.

[*They fight;* DAMAS *is disarmed.* MELNOTTE *takes up the sword and returns it to* DAMAS *respectfully.*

A just punishment to the brave soldier who robs the State of its best property, — the sole right to his valor and his life.

DAMAS.

Sir, you fence exceedingly well; you must be a

man of honor — I don't care a jot whether you are a prince; but a man who has carte and tierce at his fingers' ends must be a gentleman.

MELNOTTE (*aside*).

Gentleman! Ay, I was a gentleman before I turned conspirator; for honest men are the gentlemen of Nature! Colonel, they tell me you rose from the ranks.

DAMAS.

I did.

MELNOTTE.

And in two years?

DAMAS.

It is true; that's no wonder in our army at present. Why, the oldest general in the service is scarcely thirty, and we have some of two-and-twenty.

MELNOTTE.

Two-and-twenty!

DAMAS.

Yes; in the French army, now-a-days, promotion is not a matter of purchase. We are all heroes, because we may be all generals. We have no fear of the cypress, because we may all hope for the laurel.

MELNOTTE.

A general at two-and-twenty! (*turning away*) — Sir, I may ask you a favor one of these days.

DAMAS.

Sir, I shall be proud to grant it. It is astonishing how much I like a man after I 've fought with him.

[*Hides the swords.*

Enter MADAME DESCHAPPELLES *and* BEAUSEANT.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Oh, Prince! — Prince! — What do I hear? You must fly, you must quit us!

MELNOTTE.

I! —

BEAUSEANT.

Yes, Prince: read this letter, just received from my friend at Paris, one of the Directory; they suspect you of designs against the Republic; they are very suspicious of princes, and your family take part with the Austrians. Knowing that I introduced your Highness at Lyons, my friend writes to me to say that you must quit the town immediately, or you will be arrested, — thrown into prison, perhaps guillotined! Fly! — I will order horses to your carriage instantly. Fly to Marseilles; there you can take ship to Leghorn.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

And what's to become of Pauline? Am I not to be a mother to a princess, after all?

Enter PAULINE *and* M. DESCHAPPELLES.

PAULINE (*throwing herself into* MELNOTTE'S *arms*).

You must leave us! — Leave Pauline!

BEAUSEANT.

Not a moment is to be wasted.

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

I will go to the magistrates and inquire ——

BEAUSEANT.

Then he is lost; the magistrates, hearing he is suspected, will order his arrest.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

And I shall not be a Princess Dowager!

BEAUSEANT.

Why not? There is only one thing to be done: — send for the priest — let the marriage take place at once, and the Prince carry home a bride!

MELNOTTE.

Impossible! — (*Aside.*) Villain!

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

What, lose my child?

BEAUSEANT.

And gain a princess!

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Oh, Monsieur Beauseant, you are so very kind, it must be so, — we ought not to be selfish, my daughter's happiness at stake. She will go away, too, in a carriage and six!

PAULINE.

Thou art here still, — I cannot part from thee, — my heart will break.

MELNOTTE.

But thou wilt not consent to this hasty union? — thou wilt not wed an outcast, — a fugitive?

PAULINE.

Ah! If thou art in danger, who should share it but Pauline?

MELNOTTE (*aside.*)

Distraction! — If the earth could swallow me!

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

Gently! gently! The settlements — the contracts — my daughter's dowry!

MELNOTTE.

The dowry! — I am not base enough for that; no, not one farthing!

BEAUSEANT (*to* MADAME).

Noble fellow! — Really your good husband is too mercantile in these matters. Monsieur Deschappelles, you hear his Highness: we can arrange the settlements by proxy; 't is the way with people of quality.

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

But ——

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Hold your tongue! — Do n't expose yourself!

BEAUSEANT.

I will bring the priest in a trice. Go in all of you and prepare; the carriage shall be at the door before the ceremony is over.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Be sure there are six horses, Beauseant! You are very good to have forgiven us for refusing you; but you see — a prince!

BEAUSEANT.

And such a prince! Madame, I cannot blush at the success of so illustrious a rival. — (*Aside.*) Now will I follow them to the village, enjoy my triumph, and to-morrow, in the hour of thy shame and grief, I think, proud girl, thou wilt prefer even these arms to those of the gardener's son. [*Exit.*

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Come, Monsieur Deschappelles, give your arm to her Highness that is to be.

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

I don't like doing business in such a hurry: 't is not the way with the house of Deschappelles and Co.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

There, now, you fancy you are in the counting-house, don't you? [*Pushes him to* PAULINE.

MELNOTTE.

Stay, stay, Pauline, — one word. Have you no scruple, no fear? Speak, — it is not yet too late.

PAULINE.

When I loved thee, thy fate became mine. Triumph or danger, — joy or sorrow, — I am by thy side.

DAMAS.

Well, well, Prince, thou art a lucky man to be so loved. She is a good little girl in spite of her foibles, — make her as happy as if she were not to be a princess (*slapping him on the shoulder*). Come, Sir, I wish you joy; — young — tender — lovely; — zounds, I envy you!

MELNOTTE (*who has stood apart in gloomy abstraction*).

Do you? *

---

* On the stage the following lines are added: —

"Do you? Wise judges are we of each other.
'Woo, wed, and bear her home!' So runs the bond
To which I sold myself — and then — what then?
Away! — I will not look beyond the Hour.
Like children in the dark, I dare not face
The shades that gather round me in the distance.
You envy me — I thank you — you may read
My joy upon my brow — I thank you, Sir!
If hearts had audible language, you would hear
What mine would answer when you talk of *envy*!"

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The Exterior of the Golden Lion — time, twilight. The moon rises during the Scene.*

Enter Landlord *and his* Daughter *from the Inn.*

LANDLORD.

Ha — ha — ha! Well, I never shall get over it. Our Claude is a prince with a vengeance now. His carriage breaks down at my inn — ha — ha!

JANET.

And what airs the young lady gives herself! "Is this the best room you have, young woman?" with such a toss of the head.

LANDLORD.

Well, get in, Janet: get in and see to the supper: the servants must sup before they go back.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BEAUSEANT *and* GLAVIS.

BEAUSEANT.

You see our Princess is lodged at last, — one stage more, and she 'll be at her journey's end, — the beautiful palace at the foot of the Alps! — ha — ha!

GLAVIS.

Faith, I pity the poor Pauline, — especially if she 's going to sup at the Golden Lion. (*Makes a wry face.*) I shall never forget that cursed ragout.

Enter MELNOTTE *from the Inn.*

BEAUSEANT.

Your servant, my Prince; you reigned most wor-

thily. I condole with you on your abdication. I am afraid that your Highness's retinue are not very faithful servants. I think they will quit you in the moment of your fall, — 't is the fate of greatness. But you are welcome to your fine clothes, — also the diamond snuff-box, which Louis XIV. gave to your great-great-grandmother.

GLAVIS.

And the ring, with which your grandfather the Doge of Venice married the Adriatic.

MELNOTTE.

I have kept my oath, gentlemen, say, — have I kept my oath?

BEAUSEANT.

Most religiously.

MELNOTTE.

Then you have done with me and mine, — away with you!

BEAUSEANT.

How, knave?

MELNOTTE.

Look you, our bond is over. Proud conquerors that we are, we have won the victory over a simple girl, — compromised her honor, — embittered her life, — blasted, in their very blossoms, all the flowers of her youth. This is your triumph, — it is my shame! (*Turns to* BEAUSEANT.) Enjoy thy triumph, but not in my sight. I *was* her betrayer, — I *am* her protector! Cross but her path, — one word of scorn, one look of insult, — nay, but one quiver of that mocking lip, and I will teach thee that bitter

word thou hast graven eternally in this heart, — *Repentance!*

BEAUSEANT.

His Highness is most grandiloquent.

MELNOTTE.

Highness me no more. Beware! Remorse has made me a new being. Away with you! There is danger in me. Away!

GLAVIS (*aside.*)

He 's an awkward fellow to deal with; come away, Beauseant.

BEAUSEANT.

I know the respect due to rank. Adieu, my Prince. Any commands at Lyons? Yet hold, — I promised you two hundred louis on your wedding-day; here they are.

MELNOTTE (*dashing the purse to the ground*).

I gave you revenge, I did not sell it. Take up your silver, Judas; take it. — Ay, it is fit you should learn to stoop.

BEAUSEANT.

You will beg my pardon for this some day. (*Aside to* GLAVIS.) Come to my chateau, — I shall return hither to-morrow to learn how Pauline likes her new dignity.

MELNOTTE.

Are you not gone yet?

BEAUSEANT.

Your Highness's most obedient, most faithful —

GLAVIS.

And most humble servants. Ha! ha!

[*Exeunt* BEAUSEANT *and* GLAVIS.

MELNOTTE.

Thank Heaven, I had no weapon, or I should have slain them. Wretch! what can I say? Where turn? On all sides mockery — the very boors within — (*Laughter from the Inn.*) — 'Sdeath, if even in this short absence the exposure should have chanced. I will call her. We will go hence. I have already sent one I can trust to my mother's house. There at least none can insult her agony, — gloat upon her shame! There alone must she learn what a villain she has sworn to love.

[*As he turns to the door enter* PAULINE *from the Inn.*

PAULINE.

Ah! my Lord, what a place! I never saw such rude people. They stare and wink so. I think the very sight of a prince, though he travels incognito, turns their honest heads. What a pity the carriage should break down in such a spot! You are not well — the drops stand on your brow — your hand is feverish.

MELNOTTE.

Nay, it is but a passing spasm; the air ——

PAULINE.

Is not the soft air of your native south —
How pale he is! — indeed thou art not well.
Where are our people? I will call them.

MELNOTTE.

Hold!
I — I am well.

PAULINE.

Thou art! — Ah! now I know it.

Thou fanciest, my kind Lord — I know thou dost —
Thou fanciest these rude walls, these rustic gossips,
Bricked floors, sour wine, coarse viands, vex Pauline?
And so they might, but thou art by my side,
And I forget all else.

Enter Landlord, *the* Servants *peeping and laughing over his shoulder.*

LANDLORD.

My Lord — your Highness —
Will your most noble Excellency choose —

MELNOTTE.

Begone, Sir!

[*Exit* Landlord, *laughing.*

PAULINE.

How could they have learned thy rank?
One's servants are so vain! — nay, let it not
Chafe thee, sweet Prince! a few short days, and we
Shall see thy palace by its lake of silver.
And — nay, nay, Spendthrift, is thy wealth of smiles
Already drained, or dost thou play the miser?

MELNOTTE.

Thine eyes would call up smiles in deserts, fair one;
Let us escape these rustics. Close at hand
There is a cot where I have bid prepare
Our evening lodgement — a rude, homely roof,
But honest, where our welcome will not be
Made torture by the vulgar eyes and tongues
That are as death to Love! A heavenly night!
The wooing air and the soft moon invite us.
Wilt walk? I pray thee, now, — I know the path,
Ay, every inch of it!

PAULINE.

What, *thou!* methought
Thou wert a stranger in these parts? Ah! truant,
Some village beauty lured thee; — thou art now
Grown constant?

MELNOTTE.

Trust me.

PAULINE.

Princes are so changeful!

MELNOTTE.

Come, dearest, come.

PAULINE.

Shall I not call our people
To light us?

MELNOTTE.

Heaven will lend its stars for torches!
It is not far.

PAULINE.

The night breeze chills me.

MELNOTTE.

Nay,
Let me thus mantle thee; — it is not cold.

PAULINE.

Never beneath thy smile!

MELNOTTE (*aside*).

Oh, Heaven! forgive me!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

MELNOTTE'S *Cottage* — Widow *bustling about* — *A table spread for supper.*

WIDOW.

So, I think that looks very neat. He sent me a line, so blotted that I can scarcely read it, to say he would be here almost immediately. She must have loved him well indeed to have forgotten his birth; for though he was introduced to her in disguise, he is too honorable not to have revealed to her the artifice which her love only could forgive. Well, I do not wonder at it; for though my son is not a prince, he ought to be one, and that's almost as good. (*Knock at the door.*) Ah! here they are.

Enter MELNOTTE *and* PAULINE.

WIDOW.

Oh, my boy — the pride of my heart! — welcome, welcome! I beg pardon, Ma'am, but I do love him so!

PAULINE.

Good woman, I really — why, Prince, what is this? — does the old lady know you? Oh, I guess you have done her some service. Another proof of your kind heart, is it not?

MELNOTTE

Of my kind heart, ay!

PAULINE.

So you know the Prince?

WIDOW.

Know him, Madam? — Ah, I begin to fear it is you who know him not!

PAULINE.

Do you think she is mad? Can we stay here, my Lord? I think there's something very wild about her.

MELNOTTE.

Madam, I — no I cannot tell her, my knees knock together: what a coward is a man who has lost his honor! Speak to her — speak to her (*to his mother*) — tell her that — Oh, Heaven, that I were dead!

PAULINE.

How confused he looks! — this strange place — this woman — what can it mean? — I half suspect — Who are you, Madam? — who are you? can't you speak? are you struck dumb?

WIDOW.

Claude, you have not deceived her? — Ah, shame upon you! I thought that, before you went to the altar, she was to have known all.

PAULINE.

All! what? — My blood freezes in my veins!

WIDOW.

Poor lady! — dare I tell her, Claude? (MELNOTTE *makes a sign of assent.*) Know you not then, Madam, that this young man is of poor though honest parents? Know you not that you are wedded to my son, Claude Melnotte?

PAULINE.

Your son! hold — hold! do not speak to me. —

(*Approaches* MELNOTTE, *and lays her hand on his arm.*) Is this a jest? is it? I know it is, only speak — one word — one look — one smile. I cannot believe — I who loved thee so — I cannot believe that thou art such a — No, I will not wrong thee by a harsh word — Speak!

MELNOTTE.

Leave us — have pity on her, on me: leave us.

WIDOW.

Oh, Claude, that I should live to see thee bowed by shame! — thee of whom I was so proud!

[*Exit, by the staircase.*

PAULINE.

Her son — her son!

MELNOTTE.

Now, lady, hear me.

PAULINE.

Hear thee!
Ay, speak — her son! have fiends a parent? speak,
That thou mayst silence curses — speak!

MELNOTTE.

No, curse me:
Thy curse would blast me less than thy forgiveness.

PAULINE (*laughing wildly*).

"This is thy palace, where the perfumed light
Steals through the mist of alabaster lamps,
And every air is heavy with the sighs
Of orange-groves, and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains, that gush forth
I' the midst of roses!" Dost thou like the picture?
This is my bridal home, and *thou* my bridegroom!

O fool — O dupe — O wretch! — I see it all —
The byword and the jeer of every tongue
In Lyons. Hast thou in thy heart one touch
Of human kindness? if thou hast, why, kill me,
And save thy wife from madness. No, it cannot —
It cannot be: this is some horrid dream:
I shall wake soon. — (*Touching him.*) Art flesh? art man? or but
The shadows seen in sleep? — It is too real.
What have I done to thee? how sinned against thee,
That thou shouldst crush me thus?

MELNOTTE.

Pauline, by pride —
Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride —
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould —
The evil spirit of a bitter love,
And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.
From my first years my soul was filled with thee:
I saw thee 'midst the flowers the lowly boy
Tended, unmarked by thee — a spirit of bloom,
And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
Entered the breast of the wild-dreaming boy.
And from that hour I grew — what to the last
I shall be — thine adorer! Well; this love,
Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope;
I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell — how maidens sprung from Kings
Have stooped from their high sphere; how Love, like Death,

Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
In the soft palace of a fairy Future!
My father died; and I, the peasant-born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin gaolers of the daring heart —
Low Birth and iron Fortune. Thy bright image,
Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters men! For thee I grew
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages!
For thee I sought to borrow from each Grace,
And every Muse, such attributes as lend
Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,
And Passion taught me poesy — of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty! — Art became the shadow
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!
Men called me vain — some mad — I heeded not;
But still toiled on — hoped on — for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee!

PAULINE.

Has he a magic to exorcise hate?

MELNOTTE.

At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
And sent them to thee — such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.

The name — appended by the burning heart
That longed to show its idol what bright things
It had created — yea, the enthusiast's name,
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn!
That very hour — when passion, turned to wrath,
Resembled hatred most — when thy disdain
Made my whole soul a chaos — in that hour
The tempters found me a revengeful tool
For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm —
It turned and stung thee!

PAULINE.

Love, Sir, hath no sting.
What was the slight of a poor powerless girl
To the deep wrong of this most vile revenge?
Oh, how I loved this man! — a serf! — a slave!

MELNOTTE.

Hold, lady! — No, not slave! Despair is free!
I will not tell thee of the throes — the struggles —
The anguish — the remorse: No — let it pass!
And let me come to such most poor atonement
Yet in my power. Pauline! ——

[*Approaching her with great emotion, and about to take her hand.*

PAULINE.

No, touch me not!
I know my fate. You are, by law, my tyrant;
And I — oh Heaven! — a peasant's wife! I'll work —
Toil — drudge — do what thou wilt — but touch me not;
Let my wrongs make me sacred!

MELNOTTE.

Do not fear me.
Thou dost not know me, Madam: at the altar
My vengeance ceased — my guilty oath expired!
Henceforth, no image of some marble saint,
Niched in cathedral aisles, is hallowed more
From the rude hand of sacrilegious wrong.
I am thy husband — nay, thou need'st not shudder; —
Here, at thy feet, I lay a husband's rights.
A marriage thus unholy — unfulfilled —
A bond of fraud — is, by the laws of France,
Made void and null. To-night sleep — sleep in peace.
To-morrow, pure and virgin as, this morn,
I bore thee, bathed in blushes, from the shrine,
Thy father's arms shall take thee to thy home.
The law shall do thee justice, and restore
Thy right to bless another with thy love.
And when thou art happy, and hast half forgot
Him who so loved — so wronged thee, think at least
Heaven left some remnant of the angel still
In that poor peasant's nature!
Ho! my mother!

Enter Widow.

Conduct this lady — (she is not my wife;
She is our guest, our honored guest, my mother!) —
To the poor chamber, where the sleep of virtue,
Never, beneath my father's honest roof,
Ev'n villains dared to mar! Now, lady, now,
I think thou wilt believe me. — Go, my mother!

WIDOW.

She is not thy wife! —

MELNOTTE.

Hush! hush! for mercy's sake!
Speak not, but go.

[Widow *ascends the stairs;* PAULINE *follows weeping — turns to look back.*

MELNOTTE (*sinking down*).

All angels bless and guard her!

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Cottage as before* — MELNOTTE *seated before a table — writing implements, &c.* — (*Day breaking.*)

MELNOTTE.

Hush, hush! — she sleeps at last! — thank Heaven, for a while she forgets even that I live! Her sobs, which have gone to my heart the whole, long, desolate night, have ceased! — all calm — all still! I will go now; I will send this letter to Pauline's father — when he arrives, I will place in his hands my own consent to the divorce, and then, O France! my country! accept among thy protectors, thy defenders — the Peasant's son! Our country is less proud than Custom, and does not refuse the blood, the heart, the right hand of the poor man!

Enter Widow.

WIDOW.

My son, thou hast acted ill; but sin brings its own punishment. In the hour of thy remorse, it is not for a mother to reproach thee!

MELNOTTE.

What is past is past. There is a future left to all men, who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone. Thou shalt be proud of thy son yet. Meanwhile, remember this poor lady has been grievously injured. For the sake of thy son's conscience, respect, honor, bear with her. If she weep, console

— if she chide, be silent! 'T is but a little while more — I shall send an express fast as horse can speed to her father. Farewell! — I shall return shortly.

WIDOW.

It is the only course left to thee — thou wert led astray, but thou art not hardened. Thy heart is right still, as ever it was when, in thy most ambitious hopes, thou wert never ashamed of thy poor mother!

MELNOTTE.

Ashamed of thee! — No, if I yet endure, yet live, yet hope — it is only because I would not die till I have redeemed the noble heritage I have lost — the heritage I took unstained from thee and my dead father — a proud conscience and an honest name. I shall win them back yet — Heaven bless you!

[*Exit.*

WIDOW.

My dear Claude! How my heart bleeds for him!

[PAULINE *looks down from above, and after a pause descends.*

PAULINE.

Not here! — he spares me that pain at least: so far he is considerate — yet the place seems still more desolate without him. Oh, that I could hate him — the gardener's son! — and yet how nobly he — no — no — no, I will not be so mean a thing as to forgive him!

WIDOW.

Good morning, Madam; I would have waited on you if I had known you were stirring.

PAULINE.

It is no matter, Ma'am — your son's wife ought to wait on herself.

WIDOW.

My son's wife — let not that thought vex you, Madam — he tells me that you will have your divorce. And I hope I shall live to see him smile again. There are maidens in this village, young and fair, Madam, who may yet console him.

PAULINE.

I dare say — they are very welcome — and when the divorce is got, he will marry again. I am sure I hope so.

[*Weeps.*

WIDOW.

He could have married the richest girl in the province, if he had pleased it; but his head was turned, poor child! — he could think of nothing but you.

[*Weeps.*

PAULINE.

Don't weep, *mother.*

WIDOW.

Ah, he has behaved very ill, I know — but love is so headstrong in the young. Don't weep, Madam.

PAULINE.

So, as you were saying — go on.

WIDOW.

Oh, I cannot excuse him, Ma'am — he was not in his right senses.

PAULINE.

But he always — always (*sobbing*) loved — loved me then?

WIDOW.

He thought of nothing else. See here — he learnt to paint that he might take your likeness (*uncovers the picture*). But that 's all over now — I trust you have cured him of his folly; — but, dear heart, you have had no breakfast!

PAULINE.

I can't take anything — don't trouble yourself.

WIDOW.

Nay, Madam, be persuaded; a little coffee will refresh you. Our milk and eggs are excellent. I will get out Claude's coffee-cup — it is of real Sèvre; he saved up all his money to buy it three years ago, because the name of *Pauline* was inscribed on it.

PAULINE.

Three years ago! Poor Claude! — Thank you; I think I will have some coffee. Oh! if he were but a poor gentleman, even a merchant: but a gardener's son — and what a home! — O no, it is too dreadful!

[*They seat themselves at the table,* BEAUSEANT *opens the lattice and looks in.*

BEAUSEANT.

So — so — the coast is clear! I saw Claude in the lane — I shall have an excellent opportunity.

[*Shuts the lattice and knocks at the door.*

PAULINE (*starting*).

Can it be my father? — he has not sent for him yet? No, he cannot be in such a hurry to get rid of me.

WIDOW.

It is not time for your father to arrive yet; it must be some neighbor.

PAULINE.

Don't admit any one.

[Widow *opens the door*, BEAUSEANT *pushes her aside and enters.*

Ha! Heavens! that hateful Beauseant! This is indeed bitter!

BEAUSEANT.

Good morning, Madam! Oh, Widow, your son begs you will have the goodness to go to him in the village — he wants to speak to you on particular business; you 'll find him at the inn, or the grocer's shop, or the baker's, or at some other friend's of your family — make haste.

PAULINE.

Don't leave me, mother! — don't leave me.

BEAUSEANT (*with great respect*).

Be not alarmed, Madam. Believe me your friend — your servant.

PAULINE.

Sir, I have no fear of you, even in this house! Go, Madam, if your son wishes it; I will not contradict his commands whilst, at least, he has still the right to be obeyed.

WIDOW.

I don't understand this; however, I shan't be long gone.

[*Exit.*

PAULINE.

Sir, I divine the object of your visit — you wish to exult in the humiliation of one who humbled you. Be it so; I am prepared to endure all — even your presence!

BEAUSEANT.

You mistake me, Madam — Pauline, you mistake me! I come to lay my fortune at your feet. You must already be disenchanted with this impostor; these walls are not worthy to be hallowed by your beauty! Shall that form be clasped in the arms of a base-born peasant? Beloved, beautiful Pauline! fly with me — my carriage waits without — I will bear you to a home more meet for your reception. Wealth, luxury, station — all shall yet be yours. I forget your past disdain — I remember only your beauty and my unconquerable love!

PAULINE.

Sir! leave this house — it is humble: but a husband's roof, however lowly, is, in the eyes of God and man, the temple of a wife's honor! Know that I would rather starve — yes — with him who has betrayed me, than accept your lawful hand, even were you the Prince whose name he bore! — Go.

BEAUSEANT.

What! is not your pride humbled yet?

PAULINE.

Sir, what was pride in prosperity in affliction becomes virtue.

BEAUSEANT.

Look round: these rugged floors — these homely

walls — this wretched struggle of poverty for comfort — think of this! and contrast with such a picture the refinement, the luxury, the pomp, that the wealthiest gentleman of Lyons offers to the loveliest lady. Ah, hear me!

PAULINE.

Oh! my father! — why did I leave you? — why am I thus friendless? Sir, you see before you a betrayed, injured, miserable woman! — respect her anguish!

[MELNOTTE *opens the door silently, and pauses at the threshold.*

BEAUSEANT.

No! let me rather thus console it; let me snatch from those lips one breath of that fragrance which never should be wasted on the low churl, thy husband.

PAULINE.

Help! Claude! — Claude! — Have I no protector?

BEAUSEANT.

Be silent! (*showing a pistol.*) See, I do not come unprepared even for violence. I will brave all things — thy husband and all his race — for thy sake. Thus, then, I clasp thee!

MELNOTTE (*dashing him to the other end of the stage*).

Pauline — look up, Pauline! thou art safe.

BEAUSEANT (*levelling his pistol*).

Dare you thus insult a man of my birth, ruffian?

PAULINE.

Oh, spare him — spare my husband! — Beauseant — Claude — no — no — (*faints*).

MELNOTTE.

Miserable trickster! shame upon you! brave devices to terrify a woman! Coward! you tremble — you have outraged the laws — you know that your weapon is harmless — you have the courage of the mountebank, not the bravo! — Pauline, there is no danger.

BEAUSEANT.

I wish thou wert a gentleman — as it is, thou art beneath me. — Good day, and a happy honeymoon. (*Aside.*) I will not die till I am avenged.

[*Exit.*

MELNOTTE.

I hold her in these arms — the last embrace!
Never, ah never more, shall this dear head
Be pillowed on the heart that should have sheltered
And has betrayed! Soft — soft! one kiss — poor wretch!
No scorn on that pale lip forbids me now!
One kiss — so ends all record of my crime!
It is the seal upon the tomb of Hope,
By which, like some lost, sorrowing angel, sits
Sad Memory evermore; she breathes — she moves —
She wakes to scorn, to hate, but not to shudder
Beneath the touch of my abhorred love.

[*Places her on a seat.*

There — we are strangers now!

PAULINE.

All gone — all calm —
Is *every* thing a dream? thou art safe, unhurt —
I do not love thee; but — but I am woman,
And — and — no blood is spilt?

MELNOTTE.

No, lady, no;
My guilt hath not deserved so rich a blessing
As even danger in thy cause.

Enter Widow.

WIDOW.

My son, I have been everywhere in search of you; why did you send for me?

MELNOTTE.

I did not send for you.

WIDOW.

No! but I must tell you your express has returned.

MELNOTTE.

So soon! impossible!

WIDOW.

Yes, he met the lady's father and mother on the road; they were going into the country on a visit. Your messenger says that Monsieur Deschappelles turned almost white with anger when he read your letter. They will be here almost immediately. Oh, Claude, Claude! what will they do to you? How I tremble! — Ah, Madam! do not let them injure him — if you knew how he doted on you!

PAULINE.

Injure him! no, Ma'am, be not afraid; — my father! how shall I meet him? how go back to Lyons? the scoff of the whole city! — Cruel, cruel Claude — (*in great agitation*) — Sir, you have acted most treacherously.

MELNOTTE.

I know it, Madam.

PAULINE.

(*Aside.*) If he would but ask me to forgive him! — I never can forgive you, Sir!

MELNOTTE.

I never dared to hope it.

PAULINE.

But you are my husband now, and I have sworn to — to love you, Sir.

MELNOTTE.

That was under a false belief, Madam; Heaven and the laws will release you from your vow.

PAULINE.

He will drive me mad! if he were but less proud — if he would but ask me to remain — hark, hark — I hear the wheels of the carriage — Sir — Claude, they are coming; have you no word to say ere it is too late? Quick — speak.

MELNOTTE.

I can only congratulate you on your release. Behold your parents!

Enter MONSIEUR *and* MADAME DESCHAPPELLES *and* COLONEL DAMAS.

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

My child! — my child!

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Oh my poor Pauline! — what a villanous hovel this is! Old woman, get me a chair — I shall faint — I certainly shall. What will the world say? — Child, you have been a fool. A mother's heart is easily broken.

DAMAS.

Ha, ha! — most noble Prince — I am sorry to see

a man of your quality in such a condition; I am afraid your Highness will go to the House of Correction.

MELNOTTE.

Taunt on, Sir; I spared *you* when you were unarmed — I am unarmed now. A man who has no excuse for crime is indeed defenceless!

DAMAS.

There 's something fine in the rascal, after all!

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

Where is the impostor? — Are you thus shameless, traitor? Can you brave the presence of that girl's father?

MELNOTTE.

Strike me, if it please you — you *are* her father.

PAULINE.

Sir — sir, for my sake; — whatever his guilt, he has acted nobly in atonement.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Nobly! Are you mad, girl? I have no patience with you — to disgrace all your family thus! — Nobly! Oh you abominable, hardened, pitiful, mean, ugly villain!

DAMAS.

Ugly! Why he was beautiful yesterday!

PAULINE.

Madame, this is his roof, and he is my husband. Respect your daughter, or let blame fall alone on her.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

You — you — Oh, I 'm choking.

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

Sir, it were idle to waste reproach upon a conscience like yours — you renounce all pretensions to the person of this lady?

MELNOTTE.

I do. (*Gives a paper.*) Here is my consent to a divorce — my full confession of the fraud which annuls the marriage. Your daughter has been foully wronged — I grant it, Sir; but her own lips will tell you that, from the hour in which she crossed this threshold, I returned to my own station, and respected hers. Pure and inviolate, as when yestermorn you laid your hand upon her head, and blessed her, I yield her back to you. For myself — I deliver you for ever from my presence. An outcast and a criminal, I seek some distant land, where I may mourn my sin, and pray for your daughter's peace. Farewell — farewell to you all, for ever!

WIDOW.

Claude, Claude, you will not leave your poor old mother? *She* does not disown you in your sorrow — no, not even in your guilt. No divorce can separate a mother from her son.

PAULINE.

This poor widow teaches me my duty. No, mother — no, for you are now *my* mother also! — nor should any law, human or divine, separate the wife from her husband's sorrows. Claude — Claude — all is forgotten — forgiven — I am thine for ever!

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

What do I hear? — Come away, or never see my face again.

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

Pauline, *we* never betrayed you! — do you forsake us for him?

PAULINE (*going back to her father*).

Oh, no — but you will forgive him too; we will live together — he shall be your son.

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

Never! Cling to him and forsake your parents! His home shall be yours — his fortune yours — his fate yours: the wealth I have acquired by honest industry shall never enrich the dishonest man.

PAULINE.

And you would have a wife enjoy luxury while a husband toils! Claude, take me; thou canst not give me wealth, titles, station — but thou canst give me a true heart. I will work for thee, tend thee, bear with thee, and never, never shall these lips reproach thee for the past.

DAMAS.

I 'll be hanged if I am not going to blubber!

MELNOTTE.

This is the heaviest blow of all! — What a heart I have wronged! — Do not fear me, Sir; I am not all hardened — I will not rob her of a holier love than mine. Pauline! — angel of love and mercy! — your memory shall lead me back to virtue! — The husband of a being so beautiful in her noble and sublime tenderness may be poor — may be low-born; — (there is no guilt in the decrees of Providence!) — but he should be one who can look thee in the face without a blush, — to whom thy love does not bring

remorse, — who can fold thee to his heart, and say, "*Here* there is no deceit!" —— I am not that man!

DAMAS (*aside to* MELNOTTE).

Thou art a noble fellow, notwithstanding; and wouldst make an excellent soldier. Serve in my regiment. I have had a letter from the Directory — our young General takes the command of the army in Italy, — I am to join him at Marseilles, — I will depart this day, if thou wilt go with me.

MELNOTTE.

It is the favor I would have asked thee, if I dared. Place me wherever a foe is most dreaded, — wherever France most needs a life!

DAMAS.

There shall not be a forlorn hope without thee!

MELNOTTE.

There is my hand! — Mother! your blessing. I shall see you again, — a better man than a prince, — a man who has bought the right to high thoughts by brave deeds. And thou! — thou! so wildly worshipped, so guiltily betrayed, — all is not yet lost! — for thy memory, at least, must be mine till death! If I live, the name of him thou hast once loved shall not rest dishonored; — if I fall, amidst the carnage and the roar of battle, my soul will fly back to thee, and Love shall share with Death my last sigh! — More — more would I speak to thee! — to pray! — to bless! But no! — When I am less unworthy, I will utter it to Heaven! — I cannot trust myself to —— (*turning to* DESCHAPPELLES.) Your pardon, Sir; — they are my last words — Farewell!

[*Exit.*

DAMAS.

I will go after him. — France will thank me for this.

[*Exit.*

PAULINE (*starting from her father's arms*).

Claude! — Claude! — my husband!

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

You have a father still!

ACT V.

Two years and a half from the date of Act IV.

SCENE I. — *The Streets of Lyons.*

Enter First, Second, *and* Third Officers.

FIRST OFFICER.

Well, here we are at Lyons, with gallant old Damas: it is his native place.

SECOND OFFICER.

Yes; he has gained a step in the army since he was here last. The Lyonnese ought to be very proud of stout General Damas.

THIRD OFFICER.

Promotion is quick in the French army. This mysterious Morier — the hero of Lodi, and the favorite of the Commander-in-Chief — has risen to a colonel's rank in two years and a half.

Enter DAMAS, *as a General.*

DAMAS.

Good morrow, gentlemen; I hope you will amuse yourselves during our short stay at Lyons. It is a fine city: improved since I left it. Ah! it is a pleasure to grow old, — when the years that bring decay to ourselves do but ripen the prosperity of our country. You have not met with Morier?

FIRST OFFICER.

No: we were just speaking of him.

SECOND OFFICER.

Pray, General, can you tell us who this Morier really is?

DAMAS.

Is! — why, a Colonel in the French army.

THIRD OFFICER.

True. But what was he at first?

DAMAS.

At first? — Why, a baby in long clothes, I suppose.

FIRST OFFICER.

Ha! — ha! — Ever facetious, General.

SECOND OFFICER (*to* Third).

The General is sore on this point; you will only chafe him. — Any commands, General?

DAMAS.

None. — Good day to you!

[*Exeunt* Second *and* Third Officers.

DAMAS.

Our comrades are very inquisitive. Poor Morier is the subject of a vast deal of curiosity.

FIRST OFFICER.

Say interest, rather, General. His constant melancholy, the loneliness of his habits, — his daring valor, his brilliant rise in the profession, — your friendship, and the favors of the Commander-in-Chief, — all tend to make him as much the matter of gossip as of admiration. But where is he, General? I have missed him all the morning.

DAMAS.

Why, Captain, I 'll let you into a secret. My young friend has come with me to Lyons in hopes of finding a miracle.

FIRST OFFICER.

A miracle! —

DAMAS.

Yes, a miracle! in other words, — a constant woman.

FIRST OFFICER.

Oh! — an affair of love!

DAMAS.

Exactly so. No sooner did he enter Lyons than he waved his hand to me, threw himself from his horse, and is now, I warrant, asking every one who can know anything about the matter, whether a certain lady is still true to a certain gentleman!

FIRST OFFICER.

Success to him! — and of that success there can be no doubt. The gallant Colonel Morier, the hero of Lodi, might make his choice out of the proudest families in France.

DAMAS.

Oh, if pride be a recommendation, the lady and her mother are most handsomely endowed. By the way, Captain, if you should chance to meet with Morier, tell him he will find me at the hotel.

FIRST OFFICER.

I will, General.

[*Exit.*

DAMAS.

Now will I go to the Deschappelles, and make a report to my young Colonel. Ha! by Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Virorum, — here comes Monsieur Beauseant!

Enter BEAUSEANT.

Good morrow, Monsieur Beauseant! How fares it with you?

BEAUSEANT (*aside*).

Damas! that is unfortunate; — if the Italian campaign should have filled his pockets, he may seek to baffle me in the moment of my victory. (*Aloud.*) Your servant, General, — for such, I think, is your new distinction! Just arrived in Lyons?

DAMAS.

Not an hour ago. Well, how go on the Deschappelles? Have they forgiven you in that affair of young Melnotte? You had some hand in that notable device, — eh?

BEAUSEANT.

Why, less than you think for! The fellow imposed upon me. I have set it all right now. What has become of him? He could not have joined the army, after all. There is no such name in the books.

DAMAS.

I know nothing about Melnotte. As you say, I never heard the name in the Grand Army.

BEAUSEANT.

Hem! — You are not married, General?

DAMAS.

Do I look like a married man, Sir? — No, thank Heaven! My profession is to make widows, not wives.

BEAUSEANT.

You must have gained much booty in Italy! Pauline will be your heiress — eh?

DAMAS.

Booty! Not I! Heiress to what? Two trunks and a portmanteau, — four horses, — three swords, — two suits of regimentals, and six pair of white leather inexpressibles! A pretty fortune for a young lady!

BEAUSEANT.

(*Aside.*) Then all is safe! (*Aloud.*) Ha! ha! Is that really all your capital, General Damas? Why, I thought Italy had been a second Mexico to you soldiers.

DAMAS.

All a toss-up, sir. I was not one of the lucky ones! My friend, Morier, indeed, saved something handsome. But our Commander-in-Chief took care of him, and Morier is a thrifty, economical dog, — not like the rest of us soldiers, who spend our money as carelessly as if it were our blood.

BEAUSEANT.

Well, it is no matter! I do not want fortune with Pauline. And you must know, General Damas, that your fair cousin has at length consented to reward my long and ardent attachment.

DAMAS.

You! — the devil! Why she is already married! There is no divorce!

BEAUSEANT.

True; but this very day she is formally to authorize the necessary proceedings, — this very day she is to sign the contract that is to make her mine within one week from the day on which her present illegal marriage is annulled.

DAMAS.

You tell me wonders! — Wonders! No; I believe anything of women!

BEAUSEANT.

I must wish you good morning.

[*As he is going, enter* DESCHAPPELLES.

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

Oh, Beauseant! well met. Let us come to the notary at once.

DAMAS (*to* DESCHAPPELLES.)

Why, cousin!

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

Damas, welcome to Lyons. Pray call on us; my wife will be delighted to see you.

DAMAS.

Your wife be —— blessed for her condescension! But (*taking him aside*) what do I hear? Is it possible that your daughter has consented to a divorce? — that she will marry Monsieur Beauseant?

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

Certainly! What have you to say against it! A gentleman of birth, fortune, character. We are not so proud as we were; even my wife has had enough of nobility and princes!

DAMAS.

But Pauline loved that young man so tenderly!

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES (*taking snuff*).

That was two years and a half ago!

DAMAS.

Very true. Poor Melnotte!

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

But do not talk of that impostor; I hope he is dead or has left the country. Nay, even were he in Lyons at this moment he ought to rejoice that, in an honorable and suitable alliance, my daughter may forget her sufferings and his crime.

DAMAS.

Nay, if it be all settled, I have no more to say. Monsieur Beauseant informs me that the contract is to be signed this very day.

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

It is; at one o'clock precisely. Will you be one of the witnesses?

DAMAS.

I? — No; that is to say — yes, certainly! — at one o'clock I will wait on you.

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

Till then, adieu — come, Beauseant.

[*Exeunt* BEAUSEANT *and* DESCHAPPELLES.

DAMAS.

The man who sets his heart upon a woman
Is a chameleon, and doth feed on air;
From air he takes his colors, — holds his life, —
Changes with every wind, — grows lean or fat,
Rosy with hope, or green with jealousy,
Or pallid with despair — just as the gale
Varies from north to south — from heat to cold!
Oh, woman! woman! thou shouldest have few sins
Of thine own to answer for! Thou art the author
Of such a book of follies in a man,
That it would need the tears of all the angels
To blot the record out!

Enter MELNOTTE, *pale and agitated.*

I need not tell thee! Thou hast heard —

MELNOTTE.

The worst!

I have!

DAMAS.

Be cheered; others are fair as she is!

MELNOTTE.

Others! — The world is crumbled at my feet!
She *was* my world; filled up the whole of being —
Smiled in the sunshine — walked the glorious earth —
Sate in my heart — was the sweet life of life.
The past was hers; I dreamt not of a Future
That did not wear her shape! Memory and Hope
Alike are gone. Pauline is faithless! Henceforth
The universal space is desolate!

DAMAS.

Hope yet.

MELNOTTE.

Hope, yes! — one hope is left me still —
A soldier's grave! Glory has died with love.
I look into my heart, and, where I saw
Pauline, see Death!
(*After a pause.*) — But am I not deceived?
I went but by the rumor of the town;
Rumor is false, — I was too hasty! Damas,
Whom hast thou seen?

DAMAS.

Thy rival and her father.
Arm thyself for the truth — He heeds not —

MELNOTTE.

She
Will never know how deeply she was loved!
The charitable night, that wont to bring
Comfort to day, in bright and eloquent dreams,
Is henceforth leagued with misery! Sleep, farewell,
Or else become eternal! Oh, the waking
From false oblivion, and to see the sun,
And know she is another's! ——

DAMAS.

Be a man!

MELNOTTE.

I am a man! — it is the sting of woe
Like mine that tells us we are men!

DAMAS.

The false one
Did not deserve thee.

MELNOTTE.

Hush! — No word against her!
Why should she keep, through years and silent absence,
The holy tablets of her virgin faith
True to a traitor's name! Oh, blame her not;
It were a sharper grief to think her worthless
Than to be what I am! To-day, — to-day!
They said, "To-day!" This day, so wildly welcomed —
This day, my soul had singled out of time
And marked for bliss! This day! oh, could I see her,
See her once more unknown; but hear her voice.
So that one echo of its music might
Make ruin less appalling in its silence.

DAMAS.

Easily done! Come with me to her house;
Your dress — your cloak — moustache — the bronzed hues
Of time and toil — the name you bear — belief
In your absence, — all will ward away suspicion.
Keep in the shade. Ay, I would have you come.
There may be hope! Pauline is yet so young,
They may have forced her to these second bridals
Out of mistaken love.

MELNOTTE.

No, bid me hope not!
Bid me not hope! I could not bear again
To fall from such a heaven! One gleam of sunshine,
And the ice breaks and I am lost! Oh, Damas,
There 's no such thing as courage in a man;
The veriest slave that ever crawled from danger
Might spurn me now. When first I lost her, Damas,
I bore it, did I not? I still had hope,
And now I — I —

[*Bursts into an agony of grief.*

DAMAS.

What, comrade! all the women
That ever smiled destruction on brave hearts
Were not worth tears like these!

MELNOTTE.

'T is past — forget it.
I am prepared; life has no further ills!
The cloud has broken in that stormy rain,
And on the waste I stand, alone with Heaven.

DAMAS.

His very face is changed; a breaking heart
Does its work soon! — Come, Melnotte, rouse thyself:
One effort more. Again thou 'lt see her.

MELNOTTE.

See her!
There is a passion in that simple sentence
That shivers all the pride and power of reason
Into a chaos!

DAMAS.

Time wanes; — come, ere yet
It be too late.

MELNOTTE.

Terrible words — "*Too late!*"
Lead on. One last look more, and then ——

DAMAS.

Forget her!

MELNOTTE.

Forget her, yes! — For death remembers not.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in the house of MONSIEUR DESCHAPPELLES; PAULINE *seated in great dejection.*

PAULINE.

It is so, then. I must be false to Love,
Or sacrifice a father! Oh, my Claude,

My lover, and my husband! Have I lived
To pray that thou mayest find some fairer boon
Than the deep faith of this devoted heart, —
Nourished till now — now broken?

Enter MONSIEUR DESCHAPPELLES.

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

My dear child,
How shall I thank — how bless thee? Thou hast saved,
I will not say my fortune — I could bear
Reverse, and shrink not — but that prouder wealth
Which merchants value most — my name, my credit —
The hard-won honors of a toilsome life: —
These thou hast saved, my child!

PAULINE.

Is there no hope?
No hope but this?

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

None. If, without the sum
Which Beauseant offers for thy hand, this day
Sinks to the west — to-morrow brings our ruin!
And hundreds, mingled in that ruin, curse
The bankrupt merchant! and the insolvent herd
We feasted and made merry cry in scorn,
"How pride has fallen! — Lo, the bankrupt merchant!"
My daughter, thou hast saved us!

PAULINE.

And am lost!

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

Come, let me hope that Beauseant's love ——

PAULINE.

His love!
Talk not of love. Love has no thought of self!
Love buys not with the ruthless usurer's gold
The loathsome prostitution of a hand
Without a heart? Love sacrifices all things
To bless the thing it loves! *He* knows not love.
Father, his love is hate — his hope revenge!
My tears, my anguish, my remorse for falsehood —
These are the joys that he wrings from our despair!

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

If thou deemest thus, reject him! Shame and ruin
Were better than thy misery; — think no more on 't.
My sand is well-nigh run — what boots it when
The glass is broken? We 'll annul the contract:
And if to-morrow in the prisoner's cell
These aged limbs are laid, why still, my child,
I 'll think thou art spared; and wait the Liberal Hour
That lays the beggar by the side of kings!

PAULINE.

No — no — forgive me! You, my honored father, —
You, who so loved, so cherished me, whose lips
Never knew one harsh word! I 'm not ungrateful;
I am but human! — hush! *Now*, call the bridegroom —
You see I am prepared — no tears — all calm;
But, father, *talk no more of love!*

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

My child,
'T is but one struggle; he is young, rich, noble;
Thy state will rank first 'mid the dames of Lyons;

And when this heart can shelter thee no more,
Thy youth will not be guardianless.

PAULINE.

I have set
My foot upon the ploughshare — I will pass
The fiery ordeal. (*Aside.*) Merciful Heaven, support me!
And on the absent wanderer shed the light
Of happier stars — lost evermore to me!

Enter MADAME DESCHAPPELLES, BEAUSEANT, GLAVIS, *and* Notary.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

Why, Pauline, you are quite in *déshabille* — you ought to be more alive to the importance of this joyful occasion. We had once looked higher, it is true; but you see, after all, Monsieur Beauseant's father *was* a Marquis, and that 's a great comfort! Pedigree and jointure! — you have them both in Monsieur Beauseant. A young lady decorously brought up should only have two considerations in her choice of a husband: — first, is his birth honorable, — secondly, will his death be advantageous? All other trifling details should be left to parental anxiety!

BEAUSEANT (*approaching and waving aside* MADAME).

Ah, Pauline! let me hope that you are reconciled to an event which confers such rapture upon me.

PAULINE.

I am reconciled to my doom.

BEAUSEANT.

Doom is a harsh word, sweet lady.

PAULINE (*aside*).

This man must have some mercy — his heart can-

not be marble. (*Aloud.*) Oh, Sir, be just — be generous! — Seize a noble triumph — a great revenge! — Save the father, and spare the child!

BEAUSEANT (*aside*).

Joy — joy alike to my hatred and my passion! The haughty Pauline is at last my suppliant. (*Aloud.*) You ask from me what I have not the sublime virtue to grant — a virtue reserved only for the gardener's son! I cannot forego my hopes in the moment of their fulfilment! — I adhere to the contract — your father's ruin or your hand!

PAULINE.

Then all is over. — Sir, I have decided.

[*The clock strikes one.*

Enter DAMAS *and* MELNOTTE.

DAMAS.

Your servant, cousin Deschappelles. — Let me introduce Colonel Morier.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES (*courtesying very low*).

What, the celebrated hero? This is, indeed, an honor!

[MELNOTTE *bows, and remains in the background.*

DAMAS (*to* PAULINE).

My little cousin, I congratulate you! What, no smile — no blush? You are going to be divorced from poor Melnotte, and marry this rich gentleman. You ought to be excessively happy!

PAULINE.

Happy!

DAMAS.

Why, how pale you are, child! — Poor Pauline! Hist — confide in me! Do they force you to this?

PAULINE.

No!

DAMAS.

You act with your own free consent?

PAULINE.

My own consent — yes.

DAMAS.

Then you are the most — I will not say what you are!

PAULINE.

You think ill of me — be it so — yet if you knew all ——

DAMAS.

There is some mystery — speak out, Pauline.

PAULINE (*suddenly*).

Oh! perhaps you can save me! you are our relation — our friend. My father is on the verge of bankruptcy — this day he requires a large sum to meet demands that cannot be denied; that sum Beauseant will advance — this hand the condition of the barter. Save me if you have the means — save me! You will be repaid above!

DAMAS (*aside*).

I recant — Women are not so bad after all! — (*Aloud.*) Humph, child! I cannot help you — I am too poor!

PAULINE.

The last plank to which I clung is shivered!

DAMAS.

Hold — you see my friend Morier: Melnotte is his most intimate friend — fought in the same fields

— slept in the same tent. Have you any message to send to Melnotte? — any word to soften this blow?

PAULINE.

He knows Melnotte — he will see him — he will bear to him my last farewell — (*approaches* MELNOTTE) — He has a stern air — he turns away from me — he despises me! — Sir, one word I beseech you.

MELNOTTE.

Her voice again! How the old time comes o'er me!

DAMAS (*to* MADAME).

Don't interrupt them. He is going to tell her what a young rascal young Melnotte is; he knows him well, I promise you.

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

So considerate in you, cousin Damas!

[DAMAS *approaches* DESCHAPPELLES; *converses apart with him in dumb show.* — DESCHAPPELLES *shows him a paper, which he inspects and takes.*

PAULINE.

Thrice have I sought to speak; my courage fails me. —
Sir, is it true that you have known — nay, are
The friend of — Melnotte?

MELNOTTE.

Lady, yes! — Myself
And Misery know the man!

PAULINE.

And you will see him,
And you will bear to him — ay — word for word,

All that this heart, which breaks in parting from him,
Would send, ere still for ever?

MELNOTTE.

He hath told me
You have the right to choose from out the world
A worthier bridegroom; — he foregoes all claim,
Even to murmur at his doom. — Speak on!

PAULINE.

Tell him, for years I never nursed a thought
That was not his; — that on his wandering way,
Daily and nightly, poured a mourner's prayers.
Tell him ev'n now that I would rather share
His lowliest lot, — walk by his side, an outcast, —
Work for him, beg with him, — live upon the light
Of one kind smile from him, — than wear the crown
The Bourbon lost!

MELNOTTE (*aside*).

Am I already mad?
And does delirium utter such sweet words
Into a dreamer's ear? (*Aloud.*) You love him thus,
And yet desert him?

PAULINE.

Say, that, if his eye
Could read this heart, — its struggles, its temptations, —
His love itself would pardon that desertion!
Look on that poor old man, — he is my father;
He stands upon the verge of an abyss! —
He calls his child to save him! Shall I shrink
From him who gave me birth? — withhold my hand,
And see a parent perish? Tell him this,
And say — that we shall meet again in Heaven!

MELNOTTE.

Lady — I — I — what is this riddle? — what
The nature of this sacrifice?

PAULINE (*pointing to* DAMAS).

Go, ask him!

BEAUSEANT (*from the table*).

The papers are prepared — we only need
Your hand and seal.

MELNOTTE.

Stay, lady — one word more.
Were but your duty with your faith united,
Would you still share the low-born peasant's lot?

PAULINE.

Would I? Ah, better death with him I love
Than all the pomp — which is but as the flowers
That crown the victim! — (*Turning away.*) I am ready.

[MELNOTTE *rushes to* DAMAS.

DAMAS.

There —
This is the schedule — this the total.

BEAUSEANT (*to* DESCHAPPELLES *showing notes*).

These
Are yours the instant she has signed; you are
Still the great house of Lyons!

[*The* Notary *is about to hand the contract to* PAULINE, *when* MELNOTTE *seizes it and tears it.*

BEAUSEANT.

Are you mad?

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

How, Sir! What means this insult?

MELNOTTE.

Peace, old man!
I have a prior claim. Before the face
Of man and Heaven I urge it; I outbid
Yon sordid huckster for your priceless jewel.

[*Giving a pocket-book.*

There is the sum twice told! Blush not to take it:
There 's not a coin that is not bought and hallowed
In the cause of nations with a soldier's blood!

BEAUSEANT.

Torments and death!

PAULINE.

That voice! Thou art —

MELNOTTE.

Thy husband!

[PAULINE *rushes into his arms.*

Look up! Look up, Pauline! — for I can bear
Thine eyes! The stain is blotted from my name.
I have redeemed mine honor. I can call
On France to sanction thy divine forgiveness!
Oh, joy! — Oh, rapture! By the midnight watch-fires
Thus have I seen thee! thus foretold this hour!
And 'midst the roar of battle, thus have heard
The beating of thy heart against my own!

BEAUSEANT.

Fooled, duped, and triumphed over in the hour
Of mine own victory! Curses on ye both!
May thorns be planted in the marriage-bed!
And love grow soured and blackened into hate,
Such as the hate that gnaws me!

DAMAS.

Curse away!
And let me tell thee, Beauseant, a wise proverb
The Arabs have, — "Curses are like young chickens,
(*Solemnly.*) And still come home to roost!"

BEAUSEANT.

Their happiness
Maddens my soul! I am powerless and revengeless!

[*To* MADAME.

I wish you joy! Ha! ha! The gardener's son!

[*Exit.*

DAMAS (*to* GLAVIS).

Your friend intends to hang himself! Methinks
You ought to be his travelling companion!

GLAVIS.

Sir, you are exceedingly obliging!

PAULINE.

Oh!
My father, you are saved, — and by my husband!
Ah, blessed hour!

MELNOTTE.

Yet you weep still, Pauline!

PAULINE.

But on thy breast! — *these* tears are sweet and holy!

MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

You have won love and honor nobly, Sir!
Take her; — be happy both!

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

I'm all astonished!
Who, then, is Colonel Morier?

DAMAS.

You behold him!

MELNOTTE.

Morier no more after this happy day!
I would not bear again my father's name
Till I could deem it spotless! The hour 's come!
Heaven smiled on Conscience! As the soldier rose
From rank to rank, how sacred was the fame
That cancelled crime, and raised him nearer thee!

MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.

A colonel and a hero! Well, that 's something!
He 's wondrously improved! I wish you joy, Sir!

MELNOTTE.

Ah! the same love that tempts us into sin,
If it be true love, works out its redemption;
And he who seeks repentance for the Past
Should woo the Angel Virtue in the future!

RICHELIEU:

OR,

THE CONSPIRACY.

"Le Comte de Soissons, et le Duc de Bouillon, avaient une bonne armée, et ils savaient la conduire; et pour plus grande sûreté, tandis que cette armée devait s'avancer, on devait assassiner le Cardinal et faire soulever Paris. . . . Les Conjurés faisient un traité avec l'Espagne pour introduire des troupes en France, et pour y mettre tout en confusion dans une Régence qu'on croyait prochaine, et dont chacun esperait orofiter. . . . Richelieu avait perdu toute sa faveur, et ne conservait que l'avantage d'être nécessaire. Le bonheur du Cardinal voulut encore que le complot fut découvert, et qu'une copie du traité lui tombât entre les mains." — VOLTAIRE, *Hist. Gen.*

PREFACE.

THE administration of Cardinal Richelieu, whom (despite all his darker qualities) Voltaire and History justly consider the true architect of the French monarchy, and the great parent of French civilization, is characterized by features alike tragic and comic. A weak king — an ambitious favorite; a despicable conspiracy against the minister, nearly always associated with a dangerous treason against the State — these, with little variety of names and dates, constitute the eventful cycle through which, with a dazzling ease, and an arrogant confidence, the great luminary fulfilled its destinies. Blent together, in startling contrast, we see the grandest achievements and the pettiest agents; — the spy — the mistress — the capuchin; — the destruction of feudalism; — the humiliation of Austria; — the dismemberment of Spain.

Richelieu himself is still what he was in his own day, — a man of two characters. If, on the one hand, he is justly represented as inflexible and vindictive, crafty and unscrupulous; so, on the other, it cannot be denied that he was placed in times in which the long impunity of every license required stern examples, — that he was beset by perils and

intrigues, which gave a certain excuse to the subtlest inventions of self-defence, — that his ambition was inseparably connected with a passionate love for the glory of his country, — and that, if he was her dictator, he was not less her benefactor. It has been fairly remarked, by the most impartial historians, that he was no less generous to merit than severe to crime, — that, in the various departments of the State, the Army, and the Church, he selected and distinguished the ablest aspirants, — that the wars which he conducted were, for the most part, essential to the preservation of France, and Europe itself, from the formidable encroachments of the Austrian House, — that, in spite of those wars, the people were not oppressed with exorbitant imposts, — and that he left the kingdom he had governed in a more flourishing and vigorous state than at any former period of the French history, or at the decease of Louis XIV.

The cabals formed against this great statesman were not carried on by the patriotism of public virtue, or the emulation of equal talent; they were but court struggles, in which the most worthless agents had recourse to the most desperate means. In each, as I have before observed, we see combined the twofold attempt to murder the minister and to betray the country. Such, then, are the agents, and such the designs with which truth, in the Drama as in History, requires us to contrast the celebrated Cardinal; — not disguising his foibles or his vices, but not unjust to the grander qualities (especially the

love of country) by which they were often dignified, and, at times, redeemed.

The historical drama is the concentration of historical events. In the attempt to place upon the stage the picture of an era, that license with dates and details, which Poetry permits, and which the highest authorities in the drama of France herself have sanctioned, has been, though not unsparingly, indulged. The conspiracy of the Duc de Bouillon is, for instance, amalgamated with the *dénouement* of *The Day of Dupes;* * and circumstances connected with the treason of Cinq Mars (whose brilliant youth and gloomy catastrophe tend to subvert poetic and historic justice, by seducing us to forget his base ingratitude and his perfidious apostasy) are identified with the fate of the earlier favorite, Baradas,† whose sudden rise and as sudden fall passed into a proverb. I ought to add, that the noble romance of "Cinq Mars" suggested one of the scenes

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* "Le Cardinal se croit perdu, et prépare sa retraite. Ses amis lui conseillent de tenter enfin auprès du Roi un nouvel effort. Le Cardinal va trouver le Roi à Versailles. Le Roi, qui avait sacrifié son ministre par faiblesse, se remit par faiblesse entre ses mains, et il lui abandonne ceux qui l'avaient perdu. Ce jour qui est encore à present appellé *La Journée des Dupes*, fut celui du pouvoir absolu du Cardinal." — VOLTAIRE, *Hist. Gen.*

† "En six mois il (le Roi) fit (Baradas) premier Écuyer, premier Gentilhomme de la Chambre, Capitaine de St. Germain, et Lieutenant de Roi, en Champagne. En moins de temps encore, on lui ôta tout, et des débris de sa grandeur, à peine lui resta-t-il de quoi payer ses dettes : de sorte que pour signifier une grande fortune dissipée aussi qu'acquise on disait en commun proverbe, *Fortune de Baradas.*" — ANQUETIL.

in the fifth act; and that for the conception of some portion of the intrigue connected with De Mauprat and Julie, I am, with great alterations of incident, and considerable if not entire reconstruction of character, indebted to an early and admirable novel by the author of "Picciola." *

LONDON, *March*, 1839.

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* It may be as well, however, to caution the English reader against some of the impressions which the eloquence of both the writers I refer to are calculated to leave. They have exaggerated the more evil, and have kept out of sight the nobler qualities of the Cardinal.

NOTE.

THE length of the Play necessarily requires curtailments on the Stage, — the principal of which are enclosed within brackets. Many of the passages thus omitted, however immaterial to the audience, must obviously be such as the *reader* would be least inclined to dispense with, — viz. those which, without being absolutely essential to the business of the Stage, contain either the subtler strokes of character, or the more poetical embellishments of description. An important consequence of these suppressions is, that Richelieu himself is left, too often and too unrelievedly, to positions which place him in an *amiable* light, without that shadowing forth of his more sinister motives and his fiercer qualities, which is attempted in the written play. Thus, the *character* takes a degree of credit due only to the *situation*. To judge the Author's conception of Richelieu fairly, and to estimate how far it is consistent with historical portraiture, the Play must be *read*.

TO

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K. G.,

&c. &c.,

THIS DRAMA

IS INSCRIBED,

IN TRIBUTE TO THE TALENTS WHICH COMMAND, AND THE QUALITIES WHICH ENDEAR, RESPECT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH.

GASTON, DUKE OF ORLEANS, *brother to Louis the Thirteenth.*

BARADAS, *favorite of the King, First Gentleman of the Chamber, Premier Ecuyer, &c.*

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

THE CHEVALIER DE MAUPRAT.

THE SIEUR DE BERINGHEN, *in attendance on the King,* one of the Conspirators.*

JOSEPH, *a Capuchin, Richelieu's confidant.*

HUGUET, *an officer of Richelieu's household guard, — a Spy.*

FRANÇOIS, *First Page to Richelieu.*

FIRST COURTIER.

CAPTAIN OF THE ARCHERS.

FIRST, SECOND, THIRD SECRETARIES OF STATE.

GOVERNOR OF THE BASTILE.

GAOLER.

Courtiers, Pages, Conspirators, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

JULIE DE MORTEMAR, *an Orphan, ward to Richelieu.*

MARION DE LORME, *Mistress to Orleans, but in Richelieu's pay.*

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* Properly speaking, the King's First Valet de Chambre, — a post of great importance at that time.

RICHELIEU:

OR,

THE CONSPIRACY.

ACT I.

FIRST DAY.

SCENE I. — *A room in the house of* MARION DE LORME; *a table towards the front of the stage (with wine, fruits, &c.), at which are seated* BARADAS, Four Courtiers, *splendidly dressed in the costume of* 1641-2; — *the* DUKE OF ORLEANS *reclining on a large fauteuil;* — MARION DE LORME *standing at the back of his chair, offers him a goblet, and then retires. At another table,* DE BERINGHEN, DE MAUPRAT, *playing at dice; other* Courtiers, *of inferior rank to those at the table of the* Duke, *looking on.*

ORLEANS (*drinking*).

HERE 'S to our enterprise! —

BARADAS (*glancing at* MARION).

Hush, Sir! —

ORLEANS (*aside*).

Nay, Count,
You may trust her; she doats on me; no house
So safe as Marion's. *[At our statelier homes

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* The passages enclosed in brackets are omitted in representation.

The very walls do play the eaves-dropper.
There 's not a sunbeam creeping o'er our floors
But seems a glance from that malignant eye
Which reigns o'er France; our fatal greatness lives
In the sharp glare of one relentless day.
But Richelieu's self forgets to fear the sword
The myrtle hides; and Marion's silken robe
Casts its kind charity o'er fiercer sins
Than those which haunt the rosy path between
The lip and eye of beauty. — Oh, no house
So safe as Marion's.]

BARADAS.

Still, we have a secret.
And oil and water — woman and a secret —
Are hostile properties.

ORLEANS.

Well — Marion, see
How the play prospers yonder.

[MARION *goes to the next table, looks on for a few moments, then exit.*

BARADAS (*producing a parchment*).

I have now
All the conditions drawn; it only needs
Our signatures: upon receipt of this,
(Whereto is joined the schedule of our treaty
With the Count-Duke,* the Richelieu of the Escurial,)
Bouillon will join his army with the Spaniard,
March on to Paris, — there, dethrone the King:

---

* Olivares, Minister of Spain.

You will be Regent; I, and ye, my Lords,
Form the new Council. So much for the core
Of our great scheme.

ORLEANS.

But Richelieu is an Argus;
One of his hundred eyes will light upon us,
And then — good-by to life.

BARADAS.

To gain the prize
We must destroy the Argus: — ay, my Lords,
The scroll the core, but blood must fill the veins,
Of our design; — while this despatched to Bouillon,
Richelieu despatched to Heaven! — The last *my* charge.
Meet here to-morrow night. *You*, Sir, as first
In honor and in hope, meanwhile select
Some trusty knave to bear the scroll to Bouillon;
'Midst Richelieu's foes *I'll* find some desperate hand
To strike for vengeance, while we stride to power.

ORLEANS.

So be it; — to-morrow, midnight. — Come, my Lords.

[*Exeunt* ORLEANS, *and the* Courtiers *in his train. Those at the other table rise, salute* ORLEANS, *and re-seat themselves.*

DE BERINGHEN.

Double the stakes.

DE MAUPRAT.

Done.

DE BERINGHEN.

Bravo; faith, it shames me
To bleed a purse already *in extremis.*

DE MAUPRAT.

Nay, as you 've had the patient to yourself
So long, no other doctor should despatch it.

[DE MAUPRAT *throws and loses.*

OMNES.

Lost! Ha, ha! — poor De Mauprat!

DE BERINGHEN.

One throw more?

DE MAUPRAT.

No; I am bankrupt (*pushing gold*). There goes all
— except
My honor and my sword.

[*They rise.*

DE BERINGHEN.

Long cloaks and honor
Went out of vogue together, when we found
We got on much more rapidly without them;
The sword, indeed, is never out of fashion, —
The Devil has câre of *that.*

FIRST GAMESTER.

Ay, take the sword
To Cardinal Richelieu: — he gives gold for steel,
When worn by brave men.

DE MAUPRAT.

Richelieu!

DE BERINGHEN (*to* BARADAS).

At that name
He changes color, bites his nether lip.
Ev'n in his brightest moments whisper "Richelieu,"
And you cloud all his sunshine.

BARADAS.

I have marked it,
And I will learn the wherefore.

DE MAUPRAT.

The Egyptian
Dissolved her richest jewel in a draught:
Would I could so melt time and all its treasures,
And drain it thus.

[*Drinking.*

DE BERINGHEN.

Come, gentlemen, what say ye,
A walk on the parade?

OMNES.

Ay; come, De Mauprat.

DE MAUPRAT.

Pardon me; we shall meet again ere nightfall.

BARADAS.

I 'll stay and comfort Mauprat.

DE BERINGHEN.

Comfort! — when
We gallant fellows have run out a friend,
There 's nothing left — except to run him through!
There 's the last act of friendship.

DE MAUPRAT.

Let me keep
That favor in reserve; in all beside
Your most obedient servant.

[*Exeunt* DE BERINGHEN, *&c.* *Manent* DE MAUPRAT *and* BARADAS.

BARADAS.

You have lost —
Yet are not sad.

DE MAUPRAT.

Sad! — Life and gold have wings,
And must fly one day: — open, then, their cages
And wish them merry.

BARADAS.

You 're a strange enigma: —
Fiery in war — and yet to glory lukewarm;
All mirth in action — in repose all gloom ——
These are extremes in which the unconscious heart
Betrays the fever of deep-fixed disease.
Confide in me! our young days rolled together
In the same river, glassing the same stars
That smile i' the heaven of hope; alike we made
Bright-wingèd steeds of our unformed chimeras,
Spurring the fancies upward to the air,
Wherein we shaped fair castles from the cloud.
Fortune of late has severed us — and led
Me to the rank of Courtier, Count, and Favorite, —
You to the titles of the wildest gallant
And bravest knight in France; are you content?
No; — trust in me — some gloomy secret ——

DE MAUPRAT.

Ay: —
A secret that doth haunt me, as, of old,
Men were possessed of fiends! — Where'er I turn,
The grave yawns dark before me! — I *will* trust you; —
Hating the Cardinal, and beguiled by Orleans,
You know I joined the Languedoc revolt —
Was captured — sent to the Bastile ——

BARADAS.

But shared
The general pardon, which the Duke of Orleans
Won for himself and all in the revolt,
Who but obeyed his orders.

DE MAUPRAT.

Note the phrase; —
"*Obeyed his orders.*" Well, when on my way
To join the Duke in Languedoc, I (then
The down upon my lip — less man than boy)
Leading young valors, reckless as myself,
Seized on the town of Faviaux, and displaced
The Royal banners for the Rebel. Orleans,
(Never too daring,) when I reached the camp,
Blamed me for acting — mark — *without his orders:*
Upon this quibble Richelieu razed my name
Out of the general pardon.

BARADAS.

Yet released you
From the Bastile ——

DE MAUPRAT.

To call me to his presence,
And thus address me: — "You have seized a town
Of France, without the orders of your leader,
And for this treason, but one sentence — DEATH."

BARADAS.

Death!

DE MAUPRAT.

"I have pity on your youth and birth,
Nor wish to glut the headsman; — join your troop,
Now on the march against the Spaniards; — change

The traitor's scaffold for the soldier's grave: —
Your memory stainless — they who shared your crime
Exiled or dead — your king shall never learn it."

BARADAS.

O tender pity! — O most charming prospect!
Blown into atoms by a bomb, or drilled
Into a cullender by gunshot! — Well? —

DE MAUPRAT.

You have heard if I fought bravely. — Death became
Desired as Daphne by the eager Day-god.
Like him I chased the nymph — to grasp the laurel!
I could not die!

BARADAS.

Poor fellow!

DE MAUPRAT.

When the Cardinal
Reviewed the troops, his eye met mine; — he frowned,
Summoned me forth — "How 's this?" quoth he; "you have shunned
The sword — beware the axe! — 't will fall one day!"
He left me thus — we were recalled to Paris,
And — you know all!

BARADAS.

And, knowing this, why halt you,
Spelled by the rattlesnake, — while in the breasts
Of your firm friends beat hearts, that vow the death
Of your grim tyrant? — Wake! — Be one of us;
The time invites — the King detests the Cardinal,

Dares not disgrace — but groans to be delivered
Of that too great a subject — join your friends,
Free France, and save yourself.

DE MAUPRAT.

Hush! Richelieu bears
A charmed life; — to all, who have braved his power,
One common end — the block.

BARADAS.

Nay, if he live,
The block your doom; —

DE MAUPRAT.

Better the victim, Count,
Than the assassin. — France requires a Richelieu,
But does not need a Mauprat. Truce to this; —
All time one midnight, where my thoughts are spectres.
What to me fame? — What love? —

BARADAS.

Yet dost thou love *not?*

DE MAUPRAT.

Love? — I am young —

BARADAS.

And Julie fair! (*Aside.*) It is so,
Upon the margin of the grave — his hand
Would pluck the rose that I would win and wear!
[(*Aloud.*) Thou lov'st —

DE MAUPRAT.

Who, lonely in the midnight tent,
Gazed on the watch-fires in the sleepless air,
Nor chose one star amidst the clustering hosts

To bless it in the name of some fair face
Set in his spirit, as that star in Heaven ?
For our divine Affections, like the Spheres,
Move ever, ever musical.

BARADAS.

You speak
As one who fed on poetry.

DE MAUPRAT.

Why, man,
The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry
As leaves with summer-wind. — The heart that loves
Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,
As Eve in the First Garden. Hast thou seen
My Julie, and not felt it henceforth dull
To live in the common world — and talk in words
That clothe the feelings of the frigid herd ? —
Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips —
As on his native bed of roses flushed
With Paphian skies — Love smilling sleeps : — Her voice
The blest interpreter of thoughts as pure
As virgin wells where Dian takes delight,
Or Fairies dip their changelings ! — In the maze
Of her harmonious beauties — Modesty
(Like some severer Grace that leads the choir
Of her sweet sisters) every airy motion
Attunes to such chaste charm, that Passion holds
His burning breath, and will not with a sigh
Dissolve the spell that binds him ! — Oh those eyes
That woo the earth — shadowing more soul than lurks

Under the lids of Psyche! — Go! — thy lip
Curls at the purfled phrases of a lover —
Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,
Thou wilt not laugh at poets.

BARADAS (*aside*).

With each word
Thou wak'st a jealous demon in my heart,
And my hand clutches at my hilt. —]

DE MAUPRAT (*gayly*).

No more! —
I love! — Your breast holds both my secrets; —
Never
Unbury either! — Come, while yet we may,
We 'll bask us in the noon of rosy life: —
Lounge through the gardens, — flaunt it in the taverns, —
Laugh, — game, — drink, — feast: — If so confined my days,
Faith, I 'll enclose the nights. — Pshaw! not so grave;
I 'm a true Frenchman! — *Vive la bagatelle!*

[*As they are going out, enter* HUGUET *and four* Arquebusiers.

HUGUET.

Messire De Mauprat, I arrest you! — Follow
To the Lord Cardinal.

DE MAUPRAT.

You see, my friend,
I 'm out of my suspense! — the tiger 's played
Long enough with his prey. — Farewell! — Hereafter

Say, when men name me, " Adrien de Mauprat
Lived without hope, and perished without fear ! "

[*Exeunt* DE MAUPRAT, HUGUET, *&c.*

BARADAS.

Farewell ! — I trust for ever ! I designed thee
For Richelieu's murderer —— but, as well his martyr !
In childhood you the stronger — and I cursed you ;
In youth the fairer — and I cursed you still ;
And now my rival ! — While the name of Julie
Hung on thy lips — I smiled — for then I saw,
In my mind's eye, the cold and grinning Death
Hang o'er thy head the pall ! — Ambition, Love,
Ye twin-born stars of daring destinies,
Sit in my house of Life ! — By the King's aid
I will be Julie's husband — in despite
Of my Lord Cardinal ! — by the King's aid
I will be minister of France — in spite
Of my Lord Cardinal ! — And then — what then ?
The King loves Julie — feeble Prince — false master —

[*Producing and gazing on the parchment.*

Then, by the aid of Bouillon, and the Spaniard,
I will dethrone the King ; and all — ha ! — ha ! —
All, in despite of my Lord Cardinal !

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A room in the Palais Cardinal, the walls hung with arras. A large screen in one corner. A table covered with books, papers, &c. A rude clock in a recess. Busts, statues, book-cases, weapons of different periods and banners suspended over RICHELIEU'S *chair.*

RICHELIEU *and* JOSEPH.

RICHELIEU.

And so you think this new conspiracy
The craftiest trap yet laid for the old fox? ——
Fox! — Well, I like the nickname! — What did
Plutarch
Say of the Greek Lysander?

JOSEPH.

I forget.

RICHELIEU.

That where the lion's skin fell short, he eked it
Out with the fox's! A great statesman, Joseph,
That same Lysander!

JOSEPH.

Orleans heads the traitors.

RICHELIEU.

A very wooden head then! Well?

JOSEPH.

The favorite,
Count Baradas —

RICHELIEU.

A weed of hasty growth;
First gentleman of the chamber — titles, lands,

And the King's ear! — It cost me six long winters
To mount as high, as in six little moons
This painted lizard —— But I hold the ladder,
And when I shake — he falls! What more?

JOSEPH.

A scheme
To make your orphan-ward an instrument
To aid your foes. You placed her with the Queen,
One of the royal chamber, — as a watch
I' th' enemy's quarters —

RICHELIEU.

And the silly child
Visits me daily, — calls me "Father," — prays
Kind Heaven to bless me — And for all the rest,
As well have placed a doll about the Queen!
She does not heed who frowns — who smiles; with whom
The King confers in whispers; notes not when
Men who last week were foes, are found in corners
Mysteriously affectionate; words spoken
Within closed doors she never hears; — by chance
Taking the air at keyholes — Senseless puppet!
No ears — nor eyes! — and yet she says — "She loves me!"
Go on ——

JOSEPH.

Your ward has charmed the King ——

RICHELIEU.

Out on you!
Have I not, one by one, from such fair shoots
Plucked the insidious ivy of his love?

And shall it creep around my blossoming tree,
Where innocent thoughts, like happy birds, make music
That spirits in Heaven might hear? — They 're sinful too,
Those passionate surfeits of the rampant flesh,
The Church condemns them; and to us, my Joseph,
The props and pillars of the Church, most hurtful.
The King is weak — whoever the King loves
Must rule the King; the lady loves another,
The other rules the lady — thus we 're balked
Of our own proper sway — The King must have
No goddess but the State: — the State — That 's Richelieu!

JOSEPH.

This not the worst; — Louis, in all decorous,
And deeming you her least compliant guardian,
Would veil his suit by marriage with his minion,
Your prosperous foe, Count Baradas!

RICHELIEU.

Ha! ha!
I have another bride for Baradas.

JOSEPH.

You, my Lord?

RICHELIEU.

Ay — more faithful than the love
Of fickle woman: — when the head lies lowliest,
Clasping him fondest; — Sorrow never knew
So sure a soother, — and her bed is stainless!

JOSEPH (*aside*).

If of the grave he speaks, I do not wonder
That priests are bachelors !

Enter FRANÇOIS.

FRANÇOIS.

Mademoiselle De Mortemar

RICHELIEU.

Most opportune — admit her.

[*Exit* FRANÇOIS.

In my closet
You 'll find a rosary, Joseph ; ere you tell
Three hundred beads, I 'll summon you. — Stay,
Joseph ; —
I did omit an Ave in my matins, —
A grievous fault ; — atone it for me, Joseph ;
There is a scourge within ; I am weak, you strong.
It were but charity to take my sin
On such broad shoulders. Exercise is healthful.

JOSEPH.

I ! guilty of such criminal presumption
As to mistake myself for you — No, never !
Think it not ! — (*Aside.*) Troth, a pleasant invitation !

[*Exit* JOSEPH.

Enter JULIE DE MORTEMAR.

RICHELIEU.

That 's my sweet Julie ! — why, upon this face
Blushes such daybreak, one might swear the Morning
Were come to visit Tithon.

JULIE (*placing herself at his feet*).

Are you gracious? —
May I say "Father"?

RICHELIEU.

Now and ever!

JULIE.

Father!
A sweet word to an orphan.

RICHELIEU.

No; not orphan
While Richelieu lives; thy father loved me well;
My friend, ere I had flatterers (now, I 'm great,
In other phrase, I 'm friendless) — he died young
In years, not service, and bequeathed thee to me;
And thou shalt have a dowry, girl, to buy
Thy mate amidst the mightiest. Drooping? — sighs?
Art thou not happy at the court?

JULIE.

Not often.

RICHELIEU (*aside*).

Can she love Baradas? — Ah! at thy heart
There 's what can smile and sigh, blush and grow pale,
All in a breath? — Thou art admired — art young;
Does not his Majesty commend thy beauty —
Ask thee to sing to him? — and swear such sounds
Had smoothed the brows of Saul? —

JULIE.

He 's very tiresome,
Our worthy King.

RICHELIEU.

Fie! kings are never tiresome,
Save to their ministers. — What courtly gallants
Charm ladies most? — De Sourdiac, Longueville, or
The favorite Baradas?

JULIE.

A smileless man —
I fear and shun him.

RICHELIEU.

Yet he courts thee?

JULIE.

Then
He is more tiresome than his Majesty.

RICHELIEU.

Right, girl, shun Baradas. — Yet of these flowers
Of France, not one, in whose more honeyed breath
Thy heart hears Summer whisper?

Enter HUGUET.

HUGUET.

The Chevalier
De Mauprat waits below.

JULIE (*starting up*).

De Mauprat!

RICHELIEU.

Hem!
He has been tiresome too! — Anon.

[*Exit* HUGUET.

JULIE.

What doth he? —
I mean — I — Does your Eminence — that is —
Know you Messire de Mauprat?

RICHELIEU.

Well! — and you ——
Has he addressed you often?

JULIE.

Often! — No —
Nine times; — nay, ten; — the last time, by the lattice
Of the great staircase. — (*In a melancholy tone.*)
The Court sees him rarely.

RICHELIEU.

A bold and forward royster?

JULIE.

He? — nay, modest,
Gentle, and sad, methinks.

RICHELIEU.

Wears gold and azure?

JULIE.

No; sable.

RICHELIEU.

So you note his colors, Julie?
Shame on you, child; look loftier. By the mass,
I have business with this modest gentleman.

JULIE.

You 're angry with poor Julie. There 's no cause.

RICHELIEU.

No cause — you hate my foes?

JULIE.

I do!

RICHELIEU.

Hate Mauprat?

JULIE.

Not Mauprat. No, not Adrien, father.

RICHELIEU.

Adrien!
Familiar! — Go, child; no, — not *that* way; — wait
In the tapestry chamber; I will join you, — go.

JULIE.

His brows are knit; — I dare not call him father!
But I *must* speak — Your Eminence ——

RICHELIEU (*sternly*).

Well, girl!

JULIE.

Nay,
Smile on me — one smile more; there, now I 'm happy.
Do not rank Mauprat with your foes; he is not,
I know he *is* not; he loves France too well.

RICHELIEU.

Not rank De Mauprat with my foes? So be it.
I 'll blot him from that list.

JULIE.

That 's my own father.

[*Exit* JULIE.

RICHELIEU (*ringing a small bell on the table*).

Huguet!

Enter HUGUET.

De Mauprat struggled not, nor murmured?

HUGUET.

No; proud and passive.

RICHELIEU.

Bid him enter. — Hold:
Look that he hide no weapon. Humph, despair

Makes victims sometimes victors. When he has entered
Glide round unseen; — place thyself yonder (*pointing to the screen*); watch him;
If he show violence — (let me see thy carbine;
So, a good weapon;) — if he play the lion,
Why — the dog's death.

HUGUET.

I never miss my mark.

[*Exit* HUGUET; RICHELIEU *seats himself at the table, and slowly arranges the papers before him. Enter* DE MAUPRAT *preceded by* HUGUET, *who then retires behind the screen.*

RICHELIEU.

Approach, Sir. — Can you call to mind the hour,
Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,
Your presence honored me?

DE MAUPRAT.

It is, my Lord,
One of my most ——

RICHELIEU (*dryly*).

Delightful recollections.*

DE MAUPRAT (*aside*).

St. Denis! doth he make a jest of axe
And headsman?

---

* There are many anecdotes of the irony, often so terrible, in which Richelieu indulged. But he had a love for humor in its more hearty and genial shape. He would send for Boisrobert "to make him laugh," — and grave ministers and magnates waited in the anteroom, while the great Cardinal listened and responded to the sallies of the lively wit.

RICHELIEU (*sternly*).

I did then accord you
A mercy ill requited — you still live!

DE MAUPRAT.

To meet death face to face at last.

[RICHELIEU.

Your words
Are bold.

DE MAUPRAT.

My deeds have not belied them.

RICHELIEU.

Deeds!
O miserable delusion of man's pride!
Deeds! cities sacked, fields ravaged, hearths profaned,
Men butchered! In your hour of doom behold
The *deeds* you boast of! From rank showers of blood,
And the red light of blazing roofs, you build
The Rainbow Glory, and to shuddering Conscience
Cry, — Lo, the Bridge to Heaven!

DE MAUPRAT.

If war be sinful,
Your hand the gauntlet cast.

RICHELIEU.

It was so, Sir.
Note the distinction: — I weighed well the cause
Which made the standard holy; raised the war
But to secure the peace. France bled — I groaned;
But looked beyond; and, in the vista, saw
France saved, and I exulted. You — but you
Were but the tool of slaughter — knowing naught,
Foreseeing naught, naught hoping, naught lamenting,

And for naught fit — save cutting throats for hire.
Deeds, marry, deeds!

DE MAUPRAT.

If you would deign to speak
Thus to your armies ere they march to battle,
Perchance your Eminence might have the pain
Of the throat-cutting to yourself.

RICHELIEU (*aside*).

He has wit,
This Mauprat — (*Aloud.*) Let it pass; there is against you
What you can less excuse.] Messire de Mauprat,
Doomed to sure death, how hast thou since consumed
The time allotted thee for serious thought
And solemn penitence?

DE MAUPRAT (*embarrassed*).

The time, my Lord?

RICHELIEU.

Is not the question plain? I 'll answer for thee.
Thou hast sought nor priest nor shrine: no sackcloth chafed
Thy delicate flesh. The rosary and the death's-head
Have not, with pious meditation, purged
Earth from the carnal gaze. What thou hast *not* done
Brief told; what done, a volume! Wild debauch,
Turbulent riot: — for the morn the dice-box —
Noon claimed the duel — and the night the wassail;
These, your most holy, pure preparatives
For death and judgment. Do I wrong you, Sir?

DE MAUPRAT.

I was not always thus: — if changed my nature,

Blame that which changed my fate. — Alas, my Lord,
[There is a brotherhood which calm-eyed Reason
Can wot not of betwixt Despair and Mirth.
My birth-place 'mid the vines of sunny Provence,
Perchance the stream that sparkles in my veins
Came from that wine of passionate life which, erst,
Glowed in the wild heart of the Troubadour:
And danger, which makes steadier courage wary,
But fevers me with an insane delight;
As one of old who on the mountain crags
Caught madness from a Mænad's haunting eyes.
Were you, my Lord, — whose path imperial power,
And the grave cares of reverent wisdom, guard
From all that tempts to folly meaner men, —]
Were you accursed with that which you inflicted —
By bed and board, dogged by one ghastly spectre —
The while within you youth beat high, and life
Grew lovelier from the neighboring frown of death —
The heart no bud, nor fruit — save in those seeds
Most worthless, which spring up, bloom, bear, and wither
In the same hour — Were this your fate, perchance
You would have erred like me!

RICHELIEU.

I might, like you,
Have been a brawler and a reveller; — not,
Like you, a trickster and a thief. —

DE MAUPRAT (*advancing threateningly*).

Lord Cardinal!
Unsay those words! —

[HUGUET *deliberately raises the carbine.*

RICHELIEU (*waving his hand*).

Not quite so quick, friend Huguet;
Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,
And he can wait! —
You have outrun your fortune; —
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar —
Each to his taste! — But I do charge you, Sir,
That, being beggared, you would coin false moneys
Out of that crucible, called DEBT. — To live
On means not yours — be brave in silks and laces,
Gallant in steeds — splendid in banquets; — all
Not *yours* — ungiven — uninherited — unpaid for; —
This is to be a trickster; and to filch
Men's art and labor, which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread, — quitting all scores with — "Friend,
You 're troublesome!" — Why this, forgive me,
Is what — when done with less dainty grace —
Plain folks call "*Theft!*" — You owe eight thousand pistoles
Minus one crown, two liards! ——

DE MAUPRAT (*aside*).

The old conjurer! —
'Sdeath, he 'll inform me next how many cups
I drank at dinner! —

RICHELIEU.

This is scandalous,
Shaming your birth and blood. —— I tell you, Sir,
That you must pay your debts. —

DE MAUPRAT.

With all my heart,
My Lord. — Where shall I borrow, then, the money?

RICHELIEU (*aside and laughing*).

A humorous dare-devil! — The very man
To suit my purpose — ready, frank, and bold!

[*Rising and earnestly.*

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel; —
I am not; — I am *just!* — I found France rent asunder, —
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti; —
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to Rebellion; and weak Laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths. —
I have re-created France; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcase,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars, phœnix-like, to Jove! — What was my art?
Genius, some say, — some, Fortune, — Witchcraft some.
Not so; — my art was JUSTICE! — Force and Fraud
Misname it cruelty — you shall confute them!
My champion YOU! — You met me as your foe,
Depart my friend — You shall not die. — France needs you.
You shall wipe off all stains, — be rich, be honored,
Be great. ——

[DE MAUPRAT *falls on his knee* — RICHELIEU *raises him.*

I ask, Sir, in return, this hand,
To gift it with a bride, whose dower shall match,
Yet not exceed, her beauty.

DE MAUPRAT.

I, my Lord, — (*hesitating*)
I have no wish to marry.

RICHELIEU.

Surely, Sir,
To die were worse.

DE MAUPRAT.

Scarcely; the poorest coward
Must die, — but knowingly to march to marriage —
My Lord, it asks the courage of a lion!

RICHELIEU.

Traitor, thou triflest with me! — I know *all!*
Thou hast dared to love my ward — my charge.

DE MAUPRAT.

As rivers
May love the sunlight — basking in the beams,
And hurrying on! —

RICHELIEU.

Thou hast told her of thy love?

DE MAUPRAT.

My Lord, if I had dared to love a maid,
Lowliest in France, I would not so have wronged her,
As bid her link rich life and virgin hope
With one, the deathman's gripe might, from her side,
Pluck at the nuptial altar.

RICHELIEU.

I believe thee;
Yet since she knows not of thy love, renounce her; —
Take life and fortune with another! — Silent?

DE MAUPRAT.

Your fate has been one triumph — You know not
How blessed a thing it was in my dark hour
To nurse the one sweet thought you bid me banish.
Love hath no need of words; — nor less within

That holiest temple — the Heaven-builded soul —
Breaths the recorded vow. — Base knight, — false lover
Were he, who bartered all that brightened grief,
Or sanctified despair, for life and gold.
Revoke your mercy; — I prefer the fate
I looked for!

RICHELIEU.

Huguet! to the tapestry chamber
Conduct your prisoner. (*To* MAUPRAT.)
You will there behold
The executioner: — your doom be private —
And Heaven have mercy on you! —

DE MAUPRAT.

When I am dead,
Tell her, I loved her.

RICHELIEU.

Keep such follies, Sir,
For fitter ears; — go —

DE MAUPRAT.

Does he mock me?

[*Exeunt* DE MAUPRAT, HUGUET.

RICHELIEU.

Joseph!
Come forth.

Enter JOSEPH.

Methinks your cheek hath lost its rubies;
I fear you have been too lavish of the flesh;
The scourge is heavy.

JOSEPH.

Pray you, change the subject.

RICHELIEU.

You good men are so modest — Well, to business !
Go instantly — deeds — notaries ! — bid my stewards
Arrange my house by the Luxembourg — *my* house
No more ! — a bridal present to my ward,
Who weds to-morrow.

JOSEPH.

Weds, with whom ?

RICHELIEU.

De Mauprat.

JOSEPH.

Penniless husband !

RICHELIEU.

Bah ! the mate for beauty
Should be a man, and not a money-chest !
When her brave sire lay on his bed of death,
I vowed to be a father to his Julie : —
And so he died — the smile upon his lips ! —
And when I spared the life of her young lover,
Methought I saw that smile again ! — Who else,
Look you, in all the court — who else so well
Brave or supplant the favorite ; — balk the King —
Baffle their schemes ? — I have tried him : — He has honor
And courage ; — qualities that eagle-plume
Men's souls, — and fit them for the fiercest sun,
Which ever melted the weak waxen minds
That flutter in the beams of gaudy Power !
Besides, he has taste, this Mauprat : — When my play

Was acted to dull tiers of lifeless gapers,*
Who had no soul for poetry, I saw him
Applaud in the proper places; — trust me, Joseph,
He is a man of an uncommon promise!

JOSEPH.

And yet your foe.

RICHELIEU.

Have I not foes enow? —
Great men gain doubly when they make foes friends.
Remember my grand maxims: — First employ
All methods to conciliate.†

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* The Abbé Arnaud tells us that the Queen was a little avenged on the Cardinal by the ill success of the tragi-comedy of "Mirame" — more than suspected to be his own — though presented to the world under the foster-name of Desmarets. Its representation (says Pelisson) cost him 300,000 crowns. He was so transported out of himself by the performance, that at one time he thrust his person half out of his box to show himself to the assembly; at another time he imposed silence on the audience, that they might not lose "*des endroits encore plus beaux!*" He said afterwards to Desmarets: "Eh bien, les Français n'auront donc jamais de goût. Ils n'ont pas été charmés de Mirame!" Arnaud says pithily, "On ne pouvoit alors avoir d'autre satisfaction des offenses d'un homme qui étoit maître de tout, et redoutable à tout le monde." Nevertheless his style in prose, though not devoid of the pedantic affectations of the time, often rises into very noble eloquence.

† "Vialart remarque une chose qui peut expliquer la conduite de Richelieu en d'autres circonstances: — c'est que les seigneurs à qui leur naissance ou leur mérite pouvoit permettre des prétensions, il avoit pour système, de leur accorder au-delà même de leurs droits et de leurs espérances, mais, aussi, une fois comblés — si, au lieu de reconnoître ses services ils se levoient contre lui, et ils traitoit sans miséricorde." — *Anquétil.* See also the Political Testament, and the Mémoires de Cardinal Richelieu, in Petitot's collection.

JOSEPH.

Failing these?

RICHELIEU (*fiercely*).

All means to crush: as with the opening and
The clenching of this little hand, I will
Crush the small venom of these stinging courtiers.
So, so, we 've baffled Baradas.

JOSEPH.

And when
Check the conspiracy?

RICHELIEU.

Check, check? Full way to it.
Let it bud, ripen, flaunt i' the day, and burst
To fruit, — the Dead Sea's fruit of ashes; ashes
Which I will scatter to the winds.
Go, Joseph;
When you return I have a feast for you;
The last great act of my great play: the verses,
Methinks, are fine, — ah, very fine. — *You* write
Verses! * — (*aside*) *such* verses! — You have wit,
discernment.

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* "Tantôt fanatique — tantôt fourbe — fonder les réligieuses de Calvaire — *faire des vers.*" Thus speaks Voltaire of Father Joseph. His talents and influence with Richelieu, grossly exaggerated in his own day, are now rightly estimated.

"C'étoit en effet un homme infatigable — portant dans les entreprises, l'activité, la souplesse, l'opiniâtreté propre à les faire réussir." — *Anquétil.* He wrote a Latin poem, called "La Turciade," in which he sought to excite the kingdoms of Christendom against the Turks. But the inspiration of Tyrtæus was denied to Father Joseph.

JOSEPH (*aside.*)

Worse than the scourge! Strange that so great a statesman
Should be so bad a poet.

RICHELIEU.

What dost thou say?

JOSEPH.

That it is strange so great a statesman should
Be so sublime a poet.

RICHELIEU.

Ah, you rogue;
Laws die, Books never. Of my ministry
I am not vain! but of my muse, I own it.
Come, you shall hear the verses now.

[*Takes up a MS.*

JOSEPH.

My Lord,
The deeds, the notaries!

RICHELIEU.

True, I pity you;
But business first, then pleasure.

[*Exit* JOSEPH.

RICHELIEU (*seats himself and reading*).

Ah, sublime!

Enter DE MAURPRAT *and* JULIE.

DE MAURPRAT.

Oh, speak, my Lord — I dare not think you mock me.
And yet ——

RICHELIEU.

Hush — hush — This line must be considered!

JULIE.

Are we not both your children ?

RICHELIEU.

What a couplet! ——
How now! Oh! Sir — you live!

DE MAUPRAT.

Why, no, methinks,
Elysium is not life!

JULIE.

He smiles! — you smile,
My father! From my heart for ever now
I'll blot the name of orphan!

RICHELIEU.

Rise, my children,
For ye are mine — mine both; — and in your sweet
And young delight — your love — (life's first-born glory)
My own lost youth breathes musical!

DE MAUPRAT.

I'll seek
Temple and priest henceforward; — were it but
To learn Heaven's choicest blessings.

RICHELIEU.

Thou shalt seek
Temple and priest right soon; the morrow's sun
Shall see thee across these barren thresholds pass
The fairest bride in Paris. — Go, my children;
Even *I* loved once! —— Be lovers while ye may!
How is it with you, Sir? You bear it bravely:
You know, it asks the courage of a lion.

[*Exeunt* JULIE *and* DE MAUPRAT.

RICHELIEU.

Oh! godlike Power! Woe, Rapture, Penury, Wealth, —
Marriage and Death, for one infirm old man
Through a great empire to dispense — withhold —
As the will whispers! And shall things — like motes
That live in my daylight — lackeys of court wages,
Dwarfed starvelings — manikins, upon whose shoulders
The burden of a province were a load
More heavy than the globe on Atlas, — cast
Lots for my robes and sceptre? France! I love thee!
All Earth shall never pluck thee from my heart!
My mistress France — my wedded wife, — sweet France,
Who shall proclaim divorce for thee and me!

[*Exit* RICHELIEU.

ACT II.

SECOND DAY.

SCENE I. — *A splendid apartment in* MAUPRAT'S *new House. Casements opening to the Gardens, beyond which the domes of the Luxembourg Palace.*

Enter BARADAS.

BARADAS.

Mauprat's new home: — too splendid for a soldier!
But o'er his floors — the while I stalk — methinks
My shadow spreads gigantic to the gloom
The old rude towers of the Bastile cast far
Along the smoothness of the jocund day. —
Well, thou hast 'scaped the fierce caprice of Richelieu;
But art thou farther from the headsman, fool?
Thy secret I have whispered to the King; —
Thy marriage makes the King thy foe. — Thou stand'st
On the abyss — and in the pool below
I see a ghastly, headless phantom mirrored; —
Thy likeness ere the marriage moon hath waned.
Meanwhile — meanwhile — ha — ha, if thou art wedded,
Thou art not wived.

Enter MAUPRAT (*splendidly dressed*).

DE MAUPRAT.

Was ever fate like mine?
So blest, and yet so wretched!

BARADAS.

Joy, De Mauprat! —
Why, what a brow, man, for your wedding day!

DE MAUPRAT.

Jest not! — Distraction!

BARADAS.

What, your wife a shrew
Already? Courage, man — the common lot!

DE MAUPRAT.

Oh! that she were less lovely, or less loved!

BARADAS.

Riddles again!

DE MAUPRAT.

You know what chanced between
The Cardinal and myself.

BARADAS.

This morning brought
Your letter: — faith, a strange account! I laughed
And wept at once for gladness.

DE MAUPRAT.

We were wed
At noon; — the rite performed, came hither; — scarce
Arrived, when ——

BARADAS.

Well? —

DE MAUPRAT.

Wide flew the doors, and lo,
Messire de Beringhen, and this epistle!

BARADAS.

'T is the King's hand! — the royal seal!

DE MAUPRAT.

Read — read —

BARADAS (*reading*).

"Whereas Adrien de Mauprat, Colonel and Chevalier in our armies, being already guilty of High Treason, by the seizure of our town of Faviaux, has presumed, without our knowledge, consent, or sanction, to connect himself by marriage with Julie de Mortemar, a wealthy orphan attached to the person of Her Majesty, without our knowledge or consent — We do hereby proclaim and declare the said marriage contrary to law. On penalty of death, Adrien de Mauprat will not communicate with the said Julie de Mortemar by word or letter, save in the presence of our faithful servant the Sieur de Beringhen, and then with such respect and decorum as are due to a Demoiselle attached to the Court of France, until such time as it may suit our royal pleasure to confer with the Holy Church on the formal annulment of the marriage, and with our Council on the punishment to be awarded to Messire de Mauprat, who is cautioned for his own sake to preserve silence as to our injunction, more especially to Mademoiselle de Mortemar.

"Given under our hand and seal at the Louvre.

"LOUIS."

BARADAS (*returning the letter*).

Amazement! — Did not Richelieu say, the King
Knew not your crime?

DE MAUPRAT.

He said so.

BARADAS.

Poor De Mauprat! —

See you the snare, the vengeance worse than death,
Of which you are the victim?

DE MAUPRAT.

Ha!

BARADAS (*aside*).

It works!

[JULIE *and* DE BERINGHEN *in the Gardens.*

You have not sought the Cardinal yet to ——

DE MAUPRAT.

No!
Scarce yet my sense awakened from the shock;
Now I will seek him.

BARADAS.

Hold, beware! — Stir not
Till we confer again.

DE MAUPRAT.

Speak out, man! —

BARADAS.

Hush!
Your wife! — De Beringhen! — Be on your guard —
Obey the royal orders to the letter.
I'll look around your palace. By my troth
A princely mansion!

DE MAUPRAT.

Stay ——

BARADAS.

So new a bridegroom
Can want no visitors; — Your servant, Madam!
Oh! happy pair — Oh! charming picture!

[*Exit through a side-door.*

JULIE.

Adrien,
You left us suddenly — Are you not well?

DE MAUPRAT.

Oh, very well — that is — extremely ill!

JULIE.

Ill, Adrien? [*Taking his hand.*

DE MAUPRAT.

Not when I see thee.

[*He is about to lift her hand to his lips when* DE BERINGHEN *coughs and pulls his mantle.* MAUPRAT *drops the hand and walks away.*

JULIE.

Alas!
Should he not love me?

DE BERINGHEN (*aside*).

Have a care; I must
Report each word — each gesture to his Majesty.

DE MAUPRAT.

Sir, if you were not in his Majesty's service,
You 'd be the most officious, impudent,
Damned busy-body ever interfering
In a man's family affairs.

DE BERINGHEN.

But as
I do belong, Sir, to his Majesty —

DE MAUPRAT.

You 're lucky! — Still, were we a story higher,
'T were prudent not to go too near the window.

JULIE.

Adrien, what have I done? Say, am I changed

Since yesterday? — or was it but for wealth,
Ambition, life — that — that — you swore you loved me?

DE MAUPRAT.

I shall go mad! — I do, indeed I do —

DE BERINGHEN (*aside*).

Not love her! that were highly disrespectful.

JULIE.

You do — what, Adrien?

DE MAUPRAT.

Oh! I do, indeed ——
I do think, that this weather is delightful!
A charming day! the sky is so serene!
And what a prospect! — (*to* DE BERINGHEN) — Oh! you Popinjay!

JULIE.

He jests at me! — he mocks me! — yet I love him,
And every look becomes the lips we love!
Perhaps I am too grave? — You laugh at Julie;
If laughter please you, welcome be the music!
Only say, Adrien, that you love me.

DE MAUPRAT (*kissing her hand*).

Ay;
With my whole heart I love you! ——
Now, Sir, go,
And tell that to his Majesty! — Who ever
Heard of its being a state offence to kiss
The hand of one's own wife?

JULIE.

He says he loves me,
And starts away, as if to say "I love you"

Meant something *very* dreadful. — Come, sit by me, —
I place your chair! — fie on your gallantry!

[*They sit down; as he pushes his chair back, she draws hers nearer.*

Why must this strange Messire de Beringhen
Be always here? He never takes a hint.
Do you not wish him gone?

DE MAUPRAT.

Upon my soul
I do, my Julie! — Send him for your *bouquet*,
Your glove, your — anything.

JULIE.

Messire de Beringhen,
I dropped my glove in the gardens by the fountain,
Or the alcove, or — stay — no, by the statue
Of Cupid; may I ask you to ——

DE BERINGHEN.

To send for it?
Certainly (*ringing a bell on the table*). André, Pierre,
(your rascals, how
Do ye call them?)

Enter Servants.

Ah — *Madame* has dropped her glove
In the gardens, by the fountain, — or the alcove;
Or — stay — no, by the statue — eh? — of Cupid.
Bring it.

DE MAUPRAT.

Did ever now one pair of shoulders
Carry such wagon-loads of impudence
Into a gentleman's drawing-room?
Dear Julie,

I 'm busy — letters — visitors — the devil!
I do beseech you leave me — I say — leave me.

JULIE (*weeping*).

You are unkind.

[*Exit.*

[*As she goes out,* MAUPRAT *drops on one knee and kisses the hem of her mantle, unseen by her.*

DE BERINGHEN.

Ten million of apologies ——

DE MAUPRAT.

I 'll not take one of them. I have, as yet,
Withstood all things — my heart — my love — my rights.
But Julie's tears! —— When is this farce to end?

DE BERINGHEN.

Oh! when you please. His Majesty requests me,
As soon as you infringe his gracious orders,
To introduce you to the Governor
Of the Bastile. I should have had that honor
Before, but, 'gad, my foible is good-nature;
One can't be hard upon a friend's infirmities.

DE MAUPRAT.

I know the King can send me to the scaffold —
Dark prospect! — but I 'm used to it; and if
The Church and Council, by this hour to-morrow,
One way or other settle not the matter,
I will ——

DE BERINGHEN.

What, my dear Sir?

DE MAUPRAT.

Show you the door,
My dear, dear Sir; talk as I please, with whom
I please, in my own house, dear Sir, until
His Majesty shall condescend to find
A stouter gentleman than you, dear Sir,
To take me out; and now you understand me,
My dear, most dear — Oh, damnably dear Sir!

DE BERINGHEN.

What, almost in a passion! you will cool
Upon reflection. Well, since *Madame*'s absent,
I'll take a small refreshment. Now, don't stir;
Be careful; — how 's your burgundy? — I 'll taste it;
Finish it all before I leave you. Nay,
No form; — you see I make myself at home.

[*Exit* DE BERINGHEN.

DE MAUPRAT (*going to the door through which* BARADAS *had passed*).

Baradas! Count!

Enter BARADAS.

You spoke of snares — of vengeance
Sharper than death — be plainer.

BARADAS.

What so clear?
Richelieu has but two passions ——

DE MAUPRAT.

Richelieu!

BARADAS.

Yes!
Ambition and revenge — in you both blended.
First for Ambition — Julie is his ward,

Innocent — docile — pliant to his will —
He placed her at the court — foresaw the rest —
The King loves Julie!

DE MAUPRAT.

Merciful Heaven! The King!

BARADAS.

Such Cupids lend new plumes to Richelieu's wings:
But the court etiquette must give such Cupids
The veil of Hymen — (Hymen but in name).
He looked abroad — found you his foe: — *thus* served
Ambition — by the grandeur of his ward,
And vengeance — by dishonor to his foe!

DE MAUPRAT.

Prove this.

BARADAS.

You have the proof — the royal Letter: —
Your strange exemption from the general pardon,
Known but to me and Richelieu; can you doubt
Your friend to acquit your foe? The truth is glaring —
Richelieu alone could tell the princely Lover
The tale which sells your life, — or buys your honor!

DE MAUPRAT.

I see it all! — Mock pardon — hurried nuptials —
False bounty! — all! — the serpent of that smile!
Oh! it stings home!

BARADAS.

You yet shall crush his malice;
Our plans are sure: — Orleans is at our head;
We meet to-night; join us, and with us triumph.

DE MAUPRAT.

To-night? — Oh Heaven! — my marriage night! — Revenge!

BARADAS.

[What class of men, whose white lips do not curse
The grim, insatiate, universal tyrant?
We, noble-born — where are our antique rights —
Our feudal seigniories — our castled strength,
That did divide us from the base Plebeians,
And made our swords our law — where are they? — trod
To dust — and o'er the graves of our dead power
Scaffolds are monuments — the Kingly House
Shorn of its beams — the Royal Sun of France
'Clipsed by this blood-red comet. Where we turn,
Nothing but Richelieu! — Armies — Church — State — Laws,
But mirrors that do multiply his beams.
He sees all — acts all — Argus and Briaræus —
Spy at our boards — and deathsman at our hearths,
Under the venom of one laidly nightshade,
Wither the lilies of all France.

DE MAUPRAT (*impatiently*).

But Julie —

BARADAS (*unheeding him*).

As yet the Fiend that serves hath saved his power
From every snare; and in the epitaphs
Of many victims dwells a warning moral
That preaches caution. Were I not assured
That what before was hope is ripened now
Into most certain safety, trust me, Mauprat,

I still could hush my hate and mark thy wrongs,
And say, "Be patient!" — *Now*, the King himself
Smiles kindly when I tell him that his peers
Will rid him of his Priest. You knit your brows,
Noble impatience! — Pass we to our scheme!]
'T is Richelieu's wont, each morn, within his chapel,
(Hypocrite worship ended,) to dispense
Alms to the Mendicant friars, — in that guise
A band (yourself the leader) shall surround
And seize the despot.

DE MAUPRAT.

But the King? — but Julie?

BARADAS.

The King, infirm in health, in mind more feeble,
Is but the plaything of a Minister's will.
Were Richelieu dead — his power were mine; and Louis
Soon should forget his passion and your crime.
But whither now?

DE MAUPRAT.

I know not: I scarce hear thee;
A little while for thought: anon I 'll join thee;
But now, all air seems tainted, and I loathe
The face of man!

[*Exit* DE MAUPRAT *through the Gardens.*

BARADAS.

Start from the chase, my prey,
But as thou speed'st, the hell-hounds of Revenge
Pant in thy track and dog thee down.

Enter DE BERINGHEN, *his mouth full, a napkin in his hand.*

DE BERINGHEN.

Chevalier,
Your cook 's a miracle, — what, my Host gone ?
Faith, Count, my office is a post of danger —
A fiery fellow, Mauprat ! touch and go, —
Match and saltpetre, — pr—r—r—r— !

BARADAS.

You
Will be released erelong. The King resolves
To call the bride to court this day.

DE BERINGHEN.

Poor Mauprat !
Yet, since *you* love the lady, why so careless
Of the King's suit ?

BARADAS.

Because the lady 's virtuous,
And the King timid. Ere he win the suit
He 'll lose the crown, — the bride will be a widow, —
And I — the Richelieu of the Regent Orleans.

DE BERINGHEN.

Is Louis still so chafed against the Fox
For snatching yon fair dainty from the Lion ?

BARADAS.

So chafed, that Richelieu totters. Yes, the King
Is half conspirator against the Cardinal.
Enough of this. I 've found the man we wanted, —
The man to head the hands that murder Richelieu, —
The man, whose name the synonyme for daring.

DE BERINGHEN.

He must mean me ! — No, Count, I am — I own,
A valiant dog — but still —

BARADAS.

Whom can I mean
But Mauprat? — Mark, to-night we meet at Marion's,
There shall we sign: thence send this scroll (*showing it*) to Bouillon.
You 're in that secret (*affectionately*) — one of our new Council.

DE BERINGHEN.

But to admit the Spaniard — France's foe —
Into the heart of France, — dethrone the King, —
It looks like treason, and I smell the headsman.

BARADAS.

Oh, Sir, too late to falter: when we meet
We must arrange the separate — coarser scheme,
For Richelieu's death. Of this despatch De Mauprat
Must nothing learn. He only bites at vengeance,
And he would start from treason. — We must post him
Without the door at Marion's — as a sentry.
(*Aside.*) — So, when his head is on the block — his tongue
Cannot betray our more august designs!

DE BERINGHEN.

I 'll meet you if the King can spare me. — (*Aside.*) No!
I am too old a goose to play with foxes,
I 'll roost at home. Meanwhile, in the next room
There 's a delicious pâté, — let 's discuss it.

BARADAS.

Pshaw! a man filled with a sublime ambition
Has no time to discuss your pâtés.

DE BERINGHEN.

Pshaw!
And a man filled with as sublime a pâté
Has no time to discuss ambition. — 'Gad,
I have the best of it!

Enter JULIE *hastily, with first* Courtier.

JULIE (*to* Courtier).

A summons, Sir,
To attend the Louvre? — On *this* day, too?

COURTIER.

Madame,
The royal carriage waits below. — Messire, (*to* DE BERINGHEN,)
You will return with us.

JULIE.

What can this mean? —
Where is my husband?

BARADAS.

He has left the house,
Perhaps till nightfall — so he bade me tell you.
Alas, were I the lord of such fair treasure —

JULIE (*impatiently*).

Till nightfall? — Strange — my heart misgives me!

COURTIER.

Madame,
My orders will not brook delay.

JULIE (*to* BARADAS).

You 'll see him —
And you will tell him!

BARADAS.

From the flowers of Hybla

Never more gladly did the bee bear honey,
Than I take sweetness from those rosiest lips,
Though to the hive of others!

COURTIER (*to* DE BERINGHEN.)

Come, Messire.

DE BERINGHEN (*hesitating*).

One moment, just to —

COURTIER.

Come, Sir.

DE BERINGHEN.

I shall not
Discuss the pâté after all. 'Ecod,
I 'm puzzled now. I don't know who 's the best of it!

[*Exeunt* JULIE, DE BERINGHEN, *and* Courtier.

BARADAS.

Now will this fire his fever into madness!
All is made clear: Mauprat *must* murder Richelieu —
Die for that crime: — I shall console his Julie —
This will reach Bouillon! — from the wrecks of France
I shall carve out — who knows — perchance a throne!
All in despite of my Lord Cardinal. —

Enter DE MAUPRAT *from the Gardens.*

DE MAUPRAT.

Speak! can it be? — Methought that from the terrace
I saw the carriage of the King — and Julie!
No! — no! — my frenzy peoples the void air
With its own phantoms!

BARADAS.

Nay, too true. — Alas!
Was ever lightning swifter, or more blasting,
Than Richelieu's forkèd guile?

DE MAUPRAT.

I'll to the Louvre ——

BARADAS.

And lose all hope! — The Louvre! — the sure gate
To the Bastile!

DE MAUPRAT.

The King ——

BARADAS.

Is but the wax,
Which Richelieu stamps! Break the malignant *seal*,
And I will raze the print. Come, man, take heart!
Her virtue well could brave a sterner trial
Than a few hours of cold, imperious courtship.
Were Richelieu *dust* — no danger!

DE MAUPRAT.

Ghastly Vengeance!
To thee, and thine august and solemn sister,
The unrelenting Death, I dedicate
The blood of Armand Richelieu! When Dishonor
Reaches our hearths, Law dies, and Murder takes
The angel shape of Justice!

BARADAS.

Bravely said!
At midnight, — Marion's! — Nay, I cannot leave thee
To thoughts that ——

DE MAUPRAT.

Speak not to me! — I am yours! —
But speak not! There 's a voice within my soul,
Whose cry could drown the thunder. — Oh! if men
Will play dark sorcery with the heart of man,
Let they who raise the spell beware the Fiend!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palais Cardinal (as in the First Act).

RICHELIEU *and* JOSEPH.

FRANÇOIS *writing at a table.*

JOSEPH.

Yes; — Huguet, taking his accustomed round, —
Disguised as some plain burgher, — heard these rufflers
Quoting your name: — he listened, — "Pshaw!" said one,
"We are to seize the Cardinal in his palace
To-morrow!" — "How?" the other asked. — "You'll hear
The whole design to-night; the Duke of Orleans
And Baradas have got the map of action
At their fingers' end." — "So be it," quoth the other,
"I will be there — Marion de Lorme's — at midnight!"

RICHELIEU.

I have them, man, — I have them!

JOSEPH.

So they say
Of you, my Lord; — believe me, that their plans
Are mightier than you deem. You must employ
Means no less vast to meet them!

RICHELIEU.

Bah! in policy
We foil gigantic danger, not by giants,

But dwarfs. —— The statues of our stately fortune
Are sculptured by the chisel — not the axe! *
Ah! were I younger — by the knightly heart
That beats beneath these priestly robes,† I would
Have pastime with these cut-throats! — Yea, as when,
Lured to the ambush of the expecting foe, —
I clove my pathway through the plumed sea!
Reach me yon falchion, François, — not that bawble
For carpet-warriors, — yonder — such a blade
As old Charles Martel might have wielded when
He drove the Saracen from France.

[FRANÇOIS *brings him one of the long two-handed swords worn in the middle ages.*

---

* Richelieu not only employed the lowest, but would often consult men commonly esteemed the dullest. "Il disoit que dens des choses de très grande importance, il avait expérimenté, que les moins sages donnoient souvent les meilleurs expédiens." — *Le Clerc.*

† Both Richelieu and Joseph were originally intended for the profession of arms. Joseph had served before he obeyed the spiritual inspiration to become a Capuchin. The death of his brother opened to Richelieu the bishopric of Luçon; but his military propensities were as strong as his priestly ambition. I need scarcely add that the Cardinal, during his brilliant campaign in Italy, marched at the head of his troops in complete armor. It was under his administration that occurs the last example of proclaiming war by the chivalric defiance of herald and cartel. Richelieu valued himself much on his personal activity, — for his vanity was as universal as his ambition. A nobleman of the house of Grammont one day found him employed in *jumping*, and, with all the *savoir vivre* of a Frenchman and a courtier, offered to jump against him. He suffered the Cardinal to jump higher, and soon after found himself rewarded by an appointment. Yet, strangely enough, this vanity did not lead to a patronage injurious to the state; for never before in France was ability made so essential a requisite in promotion. He was lucky in finding the cleverest fellow among his adroitest flatterers.

With this
I, at Rochelle, did hand to hand engage
The stalwart Englisher, — no mongrels, boy,
Those island mastiffs, — mark the notch — a deep one —
His casque made here, — I shore him to the waist!
A toy — a feather — then!

[*Tries to wield, and lets it fall.*

You see, a child could
Slay Richelieu, now.

FRANÇOIS (*his hand on his hilt*).

But *now*, at your command
Are other weapons, my good Lord.

RICHELIEU (*who has seated himself as to write, lifts the pen*).

True, — THIS!
Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch-enchanter's wand! — itself a nothing! —
But taking sorcery from the master-hand
To paralyze the Cæsars — and to strike
The loud earth breathless! — Take away the sword —
States can be saved without it! [*Looking on the clock.*
'T is the hour, —
Retire, Sir. [*Exit* FRANÇOIS.

[*A knock is heard. A door concealed in the arras opens cautiously. Enter* MARION DE LORME.

JOSEPH (*amazed*).

Marion de Lorme!

RICHELIEU.

Hist! — Joseph,

Keep guard. [JOSEPH *retires to the principal entrance.*
My faithful Marion!

MARION.

Good, my Lord,
They meet to-night in my poor house. The Duke
Of Orleans heads them.

RICHELIEU.

Yes — go on.

MARION.

His Highness
Much questioned if I knew some brave, discreet,
And vigilant man, whose tongue could keep a secret,
And who had those twin qualities for service,
The love of gold, the hate of Richelieu. —

RICHELIEU.

You? —

MARION.

Made answer, "Yes — my brother; — bold and trusty;
Whose faith, my faith could pledge;" — the Duke then bade me
Have him equipped and armed — well mounted — ready
This night to part for Italy.

RICHELIEU.

Aha! —
Has Bouillon too turned traitor? — So methought! —
What part of Italy?

MARION.

The Piedmont frontier,
Where Bouillon lies encamped.

RICHELIEU.

Now there is danger!
Great danger! — If he tamper with the Spaniard,
And Louis list not to my counsel, as,
Without sure proof, he will not, — France is lost.
What more?

MARION.

Dark hints of some design to seize
Your person in your palace. Nothing clear —
His Highness trembled while he spoke — the words
Did choke each other.

RICHELIEU.

So! — Who is the brother
You recommended to the Duke?

MARION.

Whoever
Your Eminence may father! —

RICHELIEU.

Darling Marion! *

---

* Voltaire openly charges Richelieu with being the lover of Marion de Lorme; and the great poet of France, Victor Hugo, has sacrificed History to adorn her with qualities which were certainly not added to her personal charms. She was not less perfidious than beautiful. Le Clerc, properly, refutes the accusation of Voltaire against the discretion of Richelieu, and says, very justly, that, if the great minister had the frailties of human nature, he learnt how to veil them, — at least when he obtained the scarlet. In earlier life he had been prone to gallantries which a little prepossessed the King (who was formal and decorous, and threw a singular coldness into the few attachments he permitted to himself) against the aspiring intriguer. But these gayer occupations died away in the engagement of higher pursuits or of darker passions.

[*Goes to the table, and returns with a large bag of gold.*

There — pshaw — a trifle! —What an eye you have!
And what a smile — child! — (*kisses her*) — Ah!
you fair perdition —
'T is well I 'm old!

MARION (*aside and seriously*).

What a great man he is!

RICHELIEU.

You are sure they meet? — the hour?

MARION.

At midnight.

RICHELIEU.

And
You will engage to give the Duke's despatch
To whom I send?

MARION.

Ay, marry!

RICHELIEU (*aside*).

Huguet? No;
He will he wanted elsewhere. — Joseph? — zealous,
But too well known — too much the *elder* brother!
Mauprat — alas! it is his wedding day! —
François? — the Man of Men! — unnoted — young;
Ambitious — (*goes to the door*) — François!

Enter FRANÇOIS.

RICHELIEU.

Follow this fair lady;
(Find him the suiting garments, Marion,) take
My fleetest steed: — arm thyself to the teeth;
A packet will be given you — with orders,

No matter what! — The instant that your hand
Closes upon it — clutch *it*, like your honor,
Which Death alone can steal, or ravish — set
Spurs to your steed — be breathless, till you stand
Again before me. — Stay, Sir! — You will find me
Two short leagues hence — at Ruelle, in my castle.
Young man, be blithe! — for — note me — from the hour
I grasp that packet — think your guardian Star
Rains fortune on you! —

FRANÇOIS.

If I fail —

RICHELIEU.

Fail — fail?
In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As — *fail!* — (You will instruct him further, Marion.)
Follow her — but at distance; — speak not to her,
Till you are housed. — Farewell, boy! Never say
"*Fail*" again.

FRANÇOIS.

I will not!

RICHELIEU (*patting his locks*).

There 's my young hero! —

[*Exeunt* FRANÇOIS, MARION.

RICHELIEU.

So, they would seize my person in this palace? —
I cannot guess their scheme; — but my retinue
Is here too large! — a single traitor could
Strike impotent the faith of thousands; — Joseph,

Art sure of Huguet? — Think — we hanged his Father!

JOSEPH.

But you have bought the Son; — heaped favors on him!

RICHELIEU.

Trash! — favors past — that's nothing. — In his hours
Of confidence with you, has he named the favors
To *come* — he counts on?

JOSEPH.

Yes: — a Colonel's rank,
And Letters of Nobility.

RICHELIEU.

What, Huguet! —

[*Here* HUGUET *enters, as to address the* CARDINAL, *who does not perceive him.*

HUGUET.

My own name, soft — (*glides behind the screen*).

RICHELIEU.

Colonel and Nobleman!
My bashful Huguet — that can never be! —
We have him not the less — we 'll *promise it!*
And see the King withholds! — Ah, kings are oft
A great convenience to a minister!
No wrong to Huguet either; — Moralists
Say, Hope is sweeter than Possession! — Yes! —
We 'll count on Huguet! Favors *past* do gorge
Our dogs; leave service drowsy — dull the scent,
Slacken the speed; — favors *to come*, my Joseph,

Produce a lusty, hungry gratitude,
A ravenous zeal, that of the commonest cur
Would make a Cerberus. — You are right; this treason
Assumes a fearful aspect: — but once crushed,
Its very ashes shall manure the soil
Of power; and ripen such full sheaves of greatness,
That all the summer of my fate shall seem
Fruitless beside the autumn!

[HUGUET *holds up his hand menacingly, and creeps out.*

JOSEPH.

The saints grant it!

RICHELIEU (*solemnly*).

Yes — for sweet France, Heaven grant it! — O my country,
For thee — thee only — though men deem it not —
Are toil and terror my familiars! — I
Have made thee great and fair — upon thy brows
Wreathed the old Roman laurel: — at thy feet
Bowed nations down. — No pulse in my ambition
Whose beatings were not measured from thy heart!
[In the old times before us, patriots lived
And died for liberty —

JOSEPH.

As you would live
And die for despotry —

RICHELIEU.

False monk, not so,
But for the purple and the power wherein
State clothes herself. — I love my native land
Not as Venetian, Englisher, or Swiss,

But as a Noble and a Priest of France;
" All things for France " — lo, my eternal maxim!
The vital axle of the restless wheels
That bear me on! With her I have entwined
My passions and my fate — my crimes, my virtues —
Hated and loved,* and schemed, and shed men's
blood,

---

* Richelieu did in fact so thoroughly associate himself with the State, that, in cases where the extreme penalty of the law had been incurred, Le Clerc justly observes that he was more inexorable to those he had favored — even to his own connections — than to other and more indifferent offenders. It must be remembered, as some excuse for his unrelenting sternness, that before his time the great had been accustomed to commit any disorder with impunity, even the crime of treason; — " auparavant on ne faisoit poser les armes aux rebelles qu'en leur accordant quelque récompense." On entering into the administration, he therefore laid it down as a maxim necessary to the existence of the State, that " no crime should be committed with impunity." To carry out this maxim, the long-established license to crime made even justice seem cruel. But the victims most commiserated, from their birth or accomplishments, as Montmorenci, or Cinq Mars, were traitors in actual conspiracy against their country, and would have forfeited life in any land where the punishment of death existed, and the lawgiver was strong enough to vindicate the law. Richelieu was in fact a patriot unsoftened by philanthropy. As in Venice, (where the favorite aphorism was — " Venice first, Christianity next," †) so, with Richelieu, the primary consideration was, " What will be best for the country? " He had no abstract principle, whether as a politician or a priest, when applied to the world that lay beyond the boundaries of France. Thus he, whose object was to found in France a splendid and imperious despotism, assisted the Parliamentary party in England, and signed a treaty of alliance and subsidies with the Catalan rebels for the establishment of a republic in Barcelona:

† " Pria Veneziana, poi Christiane."

As the calm crafts of Tuscan Sages teach
Those who would make their country great. Beyond
The map of France — my heart can travel not,
But fills that limit to its farthest verge;
And while I live — Richelieu and France are one.]
We Priests, to whom the Church forbids in youth
The plighted one — to manhood's toil denies
The soother helpmate — from our withered age
Shuts the sweet blossoms of the second spring
That smiles in the name of Father — we are yet
Not holier than Humanity, and must
Fulfil Humanity's condition — Love!
Debarred the Actual, we but breathe a life
To the chill Marble of the Ideal — Thus,
In thy unseen and abstract Majesty,
My France — my Country, I have bodied forth

---

to convulse other monarchies was to consolidate the growing monarchy of France. So he, who completely crushed the Protestant party at home, braved all the wrath of the Vatican, and even the resentment of the King, in giving the most essential aid to the Protestants abroad. There was, indeed, a largeness of view in his hostility to the French Huguenots, which must be carefully distinguished from the intolerance of the mere priest. He opposed them, not as a Catholic, but as a statesman. The Huguenots were strong republicans, and had formed plans for dividing France into provincial commonwealths; and the existence of Rochelle was absolutely incompatible with the integrity of the French monarchy. It was a second capital, held by the Huguenots, claiming independent authority and the right to treat with foreign powers. Richelieu's final conquest was marked by a humanity that had nothing of the bigot. The Huguenots obtained a complete amnesty, and had only to regret the loss of privileges and fortifications which could not have existed with any security to the rest of France.

A thing to love. What are these robes of state,
This pomp, this palace? perishable bawbles!
In this world, two things only are immortal —
Fame and a People!

Enter HUGUET.

HUGUET.

My Lord Cardinal,
Your Eminence bade me seek you at this hour.

RICHELIEU.

Did I? — True, Huguet. — So — you overheard
Strange talk amongst these gallants? Snares and traps
For Richelieu? — Well — we 'll balk them; let me think —
The men-at-arms you head — how many?

HUGUET.

Twenty,*
My Lord.

RICHELIEU.

All trusty?

HUGUET.

Yes, for ordinary
Occasions — if for great ones, I would change
Three fourths at least.

RICHELIEU.

Ay, what are great occasions?

---

* The guard attached to Richelieu's person was, in the first instance, fifty arquebusiers, afterwards increased to two companies of cavalry and two hundred musketeers. Huguet is therefore to be considered merely as the lieutenant of a small detachment of this little army. In point of fact, the subdivisions of the guard took it in turns to serve.

HUGUET.

Great bribes!

RICHELIEU (*to* JOSEPH).

Good lack, he knows some paragons
Superior to great bribes!

HUGUET.

True Gentlemen
Who have transgressed the laws — and value life
And lack not gold ; your Eminence alone
Can grant them pardon. *Ergo*, you can trust them!

RICHELIEU.

Logic! — So be it — let this *honest* twenty
Be armed and mounted — (*Aside.*) So they meet at midnight,
The attempt on me to-morrow — Ho! we 'll strike
'Twixt wind and water. — (*Aloud.*) Does it need much time
To find these ornaments to Human Nature?

HUGUET.

My Lord — the trustiest of them are not birds
That love the daylight. — I do know a haunt
Where they meet nightly —

RICHELIEU.

Ere the dawn be gray,
All could be armed, assembled, and at Ruelle
In my old hall?

HUGUET.

By one hour after midnight.

RICHELIEU.

The castle 's strong. You know its outlets, Huguet?
Would twenty men, well posted, keep such guard

That not one step—(and Murder's step is stealthy) —
Could glide within — unseen ?

HUGUET.

A triple wall —
A drawbridge and portcullis — twenty men
Under my lead, a month might hold that castle
Against a host.

RICHELIEU.

They do not strike till morning,
Yet I will shift the quarter — Bid the grooms
Prepare the litter — I will hence to Ruelle
While daylight last — and one hour after midnight
You and your twenty saints shall seek me thither!
You 're made to rise! — You are, Sir; — eyes of lynx,
Ears of the stag, a footfall like the snow;
You are a valiant fellow; —yea, a trusty,
Religious, exemplary, incorrupt,
And precious jewel of a fellow, Huguet!
If I live long enough, — ay, mark my words ——
If I live long enough, you 'll be a Colonel —
Noble, perhaps! — One hour, Sir, after midnight.

HUGUET.

You leave me dumb with gratitude, my Lord;
I 'll pick the trustiest — (*aside.*) Marion's house can furnish!

[*Exit* HUGUET.

RICHELIEU.

How like a spider shall I sit in my hole,
And watch the meshes tremble.

JOSEPH.

But, my Lord,
Were it not wiser still to man the palace,
And seize the traitors in the act ?

RICHELIEU.

No ; Louis,
Long chafed against me — Julie stolen from him,
Will rouse him more. — He 'll say I hatched the treason,
Or scout my charge : — He half desires my death ;
But the despatch to Bouillon, some dark scheme
Against *his* crown — *there* is our weapon, Joseph !
With that, all safe — without it, all is peril !
Meanwhile to my old castle ; *you* to court,
Diving with careless eyes into men's hearts,
As ghostly churchmen should do ! See the King,
Bid him peruse that sage and holy treatise,
Wherein 't is set forth how a Premier should
Be chosen from the Priesthood — how the King
Should never listen to a single charge
Against his servant, nor conceal one whisper
That the rank envies of a court distil
Into his ear — to fester the fair name
Of my — I mean his Minister ! — Oh ! Joseph,
A most convincing treatise.*

---

* This tract, on the " Unity of the Minister," contains all the doctrines, and many more to the same effect, referred to in the text, and had a prodigious influence on the conscience of the poor King. At the onset of his career, Richelieu, as deputy of the clergy of Poitou, complained in his harangue to the King, that ecclesiastics were too rarely summoned to the royal councils, and *i*nvoked the example of the Druids !

Good — all favors,
If François be but bold, and Huguet honest. —
Huguet — I half suspect — he bowed too low —
'T is not his way.

JOSEPH.

This is the curse, my Lord,
Of your high state; — suspicion of all men.

RICHELIEU (*sadly*).

True; — true; — my leeches bribed to poisoners; —
pages
To strangle me in sleep. — My very King
(This brain the unresting loom from which was
woven
The purple of his greatness) leagued against me.
Old — childless — friendless — broken — all forsake;
All — all — but —

JOSEPH.

What?

RICHELIEU.

The indomitable heart
Of Armand Richelieu!

JOSEPH.

Naught beside?

RICHELIEU.

Why, Julie,
My own dear foster-child, forgive me; — yes;
This morning, shining through their happy tears,
Thy soft eyes blessed me! — and thy Lord, — in
danger,
He would forsake me not.

JOSEPH.

And Joseph ——

RICHELIEU (*after a pause*).

You ——
Yes, I believe you — yes — for all men fear you —
And the world loves you not. — And I, friend Joseph,
I am the only man who could, my Joseph,
Make you a Bishop.* — Come, we 'll go to dinner,
And talk the while of methods to advance
Our Mother Church. † — Ah, Joseph, — *Bishop Joseph !*

---

* Joseph's ambition was not, however, so moderate ; he refused a bishopric, and desired the cardinal's hat, for which favor Richelieu openly supplicated the Holy See, but contrived somehow or other never to effect it, although two ambassadors applied for it at Rome.

† The peculiar religion of Père Joseph may be illustrated by the following anecdote. An officer, whom he had dismissed upon an expedition into Germany, moved by conscience at the orders he had received, returned for further explanations, and found the Capuchin *disant sa messe.* He approached and whispered, "But, my father, if these people defend themselves —" "Kill all," (*Qu'on tu tout,*) answered the good father, continuing his devotions.

ACT III.

SECOND DAY (MIDNIGHT).

SCENE I. — RICHELIEU'S *Castle at Ruelle. A Gothic Chamber. Moonlight at the window, occasionally obscured.*

RICHELIEU (*reading*).*

"In silence, and at night, the Conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than Power."
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried? — Sublime Philosophy,
Thou art the Patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beck'ning angels — but, alas!
We see thee, like the Patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step — dull-slumbering on the earth.
I am not happy! — with the Titan's lust
I wooed a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,
Shine through wan space, a glory — and a prophet

---

* I need not say that the great length of this soliloquy adapts it only for the closet, and that but few of the lines are retained on the stage. To the reader, however, the passages omitted in representation will not, perhaps, be the most uninteresting in the play, and may be deemed necessary to the completion of the Cardinal's portrait, — action on the stage supplying so subtly the place of words in the closet. The self-assured sophistries which, in the text, mingle with Richelieu's better-founded arguments, in apology for the darker traits of his character, are to be found scattered throughout the writings ascribed to him. The reader will observe that in this self-confession lies the latent poetical justice, which separates happiness from success.

Whereby pale seers shall from their aëry towers
Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
That make the potent astrologue of kings.
But shall the Future judge me by the ends
That I have wrought — or by the dubious means
Through which the stream of my renown hath run
Into the many-voiced unfathomed Time?
Foul in its bed lie weeds, and heaps of slime,
And with its waves, when sparkling in the sun,
Ofttimes the secret rivulets that swell
Its might of waters blend the hues of blood.
Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,
That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take
The tints that color, and the food that nurtures?
* Oh! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
In the unvexed silence of a student's cell; —
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never tossed
Upon the dark and stormy tides where life
Gives battle to the elements, — and man
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight
Will bear but one — while round the desperate wretch
The hungry billows roar — and the fierce Fate,
Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,
Waits him who drops; — ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!

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* Retained in representation.

History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are — and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!
Without the roundness and the glow of life
How hideous is the skeleton! Without
The colorings and humanities that clothe
Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous!
I have wrought
Great uses out of evil tools — and they
In the time to come may bask beneath the light
Which I have stolen from the angry gods,
And warn their sons against the glorious theft,
Forgetful of the darkness which it broke.
I have shed blood, but I have had no foes
Save those the State had; * if my wrath was deadly,
'T is that I felt my country in my veins,
And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own. †
And yet I am not happy — blanched and seared
Before my time — breathing an air of hate,
And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,
And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth
In contest with the insects — bearding kings
And braved by lackeys ‡ — murder at my bed;

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* It is well known that when, on his death-bed, Richelieu was asked if he forgave his enemies; he replied, "I never had any, but those of the State." And this was true enough, for Richelieu and the State were one.

† Richelieu's vindication of himself from cruelty will be found in various parts of Petitot's Collection, vols. xxi. xxx. (*bis*).

‡ Voltaire has a striking passage on the singular fate of Richelieu, recalled every hour from his gigantic schemes to frustrate

And lone amidst the multitudinous web,
With the dread Three — that are the Fates who hold
The woof and shears — the Monk, the Spy, the Headsman.
And this is Power? Alas! I am not happy.

[*After a pause.*

And yet the Nile is fretted by the weeds
Its rising roots not up; but never yet
Did one least barrier by a ripple vex
My onward tide, unswept in sport away.
Am I so ruthless then, that I do hate
Them who do hate me? Tush, tush! I do not hate;
Nay, I forgive. The Statesman writes the doom,
But the Priest sends the blessing. I forgive them,
But I destroy; forgiveness is mine own,
Destruction is the State's! For private life,
Scripture the guide — for public, Machiavel.
Would Fortune serve me if the Heaven were wroth?

---

some miserable cabal of the anteroom. Richelieu would often exclaim, that "Six pieds de terre," as he called the king's cabinet, "lui donnaient plus de peine que tout le reste de l'Europe." The death of Wallenstein, sacrificed by the Emperor Ferdinand, produced a most lively impression upon Richelieu. He found many traits of comparison between Ferdinand and Louis — Wallenstein and himself. In the Memoirs — now regarded by the best authorities as written by his sanction, and in great part by himself — the great Frenchman bursts (when alluding to Wallenstein's murder) into a touching and pathetic anathema on the *misère de cette vie* of dependence on jealous and timid royalty, which he himself, while he wrote, sustained. It is worthy of remark, that it was precisely at the period of Wallenstein's death that Richelieu obtained from the king an augmentation of his guard.

For chance makes half my greatness. I was born
Beneath the aspect of a bright-eyed star,
And my triumphant adamant of soul
Is but the fixed persuasion of success.
Ah! — here! — that spasm! — again! — How Life and Death
Do wrestle for me momently! — And yet
The King looks pale. I shall outlive the King!
And then, thou insolent Austrian — who didst gibe
At the ungainly, gaunt, and daring lover,*
Sleeking thy looks to silken Buckingham, —
Thou shalt — no matter! — I have outlived love.
O beautiful — all golden — gentle youth!
Making thy palace in the careless front
And hopeful eye of man — ere yet the soul
Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dreamed)
Breathed glory from the earlier star it dwelt in —
O for one gale from thine exulting morning,
Stirring amidst the roses, where of old
Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair!
Could I recall the past — or had not set
The prodigal treasures of the bankrupt soul
In one slight bark upon the shoreless sea;
The yoked steer, after his day of toil,
Forgets the goad, and rests — to me alike

---

* Richelieu was commonly supposed, though I cannot say I find much evidence for it, to have been too presuming in an interview with Anne of Austria (the Queen), and to have bitterly resented the contempt she expressed for him. The Duke of Buckingham's frantic and Quixotic passion for the Queen is well known.

Or day or night — Ambition has no rest!
Shall I resign? — who can resign himself?
For custom is ourself; as drink and food
Become our bone and flesh — the aliments
Nurturing our nobler part, the mind — thoughts,
dreams,
Passions, and aims, in the revolving cycle
Of the great alchemy — at length are made
Our mind itself; and yet the sweets of leisure —
An honored home — far from these base intrigues —
An eyrie on the heaven-kissed heights of wisdom —
[*Taking up the book.*
Speak to me, moralist! — I 'll heed thy counsel.
Were it not best ——

Enter FRANÇOIS *hastily, and in part disguised.*

RICHELIEU (*flinging away the book*)

Philosophy, thou liest!
Quick — the despatch! Power — Empire! Boy —
the packet

FRANÇOIS.

Kill me, my Lord.

RICHELIEU.

They knew thee — they suspected —
They gave it not ——

FRANÇOIS.

He gave it — *he* — the Count
De Baradas — with his own hand he gave it!

RICHELIEU.

Baradas! Joy! out with it!

FRANÇOIS.

Listen,
And then dismiss me to the headsman.

RICHELIEU.

Ha!
Go on.

FRANÇOIS.

They led me to a chamber — There
Orleans and Baradas — and some half-score,
Whom I know not — were met ——

RICHELIEU.

Not more!

FRANÇOIS.

But from
The adjoining chamber broke the din of voices,
The clattering tread of armed men; at times
A shriller cry, that yelled out, "Death to Richelieu!"

RICHELIEU.

Speak not of *me:* thy *country* is in danger!
The adjoining room — So, so — a *separate* treason!
The one thy ruin, France! — the meaner crime,
Left to their tools, my murder! —

FRANÇOIS.

Baradas
Questioned me close — demurred — until, at last,
O'erruled by Orleans, — gave the packet — told me
That life and death were in the scroll — this gold —

RICHELIEU.

Gold is no proof —

FRANÇOIS.

And Orleans promised thousands,

When Bouillon's trumpets in the streets of Paris
Rang out shrill answer. — Hastening from the house,
My footstep in the stirrup, Marion stole
Across the threshold, whispering, " Lose no moment
Ere Richelieu have the packet : tell him too —
Murder is in the wings of Night, and Orleans
Swears, ere the dawn the Cardinal shall be clay."
She said, and trembling fled within ; when, lo !
A hand of iron griped me ; through the dark
Gleamed the dim shadow of an armed man :
Ere I could draw — the prize was wrested from me,
And a hoarse voice gasped — " Spy, I spare thee, for
This steel is virgin to thy Lord ! " with that
He vanished. — Scared and trembling for thy safety
I mounted, fled, and, kneeling at thy feet,
Implore thee to acquit my faith — but not,
Like him, to spare my life. —

RICHELIEU.

Who spake of *life ?*
I bade thee grasp that treasure as thine *honor* —
A jewel worth whole hecatombs of lives !
Begone ! — redeem thine honor — back to Marion —
Or Baradas — or Orleans — track the robber —
Regain the packet — or crawl on to Age —
Age and gray hairs like mine — and know, thou hast lost
That which had made thee great and saved thy country. —
See me not till thou 'st bought the right to seek me. —
Away ! — Nay, cheer thee, thou hast not failed yet, —
There 's no such word as " fail ! "

FRANÇOIS.

Bless you, my Lord,
For that one smile! — I'll wear it on my heart
To light me back to triumph.*

[*Exit.*

RICHELIEU.

The poor youth!
An elder had asked life! — I love the young!
For as great men live not in their own time,
But the next race, — so in the young, my soul
Makes many Richelieus. He will win it yet.
François! — He's gone. My murder! Marion's warning!
This bravo's threat! O for the morrow's dawn!
I'll set my spies to work — I'll make all space
(As does the sun) an Universal Eye —
Huguet shall track — Joseph confess — ha! ha! —
Strange, while I laughed I shuddered — and ev'n now
Through the chill air the beating of my heart
Sounds like a death-watch by a sick man's pillow;
If Huguet *could* deceive me — hoofs without —
The gates unclose — steps near and nearer!

---

* The fear and the hatred which Richelieu generally inspired were not shared by his dependents and those about his person, who are said "to have adored him." — "Ses domestiques le regardaient comme le meilleur des maîtres." — Le Clerc. In fact, although "*il étoit orgueilleux et colère*," — he was, "*en même temps, affable et plein de douceur dans l'abord*"; and he was no less generous to those who served, than severe to those who opposed him.

Enter JULIE.

JULIE.

Cardinal!
My father!

[*Falls at his feet.*

RICHELIEU.

Julie at this hour! — and tears!
What ails thee?

JULIE.

I am safe; I am with thee! —

RICHELIEU.

Safe! why in all the storms of this wild world
What wind would mar the violet?

JULIE.

That man —
Why did I love him? — clinging to a breast
That knows no shelter?
Listen — late at noon —
The marriage-day — ev'n then no more a lover —
He left me coldly, — well, — I sought my chamber
To weep and wonder — but to hope and dream.
Sudden a mandate from the King — to attend
Forthwith his pleasure at the Louvre.

RICHELIEU.

Ha!
You did obey the summons; and the King
Reproached your hasty nuptials.

JULIE.

Were that all!
He frowned and chid; proclaimed the bond unlawful:

Bade me not quit my chamber in the palace,
And there at night — alone — this night — all still —
He sought my presence — dared — thou read'st the heart,
Read mine! — I cannot speak it!

RICHELIEU.

He a king, —
You — woman; well, — you yielded!

JULIE.

Cardinal —
Dare you say "yielded"? — Humbled and abashed,
He from the chamber crept — this mighty Louis;
Crept like a baffled felon! — yielded! Ah!
More royalty in woman's honest heart
Than dwells within the crowned majesty
And sceptred anger of a hundred kings!
Yielded! — Heavens! — yielded!

RICHELIEU.

To my breast, — close — close!
The world would never need a Richelieu, if
Men — bearded, mailed men — the Lords of Earth —
Resisted flattery, falsehood, avarice, pride,
As this poor child with the dove's innocent scorn
Her sex's tempters, Vanity and Power! —
He left you — well!

JULIE.

Then came a sharper trial!
At the king's suit, the Count de Baradas
Sought me to soothe, to fawn, to flatter, while
On his smooth lip insult appeared more hateful
For the false mask of pity: letting fall

Dark hints of treachery, with a world of sighs
That Heaven had granted to so base a Lord
The heart whose coldest friendship were to him
What Mexico to misers! Stung at last
By my disdain, the dim and glimmering sense
Of his cloaked words broke into bolder light,
And THEN — ah! then, my haughty spirit failed me!
Then I was weak — wept — oh! such bitter tears!
For (turn thy face aside and let me whisper
The horror to thine ear) then did I learn
That he — that Adrien — that my husband — knew
The king's polluting suit, and deemed it *honor!*
Then all the terrible and loathsome truth
Glared on me; — coldness — waywardness, reserve —
Mystery of looks — words — all unravelled, — and
I saw the impostor, where I had loved the god!

RICHELIEU.

I think thou wrong'st thy husband — but proceed.

JULIE.

Did you say "wronged" him? — Cardinal, my father,
Did you say "wronged"? Prove it, and life shall grow
One prayer for thy reward and his forgiveness.

RICHELIEU.

Let me know all.

JULIE.

To the despair he caused
The courtier left me; but amid the chaos
Darted one guiding ray — to 'scape — to fly —
Reach Adrien, learn the worst — 't was then near midnight:

Trembling I left my chamber — sought the queen —
Fell at her feet — revealed the unholy peril —
Implored her aid to flee our joint disgrace.
Moved, she embraced and soothed me ; nay, pre-
served ;
Her word sufficed to unlock the palace-gates :
I hastened home — but home was desolate, —
No Adrien there ! Fearing the worst, I fled
To thee, directed hither. As my wheels
Paused at thy gates — the clang of arms behind —
The ring of hoofs —

RICHELIEU.

'T was but my guards, fair trembler.
(So Huguet keeps his word, my omens wronged him.)

JULIE.

O, in one hour what years of anguish crowd !

RICHELIEU.

Nay, there 's no danger now. Thou needest rest.
Come, thou shalt lodge beside me. Tush ! be
cheered.
My rosiest Amazon — thou wrong'st thy Theseus.
All will be well — yes, yet all well.

[*Exeunt through a side door.*

SCENE II.

Enter HUGUET — DE MAUPRAT, *in complete armor, his visor down. The moonlight obscured at the casement.*

HUGUET.

Not here!

DE MAUPRAT.

O, I will find him, fear not. Hence and guard
The galleries where the menials sleep — plant sentries
At every outlet — Chance should throw no shadow
Between the vengeance and the victim! Go! —
Ere yon brief vapor that obscures the moon,
As doth our deed pale conscience, pass away,
The mighty shall be ashes.

HUGUET.

Will you not
A second arm?

DE MAUPRAT.

To slay one weak old man? —
Away! No lesser wrongs than mine can make
This murder lawful. Hence!

HUGUET.

A short farewell!

[*Exit* HUGUET.

Re-enter RICHELIEU (*not perceiving* DE MAUPRAT).

RICHELIEU.

How heavy is the air!— the vestal lamp
Of the sad moon, weary with vigil, dies
In the still temple of the solemn heaven!

The very darkness lends itself to fear —
To treason —

DE MAURPRAT.

And to death!

RICHELIEU.

My omens lied not!
What art thou, wretch?

DE MAURPRAT.

Thy doomsman!

RICHELIEU.

Ho, my guards!
Huguet! Montbrassil! Vermont!

DE MAURPRAT.

Ay, thy spirits
Forsake thee, wizard; thy bold men of mail
Are *my confederates.* Stir not! but one step,
And know the next — thy grave!

RICHELIEU.

Thou liest, knave!
I am old, infirm — most feeble — but thou liest!
Armand de Richelieu dies not by the hand
Of man — the stars have said it* — and the voice
Of my own prophet and oracular soul
Confirms the shining Sibyls!—Call them all,
Thy brother butchers! Earth has no such fiend —
No! as one parricide of his father-land,
Who dares in Richelieu murder France!

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* In common with his contemporaries, Richelieu was credulous in astrology and less lawful arts. He was too fortunate a man not to be superstitious.

DE MAURPRAT.

Thy stars
Deceive thee, Cardinal; thy soul of wiles
May against kings and armaments avail,
And mock the embattled world; but powerless now
Against the sword of one resolvèd man,
Upon whose forehead thou hast written shame!

RICHELIEU.

I breathe; he is not a hireling. Have I wronged thee?
Beware surmise — suspicion — lies! I am
Too great for men to speak the truth of me!

DE MAURPRAT.

Thy *acts* are thy accusers, Cardinal!
In his hot youth, a soldier, urged to crime
Against the State, placed in your hands his life; —
You did not strike the blow — but o'er his head,
Upon the gossamer thread of your caprice,
Hovered the axe. His the brave spirit's hell,
The twilight terror of suspense; — your death
Had set him free; he purposed not, nor prayed it.
One day you summoned — mocked him with smooth pardon —
Showered wealth upon him — bade an angel's face
Turn Earth to Paradise ——

RICHELIEU.

Well!

DE MAURPRAT.

Was this mercy?
A Cæsar's generous vengeance? — Cardinal, no!
Judas, not Cæsar, was the model! You

Saved him from death for shame; reserved to grow
The scorn of living men — to his dead sires
Leprous reproach — scoff of the age to come —
A kind convenience — a Sir Pandarus
To his own bride, and the august adulterer!
Then did the first great law of human hearts,
Which with the patriot's, not the rebel's, name
Crowned the first Brutus, when the Tarquin fell,
Make Misery royal — raise this desperate wretch
Into thy destiny! Expect no mercy!
Behold De Mauprat!

[*Lifts his visor.*

RICHELIEU.

To thy knees, and crawl
For pardon; or, I tell thee, thou shalt live
For such remorse, that, did I hate thee, I
Would bid thee strike, that I might be avenged!
It was to save my Julie from the King,
That in thy valor I forgave thy crime; —
It was — when thou — the rash and ready tool —
Yea of that shame thou loath'st — didst leave thy hearth
To the polluter — in these arms thy bride
Found the protecting shelter thine withheld.

[*Goes to the side door.*

Julie de Mauprat — Julie!

Enter JULIE.

Lo! my witness!

DE MAUPRAT.

What marvel 's this? — I dream! my Julie — *thou!*
This, thy beloved hand?

JULIE.

Henceforth all bond
Between us twain is broken. Were it not
For this old man, I might, in truth, have lost
The right — now mine — to scorn thee!

RICHELIEU.

So, you hear her?

DE MAURPRAT.

Thou with some slander hast her sense infected!

JULIE.

No, Sir: he did excuse thee in despite
Of all that wears the face of truth. Thy *friend* —
Thy *confidant* — familiar — *Baradas* —
Himself revealed thy baseness.

DE MAURPRAT.

Baseness!

RICHELIEU.

Ay;
That *thou* didst *court* dishonor.

DE MAURPRAT.

Baradas!
Where is thy thunder, Heaven? — Duped! — snared!
— undone!
Thou — thou couldst not believe him! Thou dost
love me!
Love cannot feed on falsehoods!

JULIE (*aside*).

Love him! — Ah!
Be still my heart! (*Aloud.*) Love you I did: — how
fondly,
Woman — if women were my listeners now —

Alone could tell! — For ever fled my dream:
Farewell — all's over!

RICHELIEU.

Nay, my daughter, these
Are but the blinding mists of daybreak love,
Sprung from its very light, and heralding
A noon of happy summer. — Take her hand,
And speak the truth, with which your heart runs over —
That this Count Judas — this Incarnate Falsehood —
Never lied more, than when he told thy Julie
That Adrien loved her not — except, indeed,
When he told Adrien, Julie could betray him.

JULIE (*embracing* DE MAUPRAT).

You love me, then! — you love me! — and they wronged you!

DE MAUPRAT.

Ah! couldst thou doubt it?

RICHELIEU.

Why, the very mole
Less blind than thou! Baradas loves thy wife; —
Had hoped her hand — aspired to be that cloak
To the King's will, which to thy bluntness seems
The Centaur's poisonous robe — hopes even now
To make thy corpse his footstool to thy bed!
Where was thy wit, man? — Ho! these schemes are glass!
The very sun shines through them.

DE MAUPRAT.

O, my Lord,
Can you forgive me?

RICHELIEU.

Ay, and save you!

DE MAURPRAT.

Save! —
Terrible word! — O, save *thyself:* — these halls
Swarm with thy foes: already for thy blood
Pants thirsty Murder!

JULIE.

Murder?

RICHELIEU.

Hush! put by
The woman. Hush! a shriek — a cry — a breath
Too loud, would startle from its horrent pause
The swooping Death! Go to the door, and listen! —
Now for escape!

DE MAURPRAT.

None — none! Their blades shall pass
This heart to thine.

RICHELIEU (*dryly*).

An honorable outwork,
But much too near the citadel. I think
That I can trust you now (*slowly, and gazing on him*):
— yes; I can trust you.
How many of my troop league with you?

DE MAURPRAT.

All! —
We *are* your troop!

RICHELIEU.

And Huguet?

DE MAUPRAT.

Is our captain.

RICHELIEU.

A retributive Power! — This comes of spies!
All? then the lion's skin 's too short to-night, —
Now for the fox's! ——

JULIE.

A hoarse, gathering murmur! —
Hurrying and heavy footsteps!

RICHELIEU.

Ha! — the posterns?

DE MAUPRAT.

No egress where no sentry!

RICHELIEU.

Follow me —
I have it! — to my chamber — quick! Come, Julie!
Hush! Mauprat, come!
(*Murmur at a distance*) — Death to the Cardinal!

RICHELIEU.

Bloodhounds, I laugh at ye! — ha! ha! — we will
Baffle them yet. — Ha! ha!

[*Exeunt* JULIE, MAUPRAT, RICHELIEU.

HUGUET (*without*).

This way — this way!

SCENE III.

Enter HUGUET *and the* Conspirators.

HUGUET.

De Mauprat's hand is never slow in battle; —
Strange, if it falter now! Ha! gone!

FIRST CONSPIRATOR.

Perchance
The fox had crept to rest; and to his lair
Death, the dark hunter, tracks him.

[*Enter* MAUPRAT, *throwing open the doors of the recess, in which a bed, whereon* RICHELIEU *lies extended.*

DE MAUPRAT.

Live the King!
Richelieu is dead!

HUGUET (*advancing towards the recess;* MAUPRAT *following, his hand on his dagger*).

Are his eyes open?

DE MAUPRAT.

Ay,
As if in life!

HUGUET (*turning back*).

I will not look on him.
You have been long.

DE MAUPRAT.

I watched him till he slept.
Heed me. — No trace of blood reveals the deed; —
Strangled in sleep. His health hath long been broken —
Found breathless in his bed. So runs our tale,
Remember! Back to Paris — Orleans gives
Ten thousand crowns, and Baradas a lordship,
To him who first gluts vengeance with the news
That Richelieu is in heaven! Quick, that all France
May share your joy!

HUGUET.

And you?

DE MAUPRAT.

Will stay, to crush
Eager suspicion — to forbid sharp eyes
To dwell too closely on the clay; prepare
The rites, and place him on his bier — this *my* task.
I leave to you, sirs, the more grateful lot
Of wealth and honors. Hence!

HUGUET.

I shall be noble!

DE MAUPRAT.

Away!

FIRST CONSPIRATOR.

Five thousand crowns!

OMNES.

To horse! — to horse!

[*Exeunt* Conspirators.

SCENE IV.

Still night. — A Room in the house of COUNT DE BARADAS, *lighted, &c.*

ORLEANS *and* DE BERINGHEN.

DE BERINGHEN.

I understand. Mauprat kept guard without:
Knows naught of the despatch — but heads the troop
Whom the poor Cardinal fancies his protectors.
Save us from such protection!

ORLEANS.

Yet, if Huguet,
By whose advice and proffers we renounced

Our earlier scheme, should still be Richelieu's minion,
And play us false —

DE BERINGHEN.

The fox must then devour
The geese he gripes, (I 'm out of it, thank Heaven !)
And you must swear you smelt the trick, but seemed
To approve the deed — to render up the doers.

Enter BARADAS.

BARADAS.

Julie is fled : — the King, whom now I left
To a most thorny pillow, vows revenge
On her — on Mauprat — and on Richelieu ! Well ;
We loyal men anticipate his wish
Upon the last — and as for Mauprat —

[*Showing a writ.*

DE BERINGHEN.

Hum !
They say the Devil invented printing ! Faith,
He has some hand in writing parchment — eh,
Count ?
What mischief now ?

BARADAS.

The King, at Julie's flight
Enraged, will brook no rival in a subject —
So on this old offence — the affair of Faviaux —
Ere Mauprat can tell tales of *us*, we build
His bridge between the dungeon and the grave.

ORLEANS.

Well ; if our courier can but reach the army,
The cards are ours ! — and yet, I own, I tremble.
Our names are in the scroll — discovery, death !

BARADAS.

Success, a crown!

DE BERINGHEN (*apart to* BARADAS).

Our future Regent is
No hero.

BARADAS (*to* DE BERINGHEN).

But his rank makes others valiant;
And on his cowardice I mount to power.
Were Orleans Regent — what were Baradas?
Oh! by the way — I had forgot, your Highness,
Friend Huguet whispered me, "Beware of Marion:
I've seen her lurking near the Cardinal's palace."
Upon that hint, I've found her lodgings elsewhere.

ORLEANS.

You wrong her, Count. Poor Marion! — she adores me.

BARADAS (*apologetically*).

Forgive me, but ——

Enter Page.

PAGE.

My Lord, a rude, strange soldier,
Breathless with haste, demands an audience.

BARADAS.

So! —
The archers?

PAGE.

In the anteroom, my Lord,
As you desired.

BARADAS.

'T is well — admit the soldier. [*Exit* Page.
Huguet! — I bade him seek me here.

Enter HUGUET.

HUGUET.

My Lords,
The deed is done. Now, Count, fulfil your word,
And make me noble!

BARADAS.

Richelieu dead? — art sure?
How died he?

HUGUET.

Strangled in his sleep: — no blood,
No telltale violence.

BARADAS.

Strangled? — monstrous villain!
Reward for murder! Ho, there! [*Stamping.*

Enter Captain *with five* Archers.

HUGUET.

No, thou durst not!

BARADAS.

Seize on the ruffian — bind him — gag him! Off
To the Bastile!

HUGUET.

Your word — your plighted faith!

BARADAS.

Insolent liar! — ho, away!

HUGUET.

Nay, Count;
I have that about me, which ——

BARADAS.

Away with him!

[*Exeunt* HUGUET *and* Archers.

Now, then, all 's safe; Huguet must die in prison,

So Mauprat: — coax or force the meaner crew
To fly the country. Ha, ha! thus, your highness,
Great men make use of little men.

DE BERINGHEN.

My Lords,
Since our suspense is ended — you 'll excuse me;
'T is late — and, *entre nous*, I have not supped yet!
I 'm one of the new Council now, remember;
I feel the public stirring here already;
A very craving monster. *Au revoir!*

[*Exit* DE BERINGHEN.

ORLEANS.

No fear, now Richelieu 's dead.

BARADAS.

And could he come
To life again, he could not keep life's life —
His power, — nor save De Mauprat from the scaffold, —
Nor Julie from these arms — nor Paris from
The Spaniard — nor your Highness from the throne!
All ours! all ours! in spite of my Lord Cardinal!

Enter Page.

PAGE.

A gentleman, my Lord, of better mien
Than he who last ——

BARADAS.

Well, he may enter.

[*Exit* PAGE.

ORLEANS.

Who
Can this be?

BARADAS.

One of the conspirators:
Mauprat himself, perhaps.

Enter FRANÇOIS.

FRANÇOIS.

My Lord ——

BARADAS.

Ha, traitor!
In Paris still?

FRANÇOIS.

The packet — the despatch —
Some knave played spy without, and reft it from me,
Ere I could draw my sword.

BARADAS.

Played spy *without!*
Did he wear armor?

FRANÇOIS.

Ay, from head to heel.

ORLEANS.

One of our band. O, heavens!

BARADAS.

Could it be Mauprat?
Kept guard at the *door* — knew *naught of the despatch* —
How HE? — and yet, who other?

FRANÇOIS.

Ha, De Mauprat!
The night was dark — his visor closed.

BARADAS.

'T was he!
How could he guess? — 'sdeath! if he should betray us.

His hate to Richelieu dies with Richelieu — and
He was not great enough for treason. — Hence!
Find Mauprat — beg, steal, filch, or force it back,
Or, as I live, the halter ——

FRANÇOIS.

By the morrow
I will regain it, (*aside*) and redeem my honor!

[*Exit* FRANÇOIS.

ORLEANS.

Oh, we are lost —

BARADAS.

Not so! But cause on cause
For Mauprat's seizure — silence — death! Take courage.

ORLEANS.

Should it once reach the King, the Cardinal's arm
Could smite us from the grave.

BARADAS.

Sir, think it not!
I hold De Mauprat in my grasp. To-morrow,
And France is ours! Thou dark and fallen Angel,
Whose name on earth's AMBITION — thou that mak'st
Thy throne on treasons, stratagems, and murder —
And with thy fierce and blood-red smile canst quench
The guiding stars of solemn empire — hear us —
(For we are thine) — and light us to the goal!

ACT IV.

THIRD DAY.

SCENE I. — *The Gardens of the Louvre.* — ORLEANS, BARADAS, DE BERINGHEN, Courtiers, *&c.*

ORLEANS.

How does my brother bear the Cardinal's death?

BARADAS.

With grief, when thinking of the toils of State;
With joy, when thinking of the eyes of Julie: —
At times he sighs, "Who now shall govern France?"
Anon exclaims, "Who now shall baffle Louis?"

Enter LOUIS *and other* Courtiers. (*They uncover.*)

ORLEANS.

Now, my liege, now, I can embrace a brother.

LOUIS.

Dear Gaston, yes. — I do believe you *love* me; —
Richelieu denied it — severed us too long.
A great man, Gaston! Who shall govern France?

BARADAS.

Yourself, my liege. That swart and potent star
Eclipsed your royal orb. He served the country,
But did he *serve*, or seek to *sway* the *King?*

LOUIS.

You 're right — he was an able politician —
That 's all: — between ourselves, Count, I suspect

The largeness of his learning — specially
In falcons * — a poor huntsman, too!

BARADAS.

Ha — ha!
Your Majesty remembers ——

LOUIS.

Ay, the blunder
Between the *greffier* and the *souillard* when —
[*Checks and crosses himself.*
Alas! poor sinners that we are! we laugh
While this great man — a priest, a cardinal,
A faithful servant — out upon us! —

BARADAS.

Sire,

---

* Louis XIII. is said to have possessed some natural talents, and in earlier youth to have exhibited the germs of noble qualities; but a blight seems to have passed over his maturer life. Personally brave, but morally timid, — always governed, whether by his mother or his minister, and always repining at the yoke. The only affection amounting to a passion that he betrayed was for the sports of the field; yet it was his craving weakness, (and this throws a kind of false interest over his character,) to wish to be loved. He himself loved no one. He suffered the only woman who seems to have been attached to him to wither in a convent; — he gave up favorite after favorite to exile or the block. When Richelieu died, he said coldly, "Voilà un grand politique mort!" and when the ill-fated but unprincipled Cinq Mars, whom he called "*le cher ami*," was beheaded, he drew out his watch at the fatal hour, and said with a smile, "I think at this moment that *le cher ami fait une vilaine mine.*" Nevertheless, his conscience at times (for he was devout and superstitious) made him gentle, and his pride and honor would often, when least expected, rouse him into haughty but brief resistance to the despotism under which he lived.

If my brow wear no cloud, 't is that the Cardinal
No longer shades the King.

LOUIS (*looking up at the skies*).

O, Baradas!
Am I not to be pitied? — what a day
For —

BARADAS.

Sorrow? — No, sire!

LOUIS.

Bah! for *hunting*, man,
And Richelieu 's dead; 't would be an indecorum
Till he is buried — (*yawns*) — life is very tedious.
I made a madrigal on life last week:
You do not sing,* Count? — Pity; you should learn.
Poor Richelieu had no ear — yet a great man.
Ah! what a weary weight devolves upon me!
These endless wars — these thankless Parliaments —
The snares in which he tangled States and Kings,
Like the old fisher of the fable, Proteus,
Netting great Neptune's wariest tribes, and changing
Into all shapes when Craft pursued himself:
O, a great man!

BARADAS.

Your royal mother said so,
And died in exile.

---

* Louis had some musical taste and accomplishment, wherewith he often communicated to his favorites some of that wearisome *ennui* under which he himself almost unceasingly languished.

LOUIS (*sadly*).

True: I loved my mother.*

BARADAS.

The Cardinal dies. — Yet day revives the earth;
The rivers run not back. In truth, my liege,
Did your high orb on others shine as him,
Why, things as dull in their own selves as I am
Would glow as brightly with the borrowed beam.†

LOUIS.

Ahem! — He was too stern.

ORLEANS.

A very Nero.

---

* One of Louis's most bitter complaints against Richelieu was the continued banishment of the Queen Mother. It is impossible, however, not to be convinced that the return of that most worthless intrigante was wholly incompatible with the tranquillity of the kingdom. Yet, on the other hand, the poverty and privation which she endured in exile are discreditable to the generosity and the gratitude of Richelieu; she was his first patron, though afterwards his most powerful persecutor.

† In his Memoirs, Richelieu gives an amusing account of the insolence and arts of Baradas, and observes, with indignant astonishment, that the favorite was never weary of repeating to the King that he (Baradas) would have made just as great a minister as Richelieu. It is on the attachment of Baradas to La Cressias, a maid of honor to the Queen Mother, of whom, according to Baradas, the King was enamored also, that his love for the Julie de Mortemar of the play has been founded The secret of Baradas's sudden and extraordinary influence with the King seems to rest in the personal adoration which he professed for Louis, with whom he affected all the jealousy of a lover, but whom he flattered with the ardent chivalry of a knight. Even after his disgrace he placed upon his banner, "Fiat voluntas tua."

BARADAS.

His power was like the Capitol of old —
Built on a human skull.

LOUIS.

And, had he lived,
I know another head, my Baradas,
That would have propped the pile: I've seen him eye thee
With a most hungry fancy.

BARADAS (*anxiously*).

Sire, I knew
You would protect me.

LOUIS.

Did you so? of course!
And yet he had a way with him — a something
That always —— But no matter — he is dead.
And, after all, men called his King "The Just," *
And so I am. Dear Count, this silliest Julie,
I know not why, she takes my fancy. Many
As fair, and certainly more kind; but yet
It is so. Count, I am no lustful Tarquin,
And do abhor the bold and frontless vices
Which the Church justly censures; yet, 't is sad
On rainy days to drag out weary hours † —
Deaf to the music of a woman's voice —

---

* Louis was called The Just, but for no other reason than that he was born under the Libra.

† Louis XIII. did not resemble either his father or his son in the ardor of his attachments; if not wholly platonic, they were wholly unimpassioned: yet no man was more jealous, or more unscrupulously tyrannical when the jealousy was aroused.

Blind to the sunshine of a woman's eyes.
It is no sin in Kings to seek amusement;
And that is all I seek. I miss her much —
She has a silver laugh — a rare perfection.

BARADAS.

Richelieu was most disloyal in that marriage.]

LOUIS (*querulously*).

He knew that Julie pleased me: — a clear proof
He never loved me!

BARADAS.

O, most clear! — But now
No bar between the lady and your will!
This writ makes all secure: a week or two
In the Bastile will sober Mauprat's love,
And leave him eager to dissolve a hymen
That brings him such a home.

LOUIS.

See to it, Count.

[*Exit* BARADAS.

I 'll summon Julie back. A word with you.

[*Takes aside* First Courtier *and* DE BERINGHEN, *and passes, conversing with them, through the Gardens.*

Enter FRANÇOIS.

FRANÇOIS.

All search, as yet, in vain for Mauprat! — Not
At home since yesternoon — a soldier told me
He saw him pass this way with hasty strides;
Should he meet Baradas — they 'd rend it from him —
And then — benignant Fortune, smile upon me —
I am thy son! — if thou desert'st me now,
Come, Death, and snatch me from disgrace. But, no,

There 's a great Spirit ever in the air
That from prolific and far-spreading wings
Scatters the seeds of honor — yea, the walls
And moats of castled forts — the barren seas —
The cell wherein the pale-eyed student holds
Talk with melodious science — all are sown
With everlasting honors, if our souls
Will toil for fame as boors for bread —

Enter MAUPRAT.

DE MAUPRAT.

O, let me —
Let me but meet him foot to foot — I 'll dig
The Judas from his heart; — albeit the King
Should o'er him cast the purple!

FRANÇOIS.

Mauprat! hold: —
Where is the ——

DE MAUPRAT.

Well! What wouldst thou?

FRANÇOIS.

The despatch!
The packet. — LOOK ON ME — I serve the Cardinal;
You know me. — Did you not keep guard last night
By Marion's house?

DE MAUPRAT.

I did; — no matter now! —
They told me, *he* was *here!* —

FRANÇOIS.

O joy! quick — quick —
The packet thou didst wrest from me?

DE MAUPRAT.

The packet ? —
What, art thou he I deemed the Cardinal's spy
(Dupe that I was) — and overhearing Marion —

FRANÇOIS.

The same — restore it ! — haste !

DE MAUPRAT.

I have it not : —
Methought it but revealed our scheme to Richelieu,
And, as we mounted, gave it to ——

Enter BARADAS.

Stand back !
Now, villain ! now — I have thee !
(*To* FRANÇOIS.) — Hence, Sir ! —*Draw !*

FRANÇOIS.

Art mad ? — the King's at hand ! leave *him* to Richelieu !
Speak — the despatch — to whom —

DE MAUPRAT (*dashing him aside, and rushing to* BARADAS).

Thou triple slanderer !
I 'll set my heel upon thy crest !
[*A few passes.*

FRANÇOIS.

Fly — fly ! —
The King ! —

Enter at one side LOUIS, ORLEANS, DE BERINGHEN, Courtiers, *&c.; at the other, the* Guards *hastily.*

LOUIS.

Swords drawn — before our very palace ! —
Have our laws died with Richelieu ?

BARADAS.

Pardon, Sire, —

My crime but self-defence.* (*Aside to* KING.) It is De Mauprat!

LOUIS.

Dare he thus brave us?

[BARADAS *goes to the* Guard, *and gives the writ.*

DE MAUPRAT.

Sire, in the Cardinal's name —

BARADAS.

Seize him — disarm — to the Bastile!

[DE MAUPRAT *seized, struggles with the* Guard — FRANÇOIS *restlessly endeavoring to pacify and speak to him — when the gates open. Enter* RICHELIEU — JOSEPH — *followed by* Arquebusiers.

BARADAS.

The Dead Returned to life!

LOUIS.

What! a *mock* death! this tops The Infinite of Insult.

DE MAUPRAT (*breaking from the* Guards).

Priest and Hero! —
For you are both — protect the truth! —

---

* One of Richelieu's severest and least politic laws was that which made duelling a capital crime. Never was the punishment against the offence more relentlessly enforced; and never were duels so desperate and so numerous. The punishment of death must be evidently ineffectual so long as to refuse a duel is to be dishonored, and so long as men hold the doctrine, however wrong, that it is better to part with the life that Heaven gave than the honor man makes. In fact, the greater the danger he incurred, the greater was the punctilio of the cavalier of that time in braving it.

RICHELIEU (*taking the writ from the* Guard).

What's this?

DE BERINGHEN.

Fact in philosophy. Foxes have got
Nine lives, as well as cats! —

BARADAS.

Be firm, my liege.

LOUIS.

I have assumed the sceptre — I will wield it!

JOSEPH.

The tide runs counter — there'll be shipwreck somewhere.

[BARADAS *and* ORLEANS *keep close to the* KING, *whispering and prompting him when* RICHELIEU *speaks.*

RICHELIEU.

High treason — Faviaux! still that stale pretence!
My liege, bad men (ay, Count, most *knavish* men!)
Abuse your royal goodness. — For this soldier,
France hath none braver — and his youth's hot folly,
Misled — (by whom *your Highness* may conjecture!) —
Is long since cancelled by a loyal manhood. —
I, Sire, have pardoned him.

LOUIS.

And we do give
Your pardon to the winds. — Sir, do your duty!

RICHELIEU.

What, Sire? — you do not know — O, pardon me —
You know not yet, that this brave, honest heart
Stood between mine and murder! — Sire! for my sake —

For your old servant's sake — undo this wrong.
See, let me rend the sentence.

LOUIS.

At your peril !
This is too much : — Again, Sir, do your duty !

RICHELIEU.

Speak not, but go : — I would not see young Valor
So humbled as gray Service.

DE MAUPRAT.

Fare you well
Save Julie, and console her.

FRANÇOIS (*aside to* MAUPRAT).

The despatch !
Your fate, foes, life, hang on a word ! — to whom ?

DE MAUPRAT.

To Huguet.

FRANÇOIS.

Hush — keep counsel ! — silence — hope !

[*Exeunt* MAUPRAT *and* Guard.

BARADAS (*aside to* FRANÇOIS).

Has he the packet ?

FRANÇOIS.

He will not reveal —
(*Aside.*) Work, brain ! — beat, heart ! — "*There 's no such word as fail !*"

[*Exit* FRANÇOIS.

RICHELIEU (*fiercely*).

Room, my Lords, room ! — the Minister of France
Can need no intercession with the King.

[*They fall back.*

LOUIS.

What means this false report of death, Lord Cardinal?

RICHELIEU.

Are you then angered, Sire, that I live still?

LOUIS.

No; but such artifice —

RICHELIEU.

Not mine: — look elsewhere!
Louis — my castle swarmed with the assassins.

BARADAS (*advancing*).

We have punished them already. Huguet now
In the Bastile. — Oh! my Lord, *we* were prompt
To avenge you — *we* were —

RICHELIEU.

We? — Ha! ha! you hear,
My liege! What page, man, in the last court grammar
Made you a plural? Count, you have seized the *hireling*: —
Sire, shall I name the *master?*

LOUIS.

Tush! my Lord,
The old contrivance: — ever does your wit
Invent assassins, — that ambition may
Slay rivals —

RICHELIEU.

Rivals, Sire, in what?
Service to France? *I have none!* Lives the man
Whom Europe, paled before your glory, deems
Rival to Armand Richelieu?

LOUIS.

What, so haughty!
Remember, he who made can unmake.

RICHELIEU.

Never!
Never! Your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers, — but my name — my deeds,
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre!
Pass sentence on me, if you will; from Kings,
Lo! I appeal to time! [Be just, my liege —
I found your kingdom rent with heresies
And bristling with rebellion; lawless nobles
And breadless serfs; England fomenting discord;
Austria — her clutch on your dominion; Spain
Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
To armed thunderbolts. The Arts lay dead,
Trade rotted in your marts, your Armies mutinous,
Your Treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
Your trust, so be it! and I leave you, sole
Supremest Monarch of the mightiest realm,
From Ganges to the Icebergs: — Look without;
No foe not humbled! — Look within; the Arts
Quit for your schools their old Hesperides,
The golden Italy! while through the veins
Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides
TRADE, the calm health of nations!
Sire, I know
Your smoother courtiers please you best — nor measure
Myself with them, — yet sometimes I would doubt

If Statesmen rocked and dandled into power
Could leave such legacies to kings!

[LOUIS *appears irresolute.*

BARADAS (*passing him, whispers*).

But Julie,
Shall I not summon her to court?]

LOUIS (*motions to* BARADAS *and turns haughtily to the* CARDINAL).

Enough!
Your Eminence must excuse a longer audience.
To your own palace: — For our conference, this
Nor place — nor season.

RICHELIEU.

Good my liege, for *Justice*
All place a temple, and all season, summer! —
Do you deny me justice? — Saints of Heaven!
He turns from me! — *Do you deny me justice?*
For fifteen years, while in these hands dwelt Empire,
The humblest craftsman — the obscurest vassal —
The very leper shrinking from the sun,
Though loathed by Charity, might ask for justice! —
Not with the fawning tone and crawling mien
Of some I see around you — Counts and Princes —
Kneeling for *favors;* — but, erect and loud,
As men who ask man's rights! — my liege, my Louis,
Do you refuse me justice — audience even —
In the pale presence of the baffled Murder? *

---

* For the haughty and rebuking tone which Richelieu assumed in his expostulations with the King, see his Memoirs (*passim*) in Petitot's collection, vols. 22-30 (*bis*). Montesquieu in one of his brilliant antitheses, says well of Richelieu, "Il avila le roi, mais il illustra le règne."

LOUIS.

Lord Cardinal — one by one you have severed from me
The bonds of human love. All near and dear
Marked out for vengeance — exile or the scaffold.
You find me now amidst my trustiest friends,
My closest kindred; — you would tear them from me;
They murder *you* forsooth, since *me* they love!
Enough of plots and treasons for one reign!
Home! — Home! and sleep away these phantoms!

RICHELIEU.

Sire!
I —— patience, Heaven! — sweet Heaven! — Sire, from the foot
Of that Great Throne, these hands have raised aloft
On an Olympus, looking down on mortals
And worshipped by their awe — before the foot
Of that high throne, — spurn you the gray-haired man
Who gave you empire — and now sues for safety?

LOUIS.

No: — when we see your Eminence in truth
At the *foot* of the throne — we'll listen to you.

[*Exit* LOUIS.

ORLEANS.

Saved!

BARADAS.

For this, deep thanks to Julie and to Mauprat!

RICHELIEU.

My Lord de Baradas — I pray your pardon —
You are to be my successor! — your hand, Sir!

BARADAS (*aside*).

What can this mean? —

RICHELIEU.

It trembles, see! it trembles!
The hand that holds the destinies of nations
Ought to shake less! — poor Baradas — poor France!

BARADAS.

Insolent ——

[*Exeunt* BARADAS *and* ORLEANS.

SCENE II.

RICHELIEU.

Joseph — Did you hear the King?

JOSEPH.

I did — there 's danger! Had you been less haughty * ——

RICHELIEU.

And suffered slaves to chuckle — "See the Cardinal —

---

* However "*orgueilleux*" and "*colère*" in his disputes with Louis, the Cardinal did not always disdain recourse to the arts of the courtier; once, after an angry discussion with the King, in which, as usual, Richelieu got the better, Louis, as they quitted the palace together, said, rudely, "Sortez le premier; vous êtes bien le roi de France." "Si je passe le premier," replied the minister, after a moment's hesitation, and with great adroitness, "ce ne peut être que comme le plus humble de vos serviteurs"; and he took a flambeau from one of the pages to light the King as he walked before him — "en reculant et sans tourner le dos."

How meek his Eminence is to-day!" — I tell thee
This is a strife in which the loftiest look
Is the most subtle armor ——

JOSEPH.

But ——

RICHELIEU.

No time
For ifs and buts. I will accuse these traitors!
François shall witness that De Baradas
Gave him the secret missive for De Bouillon,
And told him life and death were in the scroll.
I will — I will —

JOSEPH.

Tush! François is your creature;
So they will say, and laugh at you! — *your witness*
Must be that same Despatch.

RICHELIEU.

Away to Marion!

JOSEPH.

I have been there — she is seized — removed — imprisoned —
By the Count's orders.

RICHELIEU.

Goddess of bright dreams,
My country — shalt thou lose me now, when most
Thou need'st thy worshipper? My native land!
Let me but ward this dagger from thy heart,
And die — but on thy bosom!

Enter JULIE.

JULIE.

Heaven! I thank thee!

It cannot be, or this all-powerful man
Would not stand idly thus.

RICHELIEU.

What dost *thou* here?
Home!

JULIE.

Home! — is *Adrien there?* — you 're dumb — yet strive
For words; I see them trembling on your lip,
But choked by pity. It *was* truth — all truth!
Seized — the Bastile — and in your presence, too!
Cardinal, where is Adrien? — Think — he saved
Your life: — your name is infamy, if wrong
Should come to his!

RICHELIEU.

Be soothed, child.

JULIE.

Child no more;
I love, and I am woman! Hope and suffer —
Love, suffering, hope, — what else doth make the strength
And majesty of woman? — Where is Adrien?

RICHELIEU (*to* JOSEPH).

Your youth was never young — you never loved: —
Speak to her —

JOSEPH.

Nay, take heed — the King's command,
'T is true — I mean — the —

JULIE (*to* RICHELIEU).

Let thine eyes meet mine;
Answer me but one word — I am a wife —

I ask thee for my *home* — my FATE — my ALL!
Where is my *husband?*

RICHELIEU.

You are Richelieu's ward,
A soldier's bride: they who insist on truth
Must outface fear; — you ask me for your husband?
There — where the clouds of heaven look darkest, o'er
The domes of the Bastile!

JULIE.

I thank you, father;
You see I do not shudder. Heaven forgive you
The sin of this desertion!

RICHELIEU (*detaining her*).

Whither wouldst thou?

JULIE.

Stay me not. Fie! I should be there already.
I am thy ward, and haply he may think
Thou 'st taught *me* also to forsake the wretched!

RICHELIEU.

I 've filled those cells — with many — traitors all.
Had *they* wives too? — Thy memories, Power, are solemn!
Poor sufferer! — think'st thou that yon gates of woe
Unbar to love? Alas! if love once enter,
'T is for the last farewell; between those walls
And the mute grave* — the blessed household sounds

---

* "Selon l'usage de Louis XIII., faire arrêter quelqu'un pour crime d'état, et le faire mourir, l'était à peu près le même chose." — LE CLERC.

Only heard once — while, hungering at the door,
The headsman whets the axe.

JULIE.

O mercy! mercy!
Save him, restore him, father! Art thou not
The Cardinal-King? — the Lord of life and death —
Beneath whose light, as deeps beneath the moon,
The solemn tides of Empire ebb and flow? —
Art thou not Richelieu?

RICHELIEU.

Yesterday I was! —
To-day, a very weak old man! — To-morrow,
I know not what!

JULIE.

Do you conceive his meaning?
Alas! I cannot. But, methinks, my senses
Are duller than they were!

JOSEPH.

The King is chafed
Against his servant. Lady, while we speak,
The lackey of the anteroom is not
More powerless than the Minister of France.

[RICHELIEU.

And yet the air is still; Heaven wears no cloud;
From Nature's silent orbit starts no portent
To warn the unconscious world; — albeit this night
May with a morrow teem which, in my fall,
Would carry earthquake to remotest lands,
And change the Christian globe. What wouldst thou, woman?

Thy fate and his, with mine, for good or ill,
Are woven threads. In my vast sum of life
Millions such units merge.]

Enter First Courtier.

FIRST COURTIER.

Madame de Mauprat!
Pardon, your Eminence — even now I seek
This lady's home — commanded by the King
To pray her presence.

JULIE (*clinging to* RICHELIEU).

Think of my dead father! —
Think how, an infant, clinging to your knees,
And looking to your eyes, the wrinkled care
Fled from your brow before the smile of childhood,
Fresh from the dews of heaven! Think of this,
And take me to your breast.

RICHELIEU.

To those who sent you! —
And say you found the virtue they would slay
Here — couched upon this heart, as at an altar,
And sheltered by the wings of sacred Rome!
Begone!

FIRST COURTIER.

My Lord, I am your friend and servant —
Misjudge me not; but never yet was Louis
So roused against you : — shall I take this answer? —
It were to be your foe.

RICHELIEU.

All time my foe,
If I, a Priest, could cast this holy Sorrow
Forth from her last asylum!

FIRST COURTIER.

He is lost!

[*Exit* First Courtier.

RICHELIEU.

God help thee, child! — she hears not! Look upon her!
The storm, that rends the oak, uproots the flower.
Her father loved me so! and in that age
When friends are brothers! She has been to me
Soother, nurse, plaything, daughter. Are these tears? *
O shame, shame! — dotage!

JOSEPH.

Tears are not for eyes
That rather need the lightning, which can pierce
Through barred gates and triple walls, to smite
Crime, where it cowers in secret! — The Despatch!
Set every spy to work; — the morrow's sun
Must see that written treason in your hands,
Or rise upon your ruin.

RICHELIEU.

Ay — and close

---

* Like Cromwell and Rienzi, Richelieu appears to have been easily moved to tears. The Queen Mother, who put the hardest interpretation on that humane weakness, which is natural with very excitable temperaments, said that "Il pleurait quand il voulait." I may add, to those who may be inclined to imagine that Richelieu appears in parts of this scene too dejected for consistency with so imperious a character that it is recorded of him that "quand ses affaires ne réussissoient pas, il se trouvoit abattu et epouvanté, et quand il obtenoit ce qu'il souhaitoit, il étoit fier et insultant."

Upon my corpse! — I am not made to live —
Friends, glory, France, all reft from me; — my star
Like some vain holiday mimicry of fire,
Piercing imperial heaven, and falling down,
Rayless and blackened, to the dust — a thing
For all men's feet to trample! Yea! — to-morrow
Triumph or death! Look up, child! — Lead us, Joseph.

[*As they are going out, enter* BARADAS *and* DE BERINGHEN.

BARADAS.

My Lord, the King cannot believe your Eminence
So far forgets your duty, and his greatness,
As to resist his mandate! Pray you, Madam,
Obey the King — no cause for fear!

JULIE.

My father!

RICHELIEU.

She shall not stir!

BARADAS.

You are not of her kindred —
An orphan —

RICHELIEU.

And her country is her mother!

BARADAS.

The country is the King!

RICHELIEU.

Ay, is it so? —
Then wakes the power which in the age of iron
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
Mark, where she stands! — around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn Church!

Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head — yea, though it wore a crown —
I launch the curse of Rome!

BARADAS.

I dare not brave you!
I do but speak the orders of my King.
The Church, your rank, power, very word, my Lord,
Suffice you for resistance: — blame yourself,
If it should cost you power!

RICHELIEU.

That *my* stake. — Ah!
Dark gamester! *what is thine?* Look to it well! —
Lose not a trick. — By this same hour to-morrow
Thou shalt have France, or I thy head!

BARADAS (*aside to* DE BERINGHEN).

He cannot
Have the Despatch?

DE BERINGHEN.

No: were it so, your stake
Were lost already.

JOSEPH (*aside.*)

Patience is your game:
Reflect, you have not the Despatch!

RICHELIEU.

O monk!
Leave patience to the saints — for *I* am human!
Did not thy father die for France, poor orphan?
And now they say thou hast *no* father! — Fie!
Art thou not pure and good? — if so, thou art
A part of that — the Beautiful, the Sacred —
Which, in all climes, men that have hearts adore,
By the great title of their mother country!

BARADAS (*aside*).

He wanders!

RICHELIEU.

So cling close unto my breast,
Here where thou droop'st lies France! I am very feeble —
Of little use it seems to either now.
Well, well — we will go home.

BARADAS.

In sooth, my Lord,
You do need rest — the burdens of the State
O'ertask your health!

RICHELIEU (*to* JOSEPH).

I 'm patient, see!

BARADAS (*aside*).

His mind
And life are breaking fast!

RICHELIEU (*overhearing him*).

Irreverent ribald!
If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!
I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,
When this snow melteth there shall come a flood!
Avaunt! my name is Richelieu — I defy thee!
Walk blindfold on; behind thee stalks the headsman.
Ha! ha! — how pale he is! Heaven save my country! [*Falls back in* JOSEPH'S *arms.*

[BARADAS *exit, followed by* DE BERINGHEN, *betraying his exultation by his gestures.*

ACT V.

FOURTH DAY.

SCENE I. — *The Bastile — a Corridor; in the background the door of one of the condemned cells.*

Enter JOSEPH *and* Gaoler.

GAOLER.

Stay, father, I will call the governor.

[*Exit* Gaoler.

JOSEPH.

He has it then — this Huguet; — so we learn
From François. — Humph! Now if I can but gain
One moment's access, all is ours! The Cardinal
Trembles 'tween life and death. His life is power;
Smite one — slay both! No Æsculapian drugs,
By learned quacks baptized with Latin jargon,
E'er bore the healing which that scrap of parchment
Will medicine to Ambition's flagging heart.
France shall be saved — and Joseph be a bishop.

Enter GOVERNOR *and* JOSEPH.

GOVERNOR.

Father, you wish to see the prisoners Huguet
And the young knight De Mauprat?

JOSEPH.

So my office,
And the Lord Cardinal's order, warrant, son!

GOVERNOR.

Father, it cannot be: Count Baradas
Has summoned to the Louvre Sieur de Mauprat.

JOSEPH.

Well, well! But Huguet —

GOVERNOR.

Dies at noon.

JOSEPH.

At noon!

No moment to delay the pious rites
Which fit the soul for death. Quick — quick — admit me!

GOVERNOR.

You cannot enter, monk! Such are my orders!

JOSEPH.

Orders, vain man! — the Cardinal still is Minister.
His orders crush all others!

GOVERNOR (*lifting his hat*).

Save his King's!
See, monk, the royal sign and seal affixed
To the Count's mandate. None may have access
To either prisoner, Huguet or De Mauprat,
Not even a priest, without the special passport
Of Count de Baradas. I 'll hear no more!

JOSEPH.

Just Heaven! and are we baffled thus? Despair!!
Think on the Cardinal's power — beware his anger.

GOVERNOR.

I 'll not be menaced, Priest! Besides, the Cardinal
Is dying and disgraced — all Paris knows it.
You hear the prisoner's knell!

[*Bell tolls.*

JOSEPH.

I do beseech you —

The Cardinal is *not* dying. But one moment,
And — hist! — five thousand pistoles! —

GOVERNOR.

How! a bribe —
And to a soldier, gray with years of honor!
Begone! —

JOSEPH.

Ten thousand — twenty! —

GOVERNOR.

Gaoler! put
This monk without our walls.

JOSEPH.

By those gray hairs —
Yea, by this badge (*touching the cross of St. Louis worn by the* Governor) —
The guerdon of your valor —
By all your toils — hard days and sleepless nights —
Borne in your country's service, noble son —
Let me but see the prisoner! —

GOVERNOR.

No!

JOSEPH.

He hath
Secrets of state — papers in which ——

GOVERNOR (*interrupting*).

I know —
Such was his message to Count Baradas:
Doubtless the Count will see to it!

JOSEPH.

The Count!
Then not a hope! — You shall ——

GOVERNOR.

Betray my trust!
Never — not one word more. — You heard me, gaoler!

JOSEPH.

What can be done? — Distraction! Richelieu yet!
Must — what? — I know not! — Thought, nerve, strength, forsake me.
Dare you refuse the Church her holiest rights?

GOVERNOR.

I refuse nothing — I obey my orders.

JOSEPH.

And sell your country to her parricides!
O, tremble yet! — Richelieu ——

GOVERNOR.

Begone!

JOSEPH.

Undone!

[*Exit* JOSEPH.

GOVERNOR.

A most audacious shaveling — interdicted
Above all others by the Count.

GAOLER.

I hope, Sir,
I shall not lose my perquisites. The Sieur
De Mauprat will not be reprieved?

GOVERNOR.

O, fear not:
The Count's commands by him who came for Mauprat
Are to prepare headsman and axe by noon;

The Count will give you perquisites enough —
Two deaths in one day!

GAOLER.

Sir, may Heaven reward him!
O, by the way, that troublesome young fellow,
Who calls himself the prisoner Huguet's son,
Is here again — implores, weeps, raves to see him.

GOVERNOR.

Poor youth, I pity him!

Enter DE BERINGHEN, *followed by* FRANÇOIS.

DE BERINGHEN (*to* FRANÇOIS).

Now, prithee, friend,
Let go my cloak; you really discompose me.

FRANÇOIS.

No, they will drive me hence: my father! Oh!
Let me but see him once — but once — one moment!

DE BERINGHEN (*to* Governor).

Your servant, Messire; this poor rascal, Huguet,
Has sent to see the Count de Baradas
Upon state secrets, that afflict his conscience.
The Count can't leave his Majesty an instant:
I am his proxy.

GOVERNOR.

The Count's word is law!
Again, young scapegrace! How com'st thou admitted?

DE BERINGHEN.

Oh! a most filial fellow: Huguet's son!
I found him whimpering in the court below.
I pray his leave to say good-by to father,
Before that very long, unpleasant journey,

Father 's about to take. Let him wait here
Till I return.

FRANÇOIS.

No; take me with you.

DE BERINGHEN.

Nay;
After *me*, friend — the Public first!

GOVERNOR.

The Count's
Commands are strict. No one must visit Huguet
Without his passport.

DE BERINGHEN.

Here it is! Pshaw! nonsense!
I 'll be your surety. See, my Cerberus,
He is no Hercules!

GOVERNOR.

Well, you 're responsible.
Stand there, friend. If, when you come out, my Lord,
The youth slip in, 't is *your* fault.

DE BERINGHEN.

So it is!

[*Exit through the door of the cell, followed by the* Gaoler.

GOVERNOR.

Be calm, my lad. Don't fret so. I had once
A father, too! I 'll not be hard upon you,
And so, stand close. I must not *see* you enter:
You understand! Between this innocent youth
And that intriguing monk there is, in truth,
A wide distinction.

Re-enter Gaoler.

Come, we 'll go our rounds;

I 'll give you just one quarter of an hour;
And if my Lord leave first, make my excuse.
Yet stay, the gallery 's long and dark: no sentry
Until he reach the grate below. He 'd best
Wait till I come. If he should lose the way,
We may not be in call.

FRANÇOIS.

I 'll tell him, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Governor *and* Gaoler.

He 's a wise son that knoweth his own father.
I 've forged a precious one! So far, so well!
Alas! what then? this wretch hath sent to Baradas—
Will sell the scroll to ransom life. O Heaven!
On what a thread hangs hope! [*Listens at the door.*
Loud words—a cry!
[*Looks through the keyhole.*
They struggle! Ho!—the packet! ! !
[*Tries to open the door.*
Lost! He has it—
The courtier has it—Huguet, spite his chains,
Grapples!—well done! Now—now! [*Draws back.*
The gallery 's long—
And this is left us!

[*Drawing his dagger, and standing behind the door. Re-enter* DE BERINGHEN, *with the packet.*

Victory!—Yield it robber—
Yield it—or die— [*A short struggle.*

DE BERINGHEN.

Off! ho!—there!—

FRANÇOIS (*grappling with him*).

Death or honor!

[*Exeunt struggling.*

SCENE II.

The King's *closet at the Louvre. A suit of rooms in perspective at one side.*

BARADAS *and* ORLEANS.

BARADAS.

All smiles! the Cardinal's swoon of yesterday
Heralds his death to-day. Could he survive,
It would not be as minister — so great
The King's resentment at the priest's defiance!
All smiles! — And yet, should this accursed De Mauprat
Have given our packet to another — 'Sdeath!
I dare not think of it!

ORLEANS.

You 've sent to search him?

BARADAS.

Sent, Sir, to search? — that hireling hands may find
Upon him, naked, with its broken seal,
That scroll, whose every word is death! No — No —
These hands alone must clutch that awful secret.
I dare not leave the palace, night nor day,
While Richelieu lives — his minions — creatures — spies —
Not one must reach the King!

ORLEANS.

What hast thou done?

BARADAS.

Summoned De Mauprat hither.

ORLEANS.

Could this Huguet,

Who prayed thy presence with so fierce a fervor,
Have thieved the scroll?

BARADAS.

Huguet was housed with us,
The very moment we dismissed the courier.
It cannot be! a stale trick for reprieve.
But, to make sure, I've sent our trustiest friend
To see and sift him. — Hist! — here comes the King —
How fare you, Sire?

Enter LOUIS.

LOUIS.

In the same mind. I have
Decided! — Yes, he would forbid your presence,
My brother — yours, my friend, — then Julie, too!
Thwarts — braves — defies — (*suddenly turning to* BARADAS) We make you minister.
Gaston, for you — the bâton of our armies.
You love me, do you not?

ORLEANS.

O, love you, Sire?
(*Aside.*) Never so much as now.

BARADAS.

May I deserve
Your trust (*aside*) until you sign your abdication!
My liege, but one way left to daunt De Mauprat,
And Julie to divorce. — We must prepare
The death-writ; what, though signed and sealed? we can
Withhold the enforcement.

LOUIS.

Ah, you may prepare it;
We need not urge it to effect.

BARADAS.

Exactly!
No haste, my liege. (*Looking at his watch, and aside.*) He may live one hour longer.

Enter Courtier.

COURTIER.

The Lady Julie, Sire, implores an audience.

LOUIS.

Aha! repentant of her folly! — Well,
Admit her.

BARADAS.

Sire, she comes for Mauprat's pardon,
And the conditions ——

LOUIS.

You are minister —
We leave to you our answer.

[*As Julie enters, the* Captain of the Archers *by another door, and whispers* BARADAS.

CAPTAIN.

The Chevalier
De Mauprat waits below.

BARADAS (*aside*).

Now the despatch!

[*Exit with* Officer.

Enter JULIE.

JULIE.

My liege, you sent for me. I come where Grief
Should come when guiltless, while the name of King

Is holy on the earth ! Here, at the feet
Of Power, I kneel for mercy.

LOUIS.

Mercy, Julie,
Is an affair of state. The Cardinal should
In this be your interpreter.

JULIE.

Alas !
I know not if that mighty spirit now
Stoop to the things of earth. Nay, while I speak,
Perchance he hears the orphan by the throne
Where Kings themselves need pardon; O my liege,
Be father to the fatherless; in you
Dwells my last hope !

Enter BARADAS.

BARADAS (*aside*).

He has not the despatch;
Smiled while we searched, and braves me. — Oh !

LOUIS (*gently*).

What wouldst thou ?

JULIE.

A single life. — You reign o'er millions. — What
Is *one man's* life to you ? — and yet to *me*
'T is France — 't is earth — 'tis everything ! — a life,
A human life — my husband's.

LOUIS (*aside*).

Speak to her,
I am not marble, — give her hope — or —

BARADAS.

Madam,

Vex not your King, whose heart, too soft for justice,
Leaves to his ministers that solemn charge.

[LOUIS *walks up the stage.*

JULIE.

You *were* his friend.

BARADAS.

I *was* before I loved thee.

JULIE.

Loved me!

BARADAS.

Hush, Julie: couldst thou misinterpret
My acts, thoughts, motives, nay, my very words,
Here — in this palace?

JULIE.

Now I know I 'm mad;
Even that memory failed me.

BARADAS.

I am young,
Well-born and brave as Mauprat: — for thy sake
I peril what he has not — fortune — power;
All to great souls most dazzling. I alone
Can save thee from yon tyrant, now my puppet!
Be mine; annul the mockery of this marriage,
And on the day I clasp thee to my breast
De Mauprat shall be free.

JULIE.

Thou durst not speak
Thus in *his* ear (*pointing to* LOUIS). Thou double traitor! — tremble!
I will unmask thee.

BARADAS.

I will say thou ravest.

And see this scroll! its letters shall be blood!
Go to the King, count with me word for word;
And while you pray the life — I write the sentence!

JULIE.

Stay, stay! (*rushing to the* King.) You have a kind
and princely heart,
Though sometimes it is silent: you were born
To *power* — it has not flushed you into madness,
As it doth meaner men. Banish my husband —
Dissolve our marriage — cast me to that grave
Of human ties, where hearts congeal to ice,
In the dark convent's everlasting winter —
(Surely enough for justice — hate — revenge)—
But spare this life, thus lonely, scathed, and bloom-
less;
And when thou stand'st for judgment on thine own,
The deed shall shine beside thee as an angel.

LOUIS (*much affected*).

Go, go, to Baradas: annul thy marriage,
And ——

JULIE (*anxiously, and watching his countenance*).

Be his bride!

LOUIS.

A form, a mere decorum;
Thou know'st I love thee.

JULIE.

O thou sea of shame,
And not one star!

[*The* KING *goes up the stage, and passes through the suit of rooms at the side, in evident emotion.*

BARADAS.

Well, thy election, Julie;
This hand — his grave!

JULIE.

His grave! and I —

BARADAS.

Can save him. —
Swear to be mine.

JULIE.

That were a bitterer death!
Avaunt, thou tempter! I did ask his life
A boon, and not the barter of dishonor.
The heart can break, and scorn you: wreak your malice;
Adrien and I will leave you this sad earth,
And pass together hand in hand to Heaven!

BARADAS.

You have decided.

[*Withdraws to the side scene for a moment, and returns.*

Listen to me, Lady;
I am no base intriguer. I adored thee
From the first glance of those inspiring eyes;
With thee entwined ambition, hope, the future.
I will not lose thee! I can place thee nearest —
Ay, to the throne — nay, on the throne, perchance;
My star is at its zenith. Look upon me;
Hast thou decided?

JULIE.

No, no; you can see
How weak I am: be human, Sir — one moment.

BARADAS (*stamping his foot*, DE MAUPRAT *appears at the side of the stage guarded*).

Behold thy husband! — Shall he pass to death,
And know thou couldst have saved him?

JULIE.

Adrien, speak!
But say you wish to *live!* — if not, your wife,
Your slave, — do with me as you will.

DE MAUPRAT.

Once more! —
Why this is mercy, Count! Oh, think, my Julie,
Life, at the best, is short, — but love immortal!

BARADAS (*taking* JULIE'S *hand*).

Ah, loveliest —

JULIE.

Go, that touch has made me iron.
We have decided — death!

BARADAS (*to* DE MAUPRAT).

Now say to whom
Thou gavest the packet, and thou yet shalt live.

DE MAUPRAT.

I 'll tell thee nothing!

BARADAS.

Hark, — the rack!

DE MAUPRAT.

Thy penance
For ever, wretch! — What rack is like the conscience?

JULIE.

I shall be with thee soon.

BARADAS (*giving the writ to the* Officer).

Hence, to the headsman!

[*The doors are thrown open. The* Huissier *announces* "His Eminence the Cardinal Duc de Richelieu."

Enter RICHELIEU, *attended by* Gentlemen, Pages, *&c., pale, feeble, and leaning on* JOSEPH, *followed by three* Secretaries of State, *attended by* Sub-Secretaries *with papers, &c.*

JULIE (*rushing to* RICHELIEU).

You live — you live — and Adrien shall not die!

RICHELIEU.

Not if an old man's prayers, himself near death,
Can aught avail thee, daughter! Count, you now
Hold what I held on earth: — one boon, my Lord,
This soldier's life.

BARADAS.

The stake, — my head! — you said it.
I cannot lose one trick. — Remove your prisoner.

JULIE.

No! — No! —

Enter LOUIS *from the rooms beyond.*

RICHELIEU (*to* Officer).

Stay, Sir, one moment. My good liege,
Your worn-out servant, willing, Sire, to spare you
Some pain of conscience, would forestall your wishes.
I do resign my office.

DE MAUPRAT.

You!

JULIE.

All's over!

RICHELIEU.

My end draws near. These sad ones, Sire, I love them.

I do not ask his life; but suffer justice
To halt, until I can dismiss his soul,
Charged with an old man's blessing.

LOUIS.

Surely!

BARADAS.

Sire ——

LOUIS.

Silence — small favor to a dying servant.

RICHELIEU.

You would consign your armies to the baton
Of your most honored brother. Sire, so be it!
Your minister, the Count de Baradas;
A most sagacious choice! — Your Secretaries
Of State attend me, Sire, to render up
The ledgers of a realm. — I do beseech you,
Suffer these noble gentlemen to learn
The nature of the glorious task that waits them,
Here, in my presence.

LOUIS.

You say well, my Lord.

[*To* Secretaries, *as he seats himself.*

Approach, Sirs.

RICHELIEU.

I — I — faint! — air — air!

[JOSEPH *and a* Gentleman *assist him to a sofa, placed beneath a window.*

I thank you —

Draw near, my children.

BARADAS.

He 's too weak to question.

Nay, scarce to speak; all 's safe.

SCENE III.

Manent RICHELIEU, MAUPRAT, *and* JULIE, *the last kneeling beside the* Cardinal; *the* Officer of the Guard *behind* MAUPRAT. JOSEPH *near* RICHELIEU, *watching the* King. LOUIS. BARADAS *at the back of the* King's *chair, anxious and disturbed.* ORLEANS *at a greater distance, careless and triumphant. The* Secretaries. *As each* Secretary *advances in his turn, he takes the portfolios from the* Sub-Secretaries.

FIRST SECRETARY.

The affairs of Portugal,
Most urgent, Sire: one short month since the Duke
Braganza was a rebel.

LOUIS.

And is still!

FIRST SECRETARY.

No, Sire, *he has succeeded!* He is now
Crowned King of Portugal — craves instant succor
Against the arms of Spain.

LOUIS.

We will not grant it
Against his lawful king. Eh, Count?

BARADAS.

No, Sire.

FIRST SECRETARY.

But Spain 's your deadliest foe: whatever
Can weaken Spain must strengthen France. The Cardinal
Would send the succors: — (*solemnly*) — balance,
Sire, of Europe!

LOUIS.

The Cardinal! — balance! — We 'll consider. — Eh, Count?

BARADAS.

Yes, Sire; — fall back.

FIRST SECRETARY.

But ——

BARADAS.

Oh! fall back, Sir.

JOSEPH.

Humph!

SECOND SECRETARY.

The affairs of England, Sire, most urgent: Charles
The First has lost a battle that decides
One half his realm, — craves moneys, Sire, and succor.

LOUIS.

He shall have both. — Eh, Baradas?

BARADAS.

Yes, Sire.
(Oh that despatch! — my veins are fire!)

RICHELIEU (*feebly, but with great distinctness*).

My liege —
Forgive me — Charles's cause is lost! A man,
Named Cromwell, risen, — a great man! — your succor
Would fail — your loans be squandered! — Pause — reflect.*

LOUIS.

Reflect. — Eh, Baradas?

---

* See in "Cinq Mars," Vol. V., the striking and brilliant chapter from which the interlude of the Secretaries is borrowed.

BARADAS.

Reflect, Sire.

JOSEPH.

Humph!

LOUIS (*aside*).

I half repent! — No successor to Richelieu! —
Round me thrones totter! — dynasties dissolve! —
The soil he guards alone escapes the earthquake!

JOSEPH.

Our star not yet eclipsed! — you mark the King?
Oh! had we the despatch!

RICHELIEU.

Ah! Joseph! — Child —
Would I could help thee!

Enter Gentleman, *whispers* JOSEPH, *who exit hastily.*

BARADAS (*to* Secretary).

Sir, fall back.

SECOND SECRETARY.

But ——

BARADAS.

Pshaw, Sir!

THIRD SECRETARY (*mysteriously*).

The *secret correspondence*, Sire, most urgent, —
Accounts of spies — deserters — heretics —
Assassins — poisoners — schemes against yourself! —

LOUIS.

Myself! — most urgent! — (*looking on the documents.*)

Re-enter JOSEPH *with* FRANÇOIS, *whose pourpoint is streaked with blood.* FRANÇOIS *passes behind the* Cardinal's Attendants, *and, sheltered by them from the sight of* BARADAS, *&c., falls at* RICHELIEU'S *feet.*

FRANÇOIS.

O my Lord!

RICHELIEU.

Thou art bleeding!

FRANÇOIS.

A scratch — I have not failed —— [*Gives the packet.*

RICHELIEU.

Hush! —

[*Looking at the contents.*

THIRD SECRETARY (*to* King).

Sire, the Spaniards
Have reinforced their army on the frontiers.
The Duc de Bouillon ——

RICHELIEU.

Hold! — In this department —
A paper — here, Sire, — read yourself — then take
The Count's advice in 't.

Enter DE BERINGHEN *hastily, and draws aside* BARADAS.

[RICHELIEU, *to* Secretary, *giving an open parchment.*

BARADAS (*bursting from* DE BERINGHEN).

What! and reft it from thee!
Ha! — hold!

JOSEPH.

Fall back, son, it is your turn now!

BARADAS.

Death! — the despatch!

LOUIS (*reading*).

To Bouillon — and signed Orleans!
Baradas, too! — league with our foes of Spain! —
Lead our Italian armies — what! to Paris! —
Capture the King — my health require repose —

Make me subscribe my proper abdication —
Orleans, my brother, Regent! — Saints of Heaven!
These are the men I loved!

[BARADAS *draws, — attempts to rush out, — is arrested.* ORLEANS, *endeavoring to escape more quickly, meets* JOSEPH'S *eye, and stops short.*

[RICHELIEU *falls back.*

JOSEPH.

See to the Cardinal!

BARADAS.

He 's dying! — and I shall yet dupe the King!

LOUIS (*rushing to* RICHELIEU).

Richelieu! — Lord Cardinal! — 't is *I* resign! —
Reign thou!

JOSEPH.

Alas! too late! — he faints!

LOUIS.

Reign, Richelieu!

RICHELIEU (*feebly*).

With absolute power? ——

LOUIS.

Most absolute! — Oh! live!
If not for me — for France!

RICHELIEU.

FRANCE!

LOUIS.

O this treason! —
The army — Orleans — Bouillon — Heavens! — the Spaniard! —
Where will they be next week? ——

RICHELIEU (*starting up*).

There, — at my feet!

[*To* First *and* Second Secretary.

Ere the clock strike! the Envoys have their answer!

[*To* Third Secretary, *with a ring.*

This to De Chavigny — he knows the rest —
No need of parchment here — he must not halt
For sleep — for food. — In *my* name, — MINE! — he will
Arrest the Duc de Bouillon at the head
Of his army! — Ho there! Count de Baradas,
Thou hast lost the stake! — Away with him! *

[*As the* Guards *open the folding-doors, a view of the anteroom beyond, lined with* Courtiers. BARADAS *passes through the line.*

Ha! — ha! —

[*Snatching* DE MAUPRAT'S *death-warrant from the* Officer.

See here De Mauprat's death-writ, Julie! —
Parchment for battledores! — Embrace your husband! —
At last the old man blesses you!

JULIE.

O joy!
You are saved; you live — I hold you in these arms.

---

* The passion of the drama requires this catastrophe for Baradas. He however survived his disgrace, though stripped of all his rapidly-acquired fortunes; and the daring that belonged to his character won him distinction in foreign service. He returned to France after Richelieu's death, but never regained the same court influence. He had taken the vows of a Knight of Malta, and Louis made him a Prior!

MAUPRAT.

Never to part —

JULIE.

No — never, Adrien — never!

LOUIS (*peevishly*).

One moment makes a startling cure, Lord Cardinal.*

RICHELIEU.

Ay, Sire, for in one moment there did pass
Into this withered frame the might of France! —
My own dear France — I have thee yet — I have
saved thee!
I clasp thee still! — it was thy voice that called me
Back from the tomb! — What mistress like our
country!

LOUIS.

For Mauprat's pardon — well! But Julie, — Richelieu,
Leave me one thing to love! —

RICHELIEU.

A subject's luxury!
Yet, if you must love something, Sire, — *love me!*

LOUIS (*smiling in spite of himself*).

Fair proxy for a young fresh Demoiselle!

---

* The sudden resuscitation of Richelieu (not to strain too much on the real passion which supports him in this scene) is in conformance with the more dissimulating part of his character. The extraordinary mobility of his countenance (latterly so deathlike, save when the mind spoke in the features) always lent itself to stage effect of this nature. The Queen Mother said of him, that she had seen him one moment so feeble, cast down, and "semi-mort," that he seemed on the point of giving up the ghost — and the next moment he would start up full of animation, energy, and life.

RICHELIEU.

Your heart speaks for my clients: — Kneel, my children,
And thank your King. —

JULIE.

Ah, tears like these, my liege,
Are dews that mount to Heaven.

LOUIS.

Rise — rise — be happy.

[RICHELIEU *beckons to* DE BERINGHEN.

DE BERINGHEN (*falteringly*).

My Lord — you are — most — happily — recovered.

RICHELIEU.

But you are pale, dear Beringhen: — this air
Suits not your delicate frame — I long have thought so: —
Sleep not another night in Paris: — Go, —
Or else your precious life may be in danger.
Leave France, dear Beringhen!

DE BERINGHEN.

I shall have time,
More than I asked for, — to discuss the pâté.

[*Exit* DE BERINGHEN.

RICHELIEU (*to* ORLEANS).

For you, repentance — absence — and confession!

[*To* FRANÇOIS.

Never say *fail* again. — Brave boy!

[*To* JOSEPH.

He 'll be —
A bishop first.

JOSEPH.

Ah, Cardinal —

RICHELIEU.

Ah, Joseph!

[*To* LOUIS — *as* DE MAUPRAT *and* JULIE *converse apart.*

See, my liege — see through plots and counterplots —
Through gain and loss — through glory and disgrace —
Along the plains, where passionate Discord rears
Eternal Babel — still the holy stream
Of human happiness glides on!

LOUIS.

And must we
Thank for *that* also our prime Minister?

RICHELIEU.

No — let us own it: — there is ONE above
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world,
Ev'n better than prime ministers! —
Alas!
Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
The dews the wild-flower feeds on, our ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue; — and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath passed away!*

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* The image and the sentiment in the concluding lines are borrowed from a passage in one of the writings attributed to the Cardinal.

POEMS.

EVA.

A TRUE STORY.

I.

THE MAIDEN'S HOME.

A COTTAGE in a peaceful vale;
A jasmine round the door;
A hill to shelter from the gale;
A silver brook before.
O, sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,
In mornings soft with May!
O, silver-clear the waves that flow,
Reflecting heaven, away!
A sweeter bloom to Eva's youth
Rejoicing Nature gave;
And heaven was mirrored in her truth
More clear than on the wave
Oft to that lone, sequestered place
My boyish steps would roam,
There was a look in Eva's face
That seemed a smile of home.
And oft I paused to hear at noon
A voice that sang for glee:
Or mark the white neck glancing down, —
The book upon the knee —

II.

THE IDIOT BOY.

Who stands between thee and the sun? —
A cloud himself, — the Wandering One!
A vacant wonder in the eyes, —
  The mind, a blank, unwritten scroll; —
The light was in the laughing skies,
  And darkness in the Idiot's soul.
He touched the book upon her knee —
  He looked into her gentle face —
"Thou dost not tremble, maid, to see
  Poor Arthur by thy dwelling-place.
I know not why, but where I pass
  The aged turn away;
And if my shadow vex the grass,
  The children cease from play.
My only playmates are the wind,
  The blossom on the bough!
Why are thy looks so soft and kind?
  Thou dost not tremble — thou!"
Though none were by, she trembled not —
  Too meek to wound, too good to fear him:
And, as he lingered on the spot,
  She hid the tears that gushed to hear him. —

III.

PRAYER OF ARTHUR'S FATHER.

"O Maiden!" — thus the sire begun —
  "O Maiden, do not scorn my prayer:

I have a hapless idiot-son,
To all my wealth the only heir:
And day by day, in shine or rain,
He wanders forth, to gaze again
Upon those eyes, whose looks of kindness
Still haunt him in his world of blindness;
A sunless world! — all arts to yield
Light to the mind from Childhood sealed
Have been explored in vain.
Few are his joys on earth; — above,
For every ill a cure is given —
God grant me life to cheer with love
The wanderer's guileless path to Heaven."
He paused — his heart was full — "And now,
What brings the suppliant father here?
Yes, few the joys that life bestows
On him whose life is but repose —
One night, from year to year; —
Yet not so dark, O maid, if thou
Couldst let his shadow catch thy light,
Couldst to his lip that smile allow
Which comes but at thy sight;
Couldst — (for the smile is still so rare,
And oh! so innocent the joy!) —
His presence, though it pain thee, bear,
Nor fear the harmless idiot boy!"
Then Eva's father, from her brow
Parted the golden locks, descending
To veil the sweet face, downwards bending; —
And pointing to the swimming eyes,
The dew-drops glist'ning on the cheek,

"Mourner!" *the happier* father cries,
"These tears her answer speak!"

O, sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,
In mornings soft with May!
O, silver-clear the waves that flow
In summer skies away!
But sweeter looks of kindness seem
O'er human trouble bowed,
And gentle hearts reflect the beam
Less truly than the cloud.

IV.

THE YOUNG TEACHER.

Of wonders on the land and deeps
She spoke, and glories in the sky —
The Eternal life the Father keeps,
For those who learn from Him to die.
So simply did the maiden speak —
So simply and so earnestly,
You saw the light begin to break,
And Soul the Heaven to see;
You saw how slowly, day by day,
The darksome waters caught the ray,
Confused and broken — come and gone —
The beams as yet uncertain are,
But still the billows murmur on,
And struggle for the star.

V.

THE STRANGER-SUITOR.

There came to Eva's maiden home
A Stranger from a sunnier clime;
The lore that Hellas taught to Rome,
The wealth that Wisdom works from Time,
Which ever, in its ebb and flow,
Heaves to the seeker on the shore
The waifs of glorious wrecks below,
The argosies of yore;—
Each gem that in that dark profound
The Past,—the Student's soul can find;
Shone from his thought, and sparkled round
The Enchanted Palace of the Mind.
In man's best years, his form was fair,
Broad brow with hyacinth locks of hair;
A port, though stately, not severe;
An eye that could the heart control;
A voice whose music to the ear
Became a memory to the soul.
It seemed as Nature's hand had done
Her most to mould her kingly son;
But oft beneath the sunlit Nile
The grim destroyer waits his prey,
And dark, below that fatal smile,
The lurking demon lay.

How trustful in the leafy June,
She roved with him the lonely vale;

How trustful by the tender moon,
She blushed to hear a tenderer tale.
O happy Earth! the dawn revives,
Day after day, each drooping flower —
Time to the heart *once* only gives
The joyous Morning-Hour.
"To him — oh, wilt thou pledge thy youth
For whom the world's false bloom is o'er?
My heart shall haven in thy truth,
And tempt the faithless wave no more.
In my far land, a sun more bright
Sheds rose-hues o'er a tideless sea;
But cold the wave, and dull the light,
Without the sunshine found in thee.
Say, wilt thou come, the Stranger's bride,
To that bright land and tideless sea?
There is no sun but by thy side —
My life's whole sunshine smiles in thee!"

Her hand lay trembling on his arm,
Averted glowed the happy face;
A softer hue, a mightier charm,
Grew mellowing o'er the hour — the place;
Along the breathing woodlands moved
A PRESENCE dream-like and divine —
How sweet to love and be beloved,
To lean upon a heart that 's thine!
Silence was o'er the earth and sky —
By silence Love is answered best —
Her answer was the downcast eye,
The rose-cheek pillowed on his breast.

What rustles through the moonlit brake?
What sudden spectre meets their gaze?
What face, the hues of life forsake,
Gleams ghost-like in the ghostly rays?
You might have heard his heart that beat,
So heaving rose its heavy swell —
No more the Idiot — at her feet,
The Dark One, roused to reason, fell.
Loosed the last link that thralled the thought,
The lightning broke upon the blind —
The jealous love the cure had wrought,
The Heart in waking woke the Mind.

VI.

THE MARRIAGE.

To and fro the bells are swinging,
Cheerily, clearly, to and fro;
Gayly go the young girls, bringing
Flowers the fairest June may know.
Maiden, flowers that bloomed and perished
Strewed thy path the bridal day;
May the Hope thy soul has cherished
Bloom when these are passed away!

The Father's parting prayer is said,
The daughter's parting kiss is given;
The tears a happy bride may shed,
Like dews ascend to heaven;
And leave the earth from which they rise,
But balmier airs, and rosier dyes.

VII.

THE HERMIT.

Years fly; beneath the yew-tree's shade
Thy father's holy dust is laid;
The brook glides on, the jasmine blows;
  But where art thou, the wandering wife,
And what the bliss, and what the woes,
  Glassed in the mirror-sleep of life?
For whether life may laugh or weep,
Death the true waking — life the sleep.
None know! afar, unheard, unseen —
The present heeds not what has been;
This herded world, together prest,
Can miss no straggler from the rest —
Not so! Nay, all *one* heart may find,
Where Memory lives, a saint enshrined —
Some altar-hearth, in which our shade
The Household-god of Thought is made,
And each slight relic hoarded yet
With faith more solemn than regret.
Who tenants thy forsaken cot —
  Who tends thy childhood's favorite flowers —
Who wakes, from every haunted spot,
  The Ghosts of buried Hours?
'T is He whose sense was doomed to borrow
From thee the Vision and the Sorrow —
To whom the Reason's golden ray,
  In storms that rent the heart, was given;
The peal that burst the clouds away
  Left clear the face of heaven!

And wealth was his, and gentle birth,
A form in fair proportions cast;
But lonely still he walked the earth —
The Hermit of the Past.
It was not love — that dream was o'er!
No stormy grief, no wild emotion;
For oft, what once was love of yore,
The memory soothes into devotion!
He bought the cot: — The garden flowers —
The haunts his Eva's steps had trod,
Books — thought — beguiled the lonely hours,
That flowed in peaceful waves to God.

VIII.

DESERTION.

She sits, a Statue of Despair,
In that far land, by that bright sea;
She sits, a Statue of Despair,
Whose smile an Angel seemed to be —
An angel that could never die,
Its home the heaven of that blue eye!
The smile is gone for ever there —
She sits, the Statue of Despair!
She knows it all — the hideous tale —
The wrong, the perjury, and the shame; —
Before the bride had left her vale,
Another bore the nuptial name;
Another lives to claim the hand
Whose clasp, in thrilling, had defiled:
Another lives, O God, to brand
The Bastard's curse upon her child!

ANOTHER! — through all space she saw
The face that mocked th' unwedded mother's!
In every voice she heard the Law,
That cried, "Thou hast usurped another's!"
And who the horror first had told? —
From *his* false lips in scorn it came, —
"Thy charms grow dim, my love grows cold;
My sails are spread — Farewell."
Rigid in voiceless marble there —
Come, sculptor, come — behold Despair!

The infant woke from feverish rest —
Its smile she sees, its voice she hears —
The marble melted from the breast,
And all the Mother gushed in tears.

IX.

THE INFANT-BURIAL.

To and fro the bells are swinging,
Heavily heaving to and fro;
Sadly go the mourners, bringing
Dust to join the dust below.
Through the church-aisle, lighted dim,
Chanted knells the ghostly hymn,
Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favillâ!
Mother! flowers that bloomed and perished
Strewed thy path the bridal day;
Now the bud thy grief has cherished,
With the rest has passed away!

Leaf that fadeth — bud that bloometh,
Mingled there, must wait the day
When the seed the grave entombeth
Bursts to glory from the clay.
Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favillâ!
Happy are the old that die,
With the sins of life repented;
Happier he whose parting sigh
Breaks a heart, from sin prevented!
Let the earth thine infant cover
From the cares the living know;
Happier than the guilty lover —
Memory is at rest below!
Memory, like a fiend, shall follow,
Night and day, the steps of Crime;
Hark! the church-bell, dull and hollow,
Shakes another sand from time!
Through the church-aisle, lighted dim,
Chanted knells the ghostly hymn;
Hear it, False One, where thou fliest,
Shriek to hear it when thou diest —
Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favillâ!

X.

THE RETURN.

The cottage in the peaceful vale,
The jasmine round the door,
The hill still shelters from the gale,
The brook still glides before.

Without the porch, one summer noon,
The Hermit-dweller see!
In musing silence bending down,
The book upon his knee.

Who stands between thee and the sun? —
A cloud herself, — the Wandering One! —
A vacant sadness in the eyes,
The mind a razed, defeatured scroll;
The light is in the laughing skies,
And darkness, Eva, in thy soul!
The beacon shaken in the storm
Had struggled still to gleam above
The last sad wreck of human love,
Upon the dying child to shed
One ray — extinguished with the dead:
O'er earth and heaven then rushed the night!
A wandering dream, a mindless form —
A Star hurled headlong from its height,
Guideless its course, and quenched its light.
Yet still the native instinct stirred
The darkness of the breast —
She flies, as flies the wounded bird
Unto the distant nest.
O'er hill and waste, from land to land,
Her heart the faithful instinct bore;
And there, behold the Wanderer stand
Beside her Childhood's Home once more!

XI.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

When earth is fair, and winds are still,
When sunset gilds the western hill,
Oft by the porch, with jasmine sweet,
Or by the brook, with noiseless feet,
  Two silent forms are seen;
So silent they — the place so lone —
They seem like souls, when life is gone,
  That haunt where life has been:
And his to watch, as in the past
  Her soul had watched his soul.
Alas! *her* darkness waits the last,
  The grave the only goal!
It is not what the leech can cure —
  An erring chord, a jarring madness:
A calm so deep, it must endure —
  So deep, thou scarce canst call it sadness;
A summer night, whose shadow falls
On silent hearths in ruined halls.
Yet, through the gloom, she seemed to feel
  His presence like a happier air,
Close by his side she loved to steal,
  As if no ill could harm her there!
And when her looks his own would seek,
  Some memory seemed to wake the sigh,
Strive for kind words she could not speak,
  And bless him in the tearful eye.
O sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,
  In mornings soft with May,

And silver-clear the waves that flow
To shoreless deeps away!
But heavenward from the faithful heart
A sweeter incense stole; —
The onward waves their source desert,
But Soul returns to Soul!

THE FAIRY BRIDE.

A TALE. *

PART I.

"And how canst thou in tourneys shine,
Or tread the glittering festal floor?
On chains of gold and cloth of pile,
The looks of high-born Beauty smile;
Nor peerless deeds, nor stainless line,
Can lift to fame the Poor!"

His Mother spoke; and Elvar sighed —
The sigh alone confessed the truth;
He curbed the thoughts that galled the breast —
High thoughts ill suit the russet vest;
Yet Arthur's Court, in all its pride,
Ne'er saw so fair a youth.

* As the subject of this tale is suggested by one of the Fabliaux, the author has represented Arthur and Guenever according to the view of their characters taken in those French Romances — which he hopes he need scarcely say is very different from that taken in his maturer Poem upon the adventures and ordeal of the Dragon-King.

Far, to the forest's stillest shade,
Sir Elvar took his lonely way;
Beneath an oak, whose gentle frown
Dimmed noon's bright eyes, he laid him down;
And watched a Fount that through the glade
Sang, sparkling up to day.

"As sunlight to the forest tree" —
'T was thus his murmured musings ran —
"And as amidst the sunlight's glow,
The freshness of the fountain's flow —
So — (ah, they never mine may be!) —
Are Gold and Love to Man."

And while he spoke, a gentle air
Seemed stirring through the crystal tides;
A gleam, at first both dim and bright,
Trembled to shape, in limbs of light,
Gilded to sunbeams by the hair
That glances where IT glides;*

Till, clear and clearer, upward borne,
The Fairy of the Fountain rose:
The halo quivering round her grew
More steadfast, as the shape shone through —
O sure, a second, softer Morn
The Elder Daylight knows!

Born from the blue of those deep eyes,
Such love its happy self betrayed

* "With hair that gilds the water as it glides."
MARLOWE, Edw. II.

As only haunts that tender race,
With flower or fount, their dwelling-place —
The darling of the earth and skies
She rose — that Fairy Maid!

"Listen!" she said, and wave and land
Sighed back her murmur, murmurously —
"A love more true than minstrel sings,
A wealth that mocks the pomp of kings,
To him who wins the Fairy's hand
A Fairy's dower shall be.

"But not to those can we belong
Whose sense the charms of earth allure? —
If human love hath yet been thine,
Farewell, — our laws forbid thee mine.
The Children of the Star and Song,
We may but bless the Pure!"

"Dream — lovelier far than e'er, I ween,
Entranced the glorious Merlin's eyes —
Through childhood, to this happiest hour,
All free from human Beauty's power,
My heart unresting still hath been
A prophet in its sighs.

"Though never living shape hath brought
Sweet love, that second life, to me,
Yet over earth, and through the heaven,
The thoughts that pined for love were driven: —
I see thee — and I feel I sought
Through Earth and Heaven for thee!"

PART II.

Ask not the Bard to lift the veil
That hides the Fairy's bridal bower;
If thou art young, go seek the glade,
And win thyself some fairy maid;
And rosy lips shall tell the tale
In some enchanted hour.

"Farewell!" as by the greenwood tree
The Fairy clasped the Mortal's hand —
"Our laws forbid thee to delay —
Not ours the life of every day! —
And Man, alas! may rarely be
The Guest of Fairy-land.

"Back to thy Prince's halls depart,
The stateliest of his stately train:
Henceforth thy wish shall be thy mine —
Each toy that gold can purchase, thine —
A Fairy's coffers are the heart
A mortal cannot drain."

"Talk not of wealth — that dream is o'er! —
These sunny locks be all my gold!"
"Nay! if in courts thy thoughts can stray
Along the fairy-forest way,
Wish but to see thy bride once more —
Thy bride thou shalt behold.

"Yet hear the law on which must rest
Thy union with thine elfin bride;
If ever by a word — a tone —
Thou mak'st our tender secret known,
The spell will vanish from thy breast —
The Fairy from thy side.

"If thou but boast to mortal ear
The meanest charm thou find'st in me,
If" — here his lips the sweet lips seal,
Low murmuring, "Love can ne'er reveal —
It cannot breathe to mortal ear
The charms it finds in thee!"

PART III.

High joust, by Carduel's ancient town,
The Kingly Arthur holds to-day;
Around their Queen, in glittering row,
The Starry Hosts of Beauty glow.
Smile down, ye stars, on his renown
Who bears the wreath away!

O chiefs who gird the Table Round —
O war-gems of that wondrous ring! —
Where lives the man to match the might
That lifts to song your meanest knight,
Who sees preside, on Glory's ground,
His Lady and his King?

What prince, as from some throne afar,
Shines onward — shining up the throng?
Broidered with pearls, his mantle's fold
Flows o'er the mail embossed with gold;
As rides, from cloud to cloud, a star,
The Bright One rode along!

Twice fifty stalwart Squires, in air
The stranger's knightly pennon bore;
Twice fifty Pages, pacing slow,
Scatter his largess as they go;
Calm through the crowd he passed, and, there,
Reined in the Lists before.

Light question in those elder days
The heralds made of birth and name.
Enough to wear the spurs of gold,
To share the pastime of the bold.
"Forwards!" their wands the Heralds raise,
And in the Lists he came.

Now rouse thee, rouse thee, bold Gawaine!
Think of thy Lady's eyes above;
Now rouse thee for thy Queen's sweet sake,
Thou peerless Lancelot of the Lake!
Vain Gawaine's might, and Lancelot's vain! —
They know no Fairy's love.

Before him swells the joyous tromp,
He comes — the victor's wreath is won!
Low to his Queen Sir Elvar kneels,

The helm no more his face conceals;
And one pale form amidst the pomp
Sobs forth — "My gallant son!"

PART IV.

Sir Elvar is the fairest knight
That ever lured a lady's glance;
Sir Elvar is the wealthiest lord
That sits at good King Arthur's board;
The bravest in the joust or fight,
The lightest in the dance.

And never love, methinks, so blest
As his, this weary world has known;
For, every night before his eyes,
The charms that ne'er can fade arise —
A Star unseen by all the rest —
A Life for him alone.

And yet Sir Elvar is not blest —
He walks apart with brows of gloom —
"The meanest knight in Arthur's hall
His ladye-love may tell to all;
He shows the flower that glads his breast —
His pride to boast its bloom!

"And I, who clasp the fairest form
That e'er to man's embrace was given,
Must hide the gift as if in shame!

What boots a prize we dare not name?
The sun must shine if it would warm —
A cloud is all my heaven!"

Much proud Genevra * marvelled, how
A knight so fair should seem so cold;
What if a love for hope too high,
Has chained the lip and awed the eye?
A second joust — and surely now
The secret shall be told.

For, *there*, alone shall ride the brave
Whose glory dwells in Beauty's fame;
Each, for his lady's honor, arms —
His lance the test of rival charms.
Joy unto him whom Beauty gave
The right to gild her name!

Sir Lancelot burns to win the prize —
First in the Lists his shield is seen;
A sunflower for device he took —
"*Where'er thou shinest turns my look.*"
So as he paced the lists, his eyes
Still sought the Sun — his Queen!

"And why, Sir Elvar, loiterest thou? —
Lives there no fair thy lance to claim?"
No answer Elvar made the King;

* As Guenever is often called Genevra in the French Romances, the latter name is here adopted for the sake of euphony.

Sullen he stood without the ring.
"Forwards!" An armèd whirlwind now
On horse and horseman came!

And down goes princely Caradoc —
Down Tristan and stout Agrafrayn, —
Unscathed, alone, amidst the field,
Great Lancelot bears his victor-shield;
The sunflower bright'ning through the shock,
And through that iron rain.

"Sound trumpets, sound! — to South and North!
I, Lancelot of the Lake, proclaim,
That never sun and never air
Or shone or breathed on form so fair
As hers — thrice, trumpets, sound it forth! —
Our Arthur's royal dame!"

And South and North, and West and East,
Upon the thunder-blast it flies!
Still on his steed sits Lancelot,
And even echo answers not;
Till, as the stormy challenge ceast,
A voice was heard — "He lies!"

All turned their mute, astonished gaze
To where the daring answer came,
And lo! Sir Elvar's haughty crest! —
Fierce on the knight the gazers prest; —
Their wands the sacred Heralds raise, —
Genevra weeps for shame.

"Sir Knight," King Arthur smiling said,
(In smiles a king should wrath disguise,)
"Know'st thou, in truth, a dame so fair,
Our Queen may not with her compare?
Genevra, weep, and hide thy head —
Sir Lancelot, yield the prize."

"O, grace, my liege, for surely each
The dame he serves should peerless hold,
To loyal eye and faithful breast
The loved one is the loveliest."
The King replied, "Not crafty speech —
Bold deeds — excuse the bold!

"So name thy fair, defend her right!
A list! — Ho Lancelot, guard thy shield.
Her name?" — Sir Elvar's visage fell:
"A vow forbids the name to tell."
"Now out upon the recreant Knight
Who courts yet shuns the field!

"Foul shame, were royal name disgraced
By some light leman's taunting smile!
Whoe'er — so run the tourney's laws —
Would break a lance in Beauty's cause,
Must name the High-born and the Chaste:
The nameless are the vile."

Sir Elvar glanced, where, stern and high,
The scornful champion reined his steed;
Where o'er the Lists the seats were raised,

And jealous dames disdainful gazed,
He glanced, nor caught one gentle eye —
Courts grow not friends at need:

"King! I have said, and keep my vow."
"Thy vow! I pledge thee mine in turn,
Ere the third sun shall sink, — or bring
A fair outshining yonder ring,
Or find mine oath as thine is now
Inflexible and stern.

"Thy sword, unmeet to serve the right, —
Thy spurs, unfit for churls to wear,
Torn from thee; through the crowd, which heard
Our Lady weep at vassal's word,
Shall hiss the hoot, — 'Behold the knight,
Whose lips belie the fair!'

"Three days I give; nor think to fly
Thy doom; for on the rider's steed,
Though to the farthest earth he ride, —
Disgrace once mounted, clings beside;
And Mockery's barbèd shafts defy
Her victim's swiftest speed."

Far to the forest's stillest shade,
Sir Elvar took his lonely way;
Beneath the oak, whose gentle frown
Still dimmed the noon, he laid him down,
And saw the Fount that through the glade
Sang sparkling up to day.

Alas! in vain his heart addrest,
With sighs, with prayers, his elfin bride; —
What though the vow concealed the name,
Did not the boast the charms proclaim?
The spell has vanished from his breast,
The fairy from his side.

O, not for vulgar homage made,
The holier beauty formed for one;
It asks no wreath the arm can win,
Its lists — its world — the heart within;
All love, if sacred, haunts the shade —
The star shrinks from the sun!

Three days the wanderer roved in vain;
Uprose the fatal dawn at last!
The Lists are set, the galleries raised,
And scorned by all the eyes that gazed,
Alone he fronts the crowd again,
And hears the sentence past.

Now, as, amidst the hooting scorn,
Rude hands the hard command fulfil,
While rings the challenge — "Sun and air
Ne'er shone, ne'er breathed, on form so fair
As Arthur's Queen," — a single horn
Came from the forest hill.

A note so distant and so lone,
And yet so sweet, — it thrilled along,
It hushed the Champion on his steed,

Startled the rude hands from their deed,
Charmed the stern Arthur on his throne,
And stilled the shouting throng.

To North, to South, to East and West,
They turned their eyes; and o'er the plain,
On palfrey white, a Ladye rode;
As woven light her mantle glowed.
Two lovely shapes, in azure drest,
Walked first, and led the rein.

The crowd gave way, as onward bore
That vision from the Land of Dreams;
Veiled was the gentle rider's face,
But not the two her path that grace.
How dim beside the charms they wore
All human beauty seems!

So to the throne the pageant came,
And thus the Fairy to the King:
"Not unto thee for ever dear,
By minstrel's song, to knighthood's ear,
Beseems the wrath that wrongs the vow
Which hallows ev'n a name.

"Bloom there no flowers more sweet by night?
Come, Queen, before the judgment throne;
Behold Sir Elvar's nameless bride!
Now, Queen, his doom thyself decide."
She raised her veil,—and all her light
Of beauty round them shone!

The bloom, the eyes, the locks, the smile,
That never earth nor time could dim; —
Day grew more bright, and air more clear,
As Heaven itself were brought more near. —
And oh! *his* joy, who felt, the while,
That light but glowed for him

"My steed, my lance, vain Champion, now
To arms: and Heaven defend the right!" —
Here spake the Queen, "The strife is past,"
And in the Lists her glove she cast,
"And I myself will crown thy brow,
Thou love-defended Knight!"

He comes to claim the garland crown;
The changeful thousands shout his name;
And faithless beauty round him smiled,
How cold, beside the Forest's Child,
Who asked not love to bring renown,
And clung to love in shame!

He bears the prize to those dear feet:
"Not mine the guerdon! oh, not mine!"
Sadly the fated Fairy hears,
And smiles through unreproachful tears:
"Nay, keep the flowers, and be they sweet
When I — no more am thine!"

She lowered the veil, she turned the rein,
And ere his lips replied was gone.
As on she went her charmèd way,

No mortal dared the steps to stay;
And when she vanished from the plain
All space seemed left alone!

Oh, woe! that fairy shape no more
Shall bless thy love nor rouse thy pride!
He seeks the wood, he gains the spot —
The Tree is there, the Fountain not; —
Dried up: — its mirthful play is o'er.
Ah, where the Fairy-bride?

Alas, with fairies, as with men,
Who love are victims from the birth!
A fearful doom the fairy shrouds,
If once unveiled by day to crowds.
The Fountain vanished from the glen,
The Fairy from the earth!

THE BEACON.

I.

How broad and bright athwart the wave,
Its steadfast light the Beacon gave!
Far beetling from the headland shore,
The rock behind, the surge before, —
How lone and stern and tempest-seared,
Its brow to Heaven the turret reared!
Type of the glorious souls that are
The lamps our wandering barks to light,

With storm and cloud round every star,
The Fire-Guides of the Night!

II.

How dreary was that solitude!
Around it screamed the sea-fowl's brood;
The only sound, amidst the strife
Of wind and wave, that spoke of life,
Except, when Heaven's ghost-stars were pale,
The distant cry from hurrying sail.
From year to year the weeds had grown
O'er walls slow-rotting with the damp;
And, with the weeds, decayed, alone,
The Warder of the lamp.

III.

But twice in every week from shore
Fuel and food the boatmen bore;
And then so dreary was the scene,
So wild and grim the warder's mien,
So many a darksome legend gave
Awe to that Tadmor of the wave,
That scarce the boat the rock could gain,
Scarce heaved the pannier on the stone,
Than from the rock and from the main
Th' unwilling life was gone.

IV.

A man he was whom man had driven
To loathe the earth and doubt the heaven;
A tyrant foe, (beloved in youth,)

Had called the law to crush the truth;
Stripped hearth and home, and left to shame
The broken heart — the blackened name.
Dark exile from his kindred, then,
He hailed the rock, the lonely wild;
Upon the man at war with men
The frown of Nature smiled.

V.

But suns on suns had rolled away;
The frame was bowed, the locks were gray;
And the eternal sea and sky
Seemed one still death to that dead eye;
And Terror, like a spectre, rose
From the dull tomb of that repose.
No sight, no sound, of human-kind;
The hours, like drops upon the stone!
What countless phantoms man may find
In that dark word — "ALONE!"

VI.

Dreams of blue Heaven and Hope can dwell
With Thraldom in its narrowest cell;
The airy mind may pierce the bars,
Elude the chain, and hail the stars:
Canst thou no drearier dungeon guess
In *space*, when space is loneliness?
The body's freedom profits none;
The heart desires an equal scope;
All nature is a gaol to one
Who knows nor love nor hope!

VII.

One day, all summer in the sky,
A happy crew came gliding by,
With songs of mirth, and looks of glee —
A human sunbeam o'er the sea!
"O Warder of the Beacon," cried
A noble youth, the helm beside,
"This summer-day how canst thou bear
To guard thy smileless rock alone,
And through the hum of Nature hear
No heart-beat save thine own?"

VIII.

"I cannot bear to live alone,
To hear no heart-beat save my own;
Each moment, on this crowded earth,
The joy-bells ring some new-born birth;
Can ye not spare one form — but one,
The lowest — least beneath the sun,
To make the morning musical
With welcome from a human sound?"
"Nay," spake the youth — "and is that all?
Thy comrade shall be found."

IX.

The boat sailed on, and o'er the main
The awe of silence closed again;
But in the wassail hours of night,
When goblets go their rounds of light,
And in the dance, and by the side
Of her, yon moon shall mark his bride,

Before that Child of Pleasure rose
The lonely rock — the lonelier one,
A haunting spectre — till he knows
The human wish is won!

X.

Low-murmuring round the turret's base
Wave glides on wave its gentle chase;
Lone on the rock, the warder hears
The oar's faint music — hark! it nears —
It gains the rock; the rower's hand
Aids a gray, time-worn form to land.
"Behold the comrade sent to thee!"
He said — then went. And in that place
The Twain were left; and Misery
And Guilt stood face to face!

XI.

Yes, face to face *once more* arrayed,
Stood the Betrayer — the Betrayed!
Oh, how through all those gloomy years,
When Guilt revolves what Conscience fears,
Had that wronged victim breathed the vow
That, if but face to face — And now,
There face to face with him he stood,
By the great sea, on that wild steep;
Around, the voiceless Solitude,
Below, the funeral Deep!

XII.

They gazed — the Injurer's face grew pale —
Pale writhe the lips, the murmurs fail,

And thrice he strives to speak — in vain! —
The sun looks blood-red on the main,
The boat glides, waning less and less —
No Law lives in the wilderness,
Except Revenge — man's first and last!
Those wrongs — that wretch — could they forgive?
All that could sweeten life was past,
Yet, O how sweet to live!

XIII.

He gazed before, he glanced behind,
There, o'er the steep rock seems to wind
The devious, scarce-seen path, a snake
In slime and sloth might, laboring, make;
With a wild cry he springs; — he crawls;
Crag upon crag he clears; — and falls
Breathless and mute; and o'er him stands,
Pale as himself, the chasing foe —
Mercy! what mean those claspèd hands,
Those lips that tremble so?

XIV.

"Thou hast cursed my life, my wealth despoiled;
My hearth is cold, my name is soiled;
The wreck of what was Man, I stand
'Mid the lone sea and desert land!
Well, I forgive thee all; but be
A human voice and face to me!
O stay — O stay — and let me yet
One thing that speaks man's language know!

The waste hath taught me to forget
That earth once held a foe!"

XV.

O Heaven! methinks, from thy soft skies,
Looked tearful down the angel-eyes;
Back to those walls to mark them go,
Hand clasped in hand — the Foe and Foe!
And when the sun sunk slowly there,
Low knelt the prayerless man in prayer.
He knelt, no more the lonely one;
Within, secure, a comrade sleeps;
That sun shall not go down upon
A desert in the deeps.

XVI.

He knelt — the man who half till then
Forgot his God in loathing men, —
He knelt, and prayed that God to spare
The Foe to grow the Brother there;
And, reconciled by Love to Heaven,
Forgiving — was he not forgiven?
"Yes, man for man thou didst create;
Man's wrongs, man's blessings can atone!
To learn how Love can spring from Hate —
Go, Hate, — and live alone."

THE LAY OF THE MINSTREL'S HEART.

It was the time when Spring on Earth
  Gives Eden to the young; —
On Provence shone the Vesper star;
Beneath fair Marguerite's lattice-bar
  The Minstrel, Aymer, sung: —

"The year may take a second birth,
  But May is swift of wing;
The Heart whose sunshine lives in thee
One May from year to year shall see; —
  Thy love, eternal Spring!"

The Ladye blushed, the Ladye sighed,
  All Heaven was in that Hour!
The Heart he pledged was leal and brave —
And what the pledge the Ladye gave? —
  — Her hand let fall a flower!

And when shall Aymer claim his Bride?
  It is the hour to part!
He goes to guard the Savour's grave; —
Her pledge, a flower, the Maiden gave,
  And *his* — the Minstrel's heart.

Behold, a Cross, a Grave, a Foe!
  What else — Man's Holy Land?
High deeds, that level Rank to Fame,

Have bought young Aymer's right to claim
The high-born Maiden's hand.

High deeds should ask no meed below —
Their meed is in the sky.
The poison-dart, in Victory's hour,
Has pierced the Heart where lies the flower,
And hers its latest sigh!

It is the time when Spring on Earth
Gives Eden to the young,
And harp and hymn proclaim the Bride,
Who smiles, Count Raimond, by thy side, —
The Maid whom Aymer sung!

And, darkly through the wassail mirth,
A pale procession see! —
Turn, Marguerite, from the bridegroom turn —
Thine Aymer's heart — the funeral urn, —
His pledge, comes back to thee!

Lo, on the Urn how withered lies
Thy gift — the scentless flower!
Amid those garlands, fresh and fair,
That prank the hall and glad the air,
What does that withered flower?

One tear bedewed the Ladye's eyes,
No tears beseem the day.
The dead can ne'er to life return,
"A marble tomb shall grace the Urn,"
She said and turned away.

The marble rose the Urn above,
The world went on the same;
The Ladye smiled, Count Raimond's bride,
And flowers, like hers, that bloomed and died,
Each May returning came.

The faded flower, the dream of love,
The poison and the dart,
The tearful trust, the smiling wrong,
The tomb, — behold, O Child of Song,
The History of thy Heart!

NAPOLEON AT ISOLA BELLA.

In the Isola Bella, upon the Lago Maggiore, where the richest vegetation of the tropics grows in the vicinity of the Alps, there is a lofty laurel-tree (the bay), tall as the tallest oak, on which, a few days before the battle of Marengo, Napoleon carved the word "BATTAGLIA." The bark has fallen away from the inscription, most of the letters are gone, and the few left are nearly effaced.

I.

O FAIRY island of a fairy sea,
Wherein Calypso might have spelled the Greek,
Or Flora piled her fragrant treasury,
Culled from each shore her Zephyr's wings could seek. —
From rocks where aloes blow,

Tier upon tier, Hesperian fruits arise;
The hanging bowers of this soft Babylon;

An India mellows in the Lombard skies,
And changelings, stolen from the Lybian sun,
Smile to yon Alps of snow.

II.

Amid this gentlest dream-land of the wave,
Arrested, stood the wondrous Corsican;
As if one glimpse the better angel gave
Of the bright garden-life vouchsafed to man
Ere blood defiled the world.

He stood — that grand Sesostris of the North —
While paused the car to which were harnessed kings;
And in the airs, that lovingly sighed forth
The balms of Araby, his eagle-wings
Their sullen thunder furled.

III.

And o'er the marble hush of those large brows,
Dread with the awe of the Olympian nod,
A giant laurel spread its breathless boughs,
The prophet-tree of the dark Pythian god,
Shadowing the doom of thrones!

What, in such hour of rest and scene of joy,
Stirs in the cells of that unfathomed brain?
Comes back one memory of the musing boy,
Lone gazing o'er the yet unmeasured main,
Whose waifs are human bones?

IV.

To those deep eyes doth one soft dream return?
Soft with the bloom of youth's unrifled spring,
When Hope first fills from founts divine the urn,
And rapt Ambition, on the angel's wing,
Floats first through golden air?

Or doth that smile recall the midnight street,
When thine own star the solemn ray denied,
And to a stage-mime,* for obscure retreat
From hungry Want, the destined Cæsar sighed?—
Still Fate, as then, asks prayer.

V.

Under that prophet-tree thou standest now;
Inscribe thy wish upon the mystic rind;
Hath the warm human heart no tender vow
Linked with sweet household names? — no hope enshrined
Where thoughts are priests of Peace.

Or, if dire Hannibal thy model be,
Dread lest, like him, thou bear the thunder *home!*
Perchance ev'n now a Scipio dawns for thee,
Thou doomest Carthage while thou smitest Rome—
Write, write, "Let carnage cease!"

VI.

Whispers from heaven have strife itself informed; —
"Peace" was our dauntless Falkland's latest sigh,

---

* Talma.

Navarre's frank Henry fed the forts he stormed,
Wild Xerxes wept the hosts he doomed to die!
Ev'n War pays dues to Love!

Note how harmoniously the art of Man
Blends with the Beautiful of Nature! see
How the true Laurel of the Delian
Shelters the Grace! — Apollo's peaceful tree
Blunts ev'n the bolt of Jove.

VII.

Write on the sacred bark such votive prayer,
As the mild Power may grant in coming years,
Some word to make thy memory gentle there;
More than renown, kind thought for men endears
A Hero to Mankind.

Slow moved the mighty hand — a tremor shook
The leaves, and hoarse winds groaned along the wood;
The Pythian tree the damning sentence took,
And to the sun the battle-word of blood
Glared from the gashing rind.

VIII.

So thou hast writ the word, and signed thy doom:
Farewell, and pass upon thy gory way,
The direful skein the pausing Fates resume!
Let not the Elysian grove thy steps delay
From thy Promethean goal.

The fatal tree the abhorrent word retained,
Till the last Battle on its bloody strand
Flung what were nobler had no life remained, —
The crownless front and the disarmèd hand
And the foiled Titan Soul;

IX.

Now, year by year, the warrior's iron mark
Crumbles away from the majestic tree,
The indignant life-sap ebbing from the bark
Where the grim death-word to Humanity
Profaned the Lord of Day.

High o'er the pomp of blooms, as greenly still,
Aspires that tree — the Archetype of Fame,
The stem rejects all chronicle of ill;
The bark shrinks back — the *tree* survives the same —
The *record* rots away.

Baveno, Oct. 8, 1845.

MAZARIN.

FAREWELL TO THE BEAUTIFUL, WITHOUT.

"I was walking, some days after, in the new apartments of his palace. I recognized the approach of the Cardinal (Mazarin) by the sound of his slippered feet, which he dragged one after the other, as a man enfeebled by a mortal malady. I concealed myself behind the tapestry, and I heard him say, 'Il faut quitter tout cela!' ('I must leave all that!') He stopped at every step, for he was very feeble, and casting his eyes on each object that attracted him, he sighed forth, as from the bottom of his heart, 'Il faut quitter tout cela! What pains have I taken to acquire these things! Can I abandon them without regret? I shall never see them more where I am about to go!'" &c. — MEMOIRES INEDITS DE LOUIS HENRI, COMTE DE BRIENNE, *Barrière's Edition*, vol. ii. p. 115.

SERENE the Marble Images
  Gleamed down, in lengthened rows;
Their life, like the Uranides,
  A glory and repose.

Glowed forth the costly canvas spoil
  From many a gorgeous frame;
One race will starve the living toil,
  The next will gild the name.

That stately silence silvering through,
  The steadfast tapers shone
Upon the Painter's pomp of hue,
  The Sculptor's solemn stone.

Saved from the deluge-storm of Time,
  Within that ark, survey

Whate'er of elder Art sublime
Survives a world's decay!

There creeps a foot, there sighs a breath,
Along the quiet floor;
An old man leaves his bed of death
To count his treasures o'er.

Behold the dying mortal glide
Amidst the eternal Art;
It were a sight to stir with pride
Some pining Painter's heart!

It were a sight that might beguile
Sad Genius from the Hour,
To see the life of Genius smile
Upon the death of Power.

The ghost-like master of that hall
Is king-like in the land;
And France's proudest heads could fall
Beneath that spectre hand.

Veiled in the Roman purple, preys
The canker-worm within;
And more than Bourbon's sceptre, sways
The crook of Mazarin.

Italian, yet more dear to thee
Than sceptre, or than crook,
The Art in which thine Italy
Still charmed thy glazing look!

So feebly, and with wistful eyes,
He crawls along the floor;
A dying man, who, ere he dies,
Would count his treasures o'er.

And, from the landscape's soft repose,
Smiled thy calm soul, Lorraine;
And, from the deeps of Raphael, rose
Celestial Love again.

In pomp, which his own pomp recalls,
The haggard owner sees
Thy cloth of gold and banquet halls,
Thou stately Veronese!

While, cold as if they scorned to hail
Creations not their own,
The Gods of Greece stand marble-pale
Around the Thunderer's throne.

There, Hebe brims the urn of gold;
There, Hermes treads the skies;
There, ever in the Serpent's fold,
Laocoön deathless dies.

There, startled from her mountain rest,
Young Dian turns to draw
The arrowy death, that waits the breast
Her slumber failed to awe.

There, earth subdued by dauntless deeds,
And life's large labors done,

Stands, sad as Worth with mortal meeds,
Alcmena's mournful son.*

They gaze upon the fading form
With mute immortal eyes;—
Here, clay that waits the hungry worm,
There, children of the skies.

Then slowly as he tottered by,
The old Man, unresigned,
Sighed forth: "Alas! and must I die,
And leave such life behind?

"The Beautiful, from which I part,
Alone defies decay!"
Still, while he sighed, the eternal Art
Smiled down upon the clay.

And as he waved the feeble hand,
And crawled unto the porch,
He saw the Silent Genius stand
With the extinguished torch!

The world without, for ever yours,
Ye stern remorseless Three;

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* Certainly the Sculptor of the Farnese Hercules well conceived that ideal character of the demigod, which makes Aristotle (Prob. 30) class the grand Personification of Labor amongst the Melancholy. It is the union of mournful repose with colossal power, which gives so profound a moral sentiment to that masterpiece of art.

What, from that changeful world, secures
Calm Immortality?

Nay, soon or late decays, alas!
Or canvas, stone, or scroll;
From all material forms must pass
To forms afresh, the soul.

'T is but in that *which doth create*,
Duration can be sought;
A worm can waste the canvas;— Fate
Ne'er swept from Time a Thought.

Lives Phidias in his works alone?—
His Jove returns to air:
But wake one godlike shape from stone,
And Phidian thought is there!

Blot out the Iliad from the earth,
Still Homer's thought would fire
Each deed that boasts sublimer worth,
And each diviner lyre.

Like light, connecting star to star,
Doth Thought transmitted run:—
Rays that to earth the nearest are,
Have longest left the sun.

ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

FAREWELL TO THE BEAUTIFUL, WITHIN.

"André Chénier, the original of whatever is truest to nature and genuine passion in the modern poetry of France, died at the guillotine, July 27, 1794. In ascending the scaffold, he cried, 'To die so young!' 'And there was something here!' he added, striking his forehead, not in the fear of death, but the despair of genius!" — See THIERS, vol. iv. p. 83.

WITHIN the prison's dreary girth,
The dismal night, before
That morn on which the dungeon Earth
Shall wall the soul no more,

There stood serenest images
Where doomèd Genius lay,
The ever young Uranides
Around the Child of Clay.

On blackened walls and rugged floors
Shone cheerful, through the night,
The stars — like beacons from the shores
Of the still Infinite.

From Ida to the Poet's cell
The Pain-beguilers stole;
Apollo tuned his silver shell
And Hebe brimmed the bowl.

To grace those walls he needed naught
That tint or stone bestows;
Creation kindled from his thought:
He called — and gods arose.

The visions Poets only know
Upon the captive smiled
As bright within those walls of woe,
As on the sunlit child;

He saw the nameless, glorious things
Which youthful dreamers see,
When Fancy first with murmurous wings
O'ershadows bards to be;

Those forms to life spiritual given
By high creative hymn;
From music born — as from their heaven
Are born the Seraphim.*

Forgetful of the coming day,
Upon the dungeon floor
He sat to count, poor child of clay,
The wealth of genius o'er;

To count the gems, as yet unwrought,
But found beneath the soil;
The bright discoveries claimed by thought,
As future crowns for toil.

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* "Aus den Saiten, wie aus ihren Himmeln,
Neugebor 'ne Seraphim." — *Schiller.*

He sees The Work his breath should warm
To life, from out the air;
The Shape of Love his soul should form,
Then leave its birthright there!

He sees the new Immortal rise
From her melodious sea;
The last descendant of the skies
For man to bend the knee —

He sees himself within your shrine,
O hero gods of Fame!
And hears the praise that makes divine
The human holy name.

True to the hearts of men shall chime
The song their lips repeat;
When heroes chant the strain, sublime;
When lovers breathe it, sweet.

Lo, from the brief delusion given,
He starts, as through the bars
Gleams wan the dawn that scares from Heaven
And Thought alike — its stars.

Hark to the busy tramp below!
The jar of iron doors!
The gaoler's heavy footfall slow
Along the funeral floors!

The murmur of the crowd that round
The human shambles throng;
That muffled, sullen thunder-sound —
The Death-cart grates along!

"Alas, so soon! — and must I die,"
He groaned forth unresigned;
"Flit like a cloud athwart the sky,
And leave no wrack behind!

"And yet my Genius speaks to me;
The Pythian fires my brain;
And tells me what my life should be;
A Prophet — and in vain!

"O realm more wide, from clime to clime,
Than ever Cæsar swayed;
O conquests in that world of time
My grand desire surveyed!" —

Blood-red upon his loathing eyes
Now glares the gaoler's torch:
"Come forth, the day is in the skies,
The Death-cart at the porch!"

Pass on! — to thee the Parcæ give
The fairest lot of all; —
In golden poet-dreams to live,
And, ere they fade — to fall!

The shrine that longest guards a Name
Is oft an early tomb;
The Poem most secure of fame
Is — some wronged poet's doom!

THE FIRST VIOLETS.

WHO that has loved knows not the tender tale
Which flowers reveal, when lips are coy to tell?
Whose youth has paused not, dreaming, in the vale
Where the rathe violets dwell?

Lo, where they shrink along the lonely brake
Under the leafless, melancholy tree;
Not yet the cuckoo sings, nor glides the snake,
Nor wild thyme lures the bee;

Yet at their sight and scent entranced and thralled,
All June seems golden in the April skies;
How sweet the days we yearn for, — *till fulfilled:*
O distant Paradise,

Dear Land to which Desire for ever flees;
Time doth no present to our grasp allow,
Say in the fixed Eternal shall we seize
At last the fleeting Now?

Dream not of days to come — of that Unknown
Whither Hope wanders — maze without a clew;

Give their true witchery to the flowers; — thine own
Youth, in their youth renew.

Avarice, remember when the cowslip's gold
Lured and yet lost its glitter in thy grasp.
Do thy hoards glad thee more than those of old?
Those withered in thy clasp,

From *these* thy clasp falls palsied. It was then
That thou wert rich — thy coffers are a lie;
Alas, poor fool, Joy is the wealth of men,
And Care their penury.

Come, foiled Ambition, what hast thou desired?
Empire and power? — O wanderer, tempest-tost!
These once were thine, when life's gay spring inspired
Thy soul with glories lost.

Let the flowers charm thee back to that rich time
When golden Dream-land lay within thy chart,
When Love bestowed a realm indeed sublime —
The boundless human heart.

Hark, hark again, the tread of bashful feet!
Hark the boughs rustling round the trysting-place!
Let air again with one dear breath be sweet,
Earth fair with one dear face.

Brief-lived first flowers — first love! The hours steal on
To prank the world in summer's pomp of hue,

But what can flaunt beneath a fiercer sun
Worth what we lose in you?

Oft by a flower, a leaf, in some loved book
We mark the lines that charm us most; — Retrace
Thy life; — recall its loveliest passage; — Look,
Dead violets keep the place!

LOVE AND DEATH.

O STRONG as the eagle,
O mild as the dove,
How like and how unlike
O Death and O Love!

Knitting earth to the heaven,
The near to the far,
With the step in the dust,
And the eye on the star.

Ever changing your symbols
Of light or of gloom;
Now the rue on the altar,
The rose on the tomb.

From Love, if the infant
Receiveth his breath,
The love that gave life
Yields a subject to Death.

When Death smites the aged,
  Escaping above
Flies the soul re-delivered
  By Death unto Love.

And therefore in wailing
  We enter on life;
And therefore in smiling
  Depart from its strife.

Thus Love is best known
  By the tears it has shed;
And Death's surest sign
  Is the smile of the dead.

The purer the spirit,
  The clearer its view,
The more it confoundeth
  The shapes of the two;

For, if thou lov'st truly,
  Thou canst not dissever
The grave from the altar,
  The Now from the Ever

And if, nobly hoping,
  Thou gazest above,
In Death thou beholdest
  The aspect of LOVE.

GANYMEDE.

"When Ganymede was caught up to Heaven, he let fall his pipe, on which he was playing to his sheep." — ALEXANDER ROSS, *Myst. Poet.*

UPON the Phrygian hill
He sat, and on his reed the shepherd played.
Sunlight and calm: noon in the dreamy glade,
Noon on the lulling rill.

He saw not, where on high
The noiseless eagle of the Heavenly King
Rested, — till rapt upon the rushing wing
Into the golden sky.

When the bright Nectar Hall
And the still brows of bended gods he saw,
In the quick instinct both of shame and awe
His hand the reed let fall.

Soul! that a thought divine
Bears into heaven, — thy first ascent survey!
What charmed thee most on earth is cast away; —
To soar — is to resign!

MEMNON.

WHERE Morning first appears,
Waking the rathe flowers in their Eastern bed,

Aurora still, with her ambrosial tears,
Weeps for her Memnon dead.

Him the Hesperides
Nursed on the marge of their enchanted shore,
And still the smile that then the Mother wore
Dimples the Orient seas.

He died; and lo, the while
The fire consumed his ashes, glorious things,
With joyous songs, and rainbow-tinted wings,
Rose from the funeral pile.

He died; and yet became
A music; and his Theban image broke
Into sweet sounds that with each sunrise spoke
The Mighty Mother's name.

O type, thy truth declare!
Who is the Child of the Melodious Morn?
Who bids the ashes earth receives adorn
With new-born choirs the air?

What can the Statue be
That ever answers with enchanted voices
Each rising sun that on its front rejoices?—
Speak!—"I am Poetry!"

TO A WITHERED TREE IN JUNE.

DESOLATE tree! why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun?

Thou wert not churlish in thy palmier year
Unto the herd;
Tenderly gav'st thou shelter to the deer,
Home to the bird.

And ever once, the earliest of the grove,
Thy smiles were gay,
Opening thy blossoms with the haste of love
To the young May.

Then did the bees, and all the insect wings,
Around thee gleam;
Feaster and darling of the gilded things
That dwell i' the beam.

Thy liberal course, poor prodigal, is sped;
How lonely now!—
How bird and bee, light parasites, have fled
The leafless bough!

"Tell me, sad tree, why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done

To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun?"

"Never," replied that forest-hermit lone,
(Old truth and endless!)
"Never for evil done, but fortune flown,
Are we left friendless.

"Yet wholly, nor for winter nor for storm
Doth Love depart!
We are not all forsaken till the worm
Creeps to the heart!

"Ah naught without, within thee if decay,
Can heal or hurt thee,
Nor boots it, if thy heart itself betray,
Who may desert thee!"

A LAMENT.

I STAND where I last stood with thee!
Sorrow, O sorrow!
There is not a leaf on the trysting tree;
There is not a joy on the earth to me;
Sorrow, O sorrow!
When shalt thou be once again what thou wert?
O the sweet yesterdays fled from the heart!
Have they a morrow?—
Here we stood, ere we parted, so close side by side;

Two lives that once part, are as ships that divide
When, moment on moment, there rushes between
The one and the other, a sea; —
Ah, never can fall from the days that have been
A gleam on the years that shall be!

THE SABBATH.

FRESH glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill!
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of Want may be;
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain, —
A God hath made thee free!

Ah, tender was the Law that gave
This holy respite to the breast,
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know — the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide
What image charms, to lift, thine eyes?
The spire reflected on the tide
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth
This rest from mortal toils is given;

Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth
And pass — a guest to Heaven.

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of Power from old dominion hurled,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since Time itself began,
That fable hath but fooled the hour;
Each age that ripens Power in Man,
But subjects Man to Power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known; —
Man's world awhile hath surely ceast,
When God proclaims his own!

Six days may Rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet-hall;
The seventh the Father opes the door,
And holds His feast for all!

ABSENT, YET PRESENT.

As the flight of a river,
That flows to the sea,
My soul rushes ever
In tumult to thee.

A twofold existence
I am where thou art;
My heart, in the distance,
Beats close to thy heart.

Look up, I am near thee,
I gaze on thy face;
I see thee, I hear thee,
I feel thine embrace.

As a magnet's control on
The steel it draws to it,
Is the charm of thy soul on
The thoughts that pursue it.

And absence but brightens
The eyes that I miss,
And custom but heightens
The spell of thy kiss.

It is not from duty,
Though that may be owed, —
It is not from beauty,
Though that be bestowed;

But all that I care for
And all that I know,
Is that, without wherefore,
I worship thee so.

Through granite as breaketh
A tree to the ray,
As a dreamer forsaketh
The grief of the day,

My soul in its fever
Escapes unto thee;
O dream to the griever,
O light to the tree!

A twofold existence
I am where thou art;
Hark, hear in the distance
The beat of my heart!

THE LAST CRUSADER.

Left to the Saviour's conquering foes,
The land that girds the Saviour's grave;
Where Godfrey's crosier-standard rose,
He saw the crescent-banner wave.

There, o'er the gently broken vale,
The halo-light on Zion glowed;
There Kedron, with a voice of wail,
By tombs * of saints and heroes flowed;

* The valley, Jehoshaphat, through which rolls the torrent of the Kedron, is studded with tombs.

There still the olives silver o'er
The dimness of the distant hill;
There still the flowers that Sharon bore,
Calm air with many an odor fill.

Slowly THE LAST CRUSADER eyed
The towers, the mount, the stream, the plain,
And thought of those whose blood had dyed
The earth with crimson streams in vain!

He thought of that sublime array,
The Hosts that over land and deep
The Hermit marshalled on their way,
To see those towers, and halt to weep!*

Resigned the loved familiar lands,
O'er burning wastes the cross to bear,
And rescue from the Paynim's hands
The empire of a sepulchre!

And vain the hope, and vain the loss,
And vain the famine and the strife:
In vain the faith that bore the Cross,
The valor prodigal of life!

And vain was Richard's lion-soul,
And guileless Godfrey's patient mind —
Like waves on shore, they reached the goal,
To die, and leave no trace behind!

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* See Tasso, Ger. Lib. cant. iii. st. vi.

"O God!" the last Crusader cried,
"And art thou careless of thine own?
For us thy Son in Salem died,
And Salem is the scoffer's throne!

"And shall we leave, from age to age,
To godless hands the Holy Tomb?
Against thy saints the heathen rage —
Launch forth thy lightnings, and consume!"

Swift, as he spoke, before his sight
A form flashed, white-robed, from above;
All Heaven was in those looks of light,
But Heaven, whose native air is love.

"Alas!" the solemn vision said,
Thy God is of the shield and spear —
To bless the Quick and raise the Dead,
The Saviour-God descended here!

"Ask not the Father to reward
The hearts that seek, through blood, the Son;
O Warrior! never by the sword
The Saviour's Holy Land is won!"

THE SOULS OF BOOKS.

I.

Sit here and muse! — it is an antique room —
High-roofed, with casements, through whose purple pane
Unwilling Daylight steals amidst the gloom,
Shy as a fearful stranger.
There THEY reign,
(In loftier pomp than waking life had known,)
The Kings of Thought! — not crowned until the grave.
When Agamemnon sinks into the tomb,
The beggar Homer mounts the Monarch's throne!
Ye ever-living and imperial Souls,
Who rule us from the page in which ye breathe
All that divide us from the clod ye gave! —
Law — Order — Love — Intelligence — the Sense
Of Beauty — Music and the Minstrel's wreath! —
What were our wanderings if without your goals?
As air and light, the glory ye dispense,
Becomes our being — who of us can tell
What he had been, had Cadmus never taught
The art that fixes into form the thought —
Had Plato never spoken from his cell,
Or his high harp blind Homer never strung? —
Kinder all earth hath grown since genial Shakespeare sung!

II.

Hark! while we muse, without the walls is heard
The various murmur of the laboring crowd.
How still, within those archive-cells interred,
The Calm Ones reign! — and yet they rouse the loud
Passions and tumults of the circling world!
From them, how many a youthful Tully caught
The zest and ardor of the eager Bar;
From them, how many a young Ambition sought
Gay meteors glancing o'er the sands afar —
By them each restless wing has been unfurled,
And their ghosts urge each rival's rushing car!
They made yon Preacher zealous for the truth;
They made yon Poet wistful for the star;
Gave Age its pastime — fired the cheek of Youth —
The unseen sires of all our beings are, —

III.

And now so still! This, Cicero, is thy heart:
I hear it beating through each purple line.
This is thyself, Anacreon — yet, thou art
Wreathed, as in Athens, with the Cnidian vine.
I ope thy pages, Milton, and, behold,
Thy spirit meets me in the haunted ground! —
Sublime and eloquent, as while, of old,
"It flamed and sparkled in its crystal bound";*
These *are* yourselves — your life of life! The Wise,
(Minstrel or Sage,) *out* of their books are clay;
But *in* their books, as from their graves, they rise,

* "Comus."

Angels — that, side by side, upon our way,
Walk with and warn us!
Hark! the world so loud,
And *they*, the movers of the world, so still!

What gives this beauty to the grave? the shroud
Scarce wraps the Poet, than at once there cease
Envy and Hate! "Nine cities claim him dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread!"
And what the charm that can such health distil
From withered leaves — of poisons in their bloom?
We call some books immortal! *Do they live?*
If so, believe me, TIME hath made them pure.
In Books, the veriest wicked rest in peace —
God wills that nothing evil should endure;
The grosser parts fly off and leave the whole,
As the dust leaves the disembodied soul!
Come from thy niche, Lucretius! Thou didst give
Man the black creed of Nothing in the tomb!
Well, when we read thee, does the dogma taint?
No; with a listless eye we pass it o'er,
And linger only on the hues that paint
The Poet's spirit lovelier than his lore.
None learn from thee to cavil with their God,
None commune with thy genius to depart
Without a loftier instinct of the heart.
Thou mak'st no Atheist — thou but mak'st the mind
Richer in gifts which Atheists best confute —
FANCY AND THOUGHT! 'Tis these that from the sod
Lift us! The Life which soars above the brute

Ever and mightiest, breathes from a great Poet's lute!
Lo! that grim Merriment of Hatred; * — born
Of him, — the Master-Mocker of Mankind,
Beside the grin of whose malignant spleen,
Voltaire's gay sarcasm seems a smile serene, —
Do we not place it in our children's hands,
Leading young Hope through Lemuel's fabled lands?—
God's and man's libel in that foul yahoo! —
Well, and what mischief can the libel do?
O impotence of Genius to belie
Its glorious task — its mission from the sky!
Swift wrote this book to wreak a ribald scorn
On aught the Man should love or Priest should mourn —
And lo! the book, from all its ends beguiled,
A harmless wonder to some happy child!

IV.

All books grow homilies by time; they are
Temples, at once, and Landmarks. In them, we
Who *but* for them, upon that inch of ground
We call "THE PRESENT," from the cell could see
No daylight trembling on the dungeon bar;
Turn, as we list, the globe's great axle round,
Traverse all space, and number every star,
And feel the Near less household than the Far!
There is no Past, so long as Books shall live!
A disinterred Pompeii wakes again
For him who seeks yon well; lost cities give

* "Gulliver's Travels."

Up their untarnished wonders, and the reign
Of Jove revives and Saturn: — At our will
Rise dome and tower on Delphi's sacred hill;
Bloom Cimon's trees in Academe; * — along
Leucadia's headland, sighs the Lesbian's song;
With Ægypt's Queen once more we sail the Nile,
And learn how worlds are bartered for a smile; —
Rise up, ye walls, with gardens blooming o'er,
Ope but that page — lo, Babylon once more!

V.

Ye make the Past our heritage and home;
And is this all? No; by each prophet-sage —
No; by the herald souls that Greece and Rome
Sent forth, like hymns, to greet the Morning Star
That rose on Bethlehem — by thy golden page,
Melodious Plato — by thy solemn dreams,
World-wearied Tully! — and, above ye all,
By THIS, the Everlasting Monument
Of God to mortals, on whose front the beams
Flash glory-breathing day — our lights ye are
To the dark Bourne beyond; in you are sent
The types of Truths whose life is THE TO-COME;
In you soars up the Adam from the fall;
In you the FUTURE as the PAST is given —
Ev'n in our death ye bid us hail our birth; —
Unfold these pages, and behold the Heaven,
Without one grave-stone left upon the Earth?

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* "Plut. in Vit. Cim."

THE BEAUTIFUL DESCENDS NOT.

In Cyprus, looking on the lovely sky,
Lone by the marge of music-haunted streams,
A youthful poet prayed: "Descend from high,
Thou of whose face each youthful poet dreams.
Once more, Urania, to the earth be given
The beauty that makes beautiful the heaven."

Swift to a silver cloudlet, floating o'er,
A rushing Presence rapt him as he prayed;
What he beheld I know not, but once more
The midnight heard him sighing to the shade,
"Again, again unto the earth be given
The beauty that makes beautiful the heaven."

"In vain," a sweet voice answered from the star,
"Her grace on thee Urania did bestow:
Unworthy he the loftier realms afar,
Who woos the gods above to earth below;
Rapt to the Beautiful thy soul must be,
And not the Beautiful debased to thee!"

THE LONG LIFE AND THE FULL LIFE.

IMITATED FROM CLAUDIAN'S "OLD MAN OF VERONA."

In mine own hamlet, where amidst the green
By moss-grown pales white gleaming cots are seen,
There dwelt a peasant in his eightieth year,
Dear to my childhood — now to memory dear;
In the same hut in which his youth had passed
Dwelt his calm age, till earth received at last;
Where first his infant footsteps tottering ran,
Propped on his staff crawled forth the hoary man;
That quiet life no varying fates befell,
The patriarch sought no Laban's distant well;
Of Rothschild's wealth, of Wellesley's mighty name,
To that sealed ear no faintest murmur came.
His grand event was when the barn took fire,
His world the parish, and his king the squire.
Nor clock nor kalend kept account with time,
Suns told his days, his weeks the Sabbath chime;
His spring the jasmine silvering round his door,
And reddening apples spoke of summer o'er.
To him the orb that set o'er yonder trees,
Tired like himself, lit no antipodes;
And the vast world of human fears and hopes
Closed to his sight where yon horizon slopes. —
That beech which now o'ershadows half the way,
He saw it planted in my grandsire's day;
Rooted alike where first they braved the weather,

He and the oaks he loved grew old together.
Not ten miles distant stands our County-hall —
To him remoter than to thee Bengal;
And the next shire appeared to him to be
What seas that closed on Franklin seem to thee.

Thus tranquil on that happy ignorance bore
The green old age still hearty at fourscore;
To him, or me — with half the world explored,
And half his years — did life the more afford?
There the gray hairs, and here the furrowed breast!
Ask, first — is life a journey or a rest?
If rest, old Man, long life indeed was thine;
But if a journey — oh, how short to mine!

MONEY.

"'T is a very good world we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'T is the very worst world that ever was known."

Old Truism.

„Und, es herrscht der Erde Gott, das Geld."

SCHILLER.

Dedicated to

JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.,

Author of "The Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth."

A SLIGHT MEMORIAL

OF SINCERE RESPECT AND CORDIAL FRIENDSHIP;

ALTHOUGH

(FOR WE ARE ALL HUMAN!)

HE HAS IN ONE INSTANCE, AND BUT ONE,

SUFFERED HIS JUDGMENT TO BE MISLED BY TOO GREAT A REGARD FOR

"MONEY!"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD GLOSSMORE.
SIR JOHN VESEY, Bart., Knight of the Guelph, F.R.S., F S.A
SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.
STOUT.
GRAVES.
EVELYN.
CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH.
SHARP.
TOKE.
FRANTZ, *Tailor.*
TABOURET, *Upholsterer.*
MACFINCH, *Jeweller and Silversmith.*
MACSTUCCO, *Architect.*
KITE, *Horse-dealer.*
CRIMSON, *Portrait-painter.*
GRAB, *Publisher.*
PATENT, *Coach-builder.*

*Members of the * * * Club, Servants, &c.*

LADY FRANKLIN, *half-sister to Sir John Vesey.*
GEORGINA, *daughter to Sir John.*
CLARA, *companion to Lady Franklin, cousin to Evelyn.*

Scene — London, 1840.

MONEY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.— *A drawing-room in* SIR JOHN VESEY'S *house; folding-doors at the back, which open on another drawing-room. To the right, a table, with newspapers, books, &c. to the left, a sofa writing-table.*

SIR JOHN, GEORGINA.

Sir John (*reading a letter edged with black*). Yes, he says at two precisely. "Dear Sir John, as since the death of my sainted Maria," — Hum! — that's his wife; she made him a martyr, and now he makes her a saint!

Georgina. Well, as since her death? —

Sir John (*reading*). "I have been living in chambers, where I cannot so well invite ladies, you will allow me to bring Mr. Sharp, the lawyer, to read the will of the late Mr. Mordaunt (to which I am appointed executor) at your house, — your daughter being the nearest relation. I shall be with you at two precisely. — Henry Graves."

Georg. And you really feel sure that poor Mr Mordaunt has made me his heiress?

Sir John. Ay, the richest heiress in England

Can you doubt it? Are you not his nearest relation? Niece by your poor mother, his own sister. All the time he was making this enormous fortune in India did we ever miss sending him little reminiscences of our disinterested affection? When he was last in England, and you only so high, was not my house his home? Did n't I get a surfeit out of complaisance to his execrable curries and pillaws? Did n't he smoke his hookah — nasty old — that is, poor dear man — in my best drawing-room? And did n't you make a point of calling him your "handsome uncle"? — for the excellent creature was as vain as a peacock, —

Georg. And so ugly, —

Sir John. The dear deceased! Alas, he *was*, indeed, — like a kangaroo in a jaundice! And *if*, after all these marks of attachment, you are *not* his heiress, why then the finest feelings of our nature — the ties of blood — the principles of justice — are implanted in us in vain.

Georg. Beautiful, sir. Was not that in your last speech at the Freemasons' Tavern, upon the great Chimney-sweep Question?

Sir John. Clever girl! — what a memory she has! Sit down, Georgy. Upon this most happy — I mean melancholy — occasion, I feel that I may trust you with a secret. You see this fine house — our fine servants — our fine plate — our fine dinners: every one thinks Sir John Vesey a rich man.

Georg. And are you not, papa?

Sir John. Not a bit of it, — all humbug, child, —

all humbug, upon my soul! As you hazard a minnow to hook in a trout, so one guinea thrown out with address is often the best bait for a hundred. There are two rules in life, — FIRST, Men are valued not for what they *are*, but what they *seem* to be. SECONDLY, If you have no merit or money of your own, you must trade on the merits and money of other people. My father got the title by services in the army, and died penniless. On the strength of his services I got a pension of 400*l.* a year; on the strength of 400*l.* a year I took credit for 800*l.*; on the strength of 800*l.* a year I married your mother with 10,000*l.*; on the strength of 10,000*l.* I took credit for 40,000*l.*, and paid Dicky Gossip three guineas a week to go about everywhere calling me "Stingy Jack!"

Georg. Ha! ha! A disagreeable nickname.

Sir John. But a valuable reputation. When a man is called stingy, it is as much as calling him rich; and when a man's called rich, why he's a man universally respected. On the strength of my respectability I wheedled a constituency, changed my politics, resigned my seat to a minister, who, to a man of such stake in the country, could offer nothing less in return than a patent office of 2,000*l.* a year. That's the way to succeed in life. Humbug, my dear! — all humbug, upon my soul.

Georg. I must say that you —

Sir John. Know the world, to be sure. Now, for your fortune. As I spend more than my income, I can have nothing to leave you; yet, even without

counting your uncle, you have always passed for an heiress on the credit of your expectations from the savings of "Stingy Jack." The same with your education. I never grudged anything to make a show, — never stuffed your head with histories and homilies; but you draw, you sing, you dance, you walk well into a room; and that's the way young ladies are educated now-a-days, in order to become a pride to their parents, and a blessing to their husband, — that is, when they have caught him. Apropos of a husband: you know we thought of Sir Frederick Blount.

Georg. Ah, papa, he is charming.

Sir John. He *was so*, my dear, before we knew your poor uncle was dead; but an heiress such as you will be should look out for a duke. Where the deuce is Evelyn this morning?

Georg. I've not seen him, papa. What a strange character he is! — so sarcastic; and yet he can be agreeable.

Sir John. A humorist, — a cynic! one never knows how to take him! My private secretary — a poor cousin — has not got a shilling, and yet, hang me if he does not keep us all at a sort of a distance.

Georg. But why do you take him to live with us, papa, since there's no good to be got by it?

Sir John. There you are wrong; he has a great deal of talent; prepares my speeches, writes my pamphlets, looks up my calculations. My Report on the last Commission has got me a great deal of

fame, and has put me at the head of the new one. Besides, he *is* our cousin, — he has no salary: kindness to a poor relation always tells well in the world: and Benevolence is a useful virtue, — particularly when you can have it for nothing! With our other cousin, Clara, it was different: her father thought fit to leave me her guardian, though she had not a penny, — a mere useless encumbrance; so, you see, I got my half-sister, Lady Franklin, to take her off my hands.

Georg. How much longer is Lady Franklin's visit to be?

Sir John. I don't know, my dear; the longer the better, — for her husband left her a good deal of money at her own disposal. Ah, here she comes!

SCENE II.

LADY FRANKLIN, CLARA, SIR JOHN, GEORGINA.

Sir John. My dear sister, we were just loud in your praises. But how's this? — not in mourning?

Lady F. Why should I go into mourning for a man I never saw?

Sir John. Still there may be a legacy.

Lady F. Then there'll be less cause for affliction! Ha! ha! my dear Sir John, I'm one of those who think feelings a kind of property, and never take credit for them upon false pretences.

Sir John (*aside*). Very silly woman! But, Clara,

I see you are more attentive to the proper decorum. yet you are very, *very*, VERY distantly connected with the deceased, — a third cousin, I think?

Clara. Mr. Mordaunt once assisted my father, and these poor robes are all the gratitude I can show him.

Sir John. Gratitude! humph! I am afraid the minx has got expectations.

Lady F. So, Mr. Graves is the executor, — the will is addressed to him? The same Mr. Graves who is always in black, — always lamenting his ill fortune and his sainted Maria, who led him the life of a dog?

Sir John. The very same. His liveries are black, — his carriage is black, — he always rides a black galloway, — and, faith, if he ever marry again, I think he will show his respect to the sainted Maria by marrying a black woman.

Lady F. Ha! ha! we shall see. — (*Aside.*) Poor Graves, I always liked him: he made an excellent husband.

Enter EVELYN (*seats himself, and takes up a book unobserved*).

Sir John. What a crowd of relations this Will brings to light! Mr. Stout, the Political Economist, — Lord Glossmore —

Lady F. Whose grandfather kept a pawnbroker's shop, and who, accordingly, entertains the profoundest contempt for everything popular, *parvenu*, and plebeian.

Sir John. Sir Frederick Blount —

Lady F. Sir Fwedewick Blount, who objects to the letter R as being too *w*ough, and therefore d*w*ops its acquaintance: one of the new class of prudent young gentlemen, who, not having spirits and constitution for the hearty excesses of their predecessors, entrench themselves in the dignity of a lady-like languor. A man of fashion in the last century was riotous and thoughtless; in this he is tranquil and egotistical. He never does anything that is silly, or says anything that is wise. I beg your pardon, my dear; I believe Sir Frederick is an admirer of yours, provided, on reflection, he does not see "what harm it could do him" to fall in love with your beauty and expectations. Then, too, our poor cousin the scholar, — O, Mr. Evelyn, there you are!

Sir John. Evelyn, — the very person I wanted: where have you been all day? Have you seen to those papers? — have you written my epitaph on poor Mordaunt? — Latin, you know? — have you reported my speech at Exeter Hall? — have you looked out the debates on the Customs? — and, oh, have you mended up all the old pens in the study?

Georg. And have you brought me the black floss silk? — have you been to Storr's for my ring? — and, as we cannot go out on this melancholy occasion, did you call at Hookham's for the last H B. and the Comic Annual?

Lady F. And did you see what was really the matter with my bay horse? — did you get me the Opera-box? — did you buy my little Charley his peg-top?

Evelyn (*always reading*). Certainly, Paley is right upon that point; for, put the syllogism thus —— (*looking up*) Ma'am — Sir — Miss Vesey — you want something of me? —— Paley observes, that to assist even the undeserving tends to the better regulation of our charitable feelings — No apologies — I am quite at your service.

Sir John. Now he 's in one of his humors!

Lady F. You allow him strange liberties, Sir John.

Evelyn. You will be the less surprised at that, madam, when I inform you that Sir John allows me nothing else. — I am now about to draw on his benevolence.

Lady F. I beg your pardon, sir, and like your spirit. Sir John, I 'm in the way, I see; for I know your benevolence is so delicate that you never allow any one to detect it! [*Walks aside.*

Evelyn. I could not do your commissions to-day, — I have been to visit a poor woman, who was my nurse and my mother's last friend. She is very poor, *very* — sick — dying — and she owes six months' rent!

Sir John. You know I should be most happy to do anything for yourself. But the nurse — (*Aside.* Some people's nurses are always ill!) — there are so many impostors about! — We 'll talk of it to-morrow. This most mournful occasion takes up all my attention. (*Looking at his watch.*) Bless me! so late! I 've letters to write, and — none of the pens are mended! [*Exit.*

Georg. (*taking out her purse*). I think I will give it to him — and yet, if I don't get the fortune after all! — Papa allows me so little! — then I *must* have those ear-rings (*puts up the purse*). Mr. Evelyn, what is the address of your nurse?

Evelyn (*writes and gives it*). She has a good heart with all her foibles! — Ah! Miss Vesey, if that poor woman had not closed the eyes of my lost mother, Alfred Evelyn would not have been this beggar to your father.

[CLARA *looks over the address.*

Georg. I will certainly attend to it — (*aside*) if I get the fortune.

Sir John (*calling without*). Georgy, I say!

Georg. Yes, papa. [*Exit.*

[EVELYN *has seated himself again at the table* (*to the right*) *and leans his face on his hands.*

Clara. His noble spirit bowed to this! — Ah, at least here I may give him comfort — (*sits down to write*). But he will recognize my hand.

Lady F. What bill are you paying, Clara? — putting up a bank-note?

Clara. Hush! — O Lady Franklin, you are the kindest of human beings. This is for a poor person — I would not have her know whence it came, or she would refuse it. Would you? — No, — he knows *her* handwriting also!

Lady F. Will I — what? — give the money myself? — with pleasure! Poor Clara — Why this covers all your savings — and I am so rich!

Clara. Nay, I would wish to do all myself! — it is a pride — a duty — it is a joy; and I have so few joys! But, hush! — this way.

[*They retire into the inner room and converse in dumb show.*

Evelyn. And thus must I grind out my life forever! — I am ambitious, and Poverty drags me down! — I have learning, and Poverty makes me the drudge of fools! — I love, and Poverty stands like a spectre before the altar! But no, no — if, as I believe, I am but loved again, I will — will — what? — turn opium-eater, and dream of the Eden I may never enter!

Lady F. (*to Clara*). Yes, I will get my maid to copy and direct this — she writes well, and *her* hand will never be discovered. I will have it done and sent instantly. [*Exit.*

[CLARA *advances to the front of the stage and seats herself* — EVELYN *reading* — *Enter* SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.

SCENE III.

CLARA, EVELYN, SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.

Blount. No one in the woom! — O, Miss Dougas! — Pway don't let me disturb you. Where is Miss Vesey — Georgina?

[*Taking* CLARA'S *chair as she rises.*

Evelyn (*looking up, gives Clara a chair and reseats himself*). (*Aside.*) Insolent puppy!

Clara. Shall I tell her you are here, Sir Frederick?

Blount. Not for the world. Vewy pwetty girl this companion!

Clara. What did you think of the Panorama the other day, cousin Evelyn?

Evelyn (*reading*).

"I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss gentleman that's all perfume!"

Rather good lines these.

Blount. Sir!

Evelyn (*offering the book*). Don't you think so? — Cowper.

Blount (*declining the book*). Cowper!

Evelyn. Cowper.

Blount (*shrugging his shoulders, to Clara*). Stwange person, Mr. Evelyn! — quite a chawacter! — Indeed, the Panowama gives you no idea of Naples — a delightful place. I make it a wule to go there evewy second year — I am vewy fond of twavelling. You'd like Wome (Rome) — bad inns, but vewy fine wuins; gives you quite a taste for that sort of thing!

Evelyn (*reading*).

"How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home!"

Blount (*aside*). That fellow Cowper says vewy odd things! — Humph! — it is beneath me to quaw-well. — (*Aloud.*) It will not take long to wead the

will, I suppose. Poor old Mordaunt! — I am his nearest male welation. He was vewy eccentwic. By the way, Miss Douglas, did you wemark my cuwicle? It is bwinging cuwicles into fashion. I should be most happy if you will allow me to dwive you out. Nay — nay — I should, upon my word.

[*Trying to take her hand.*

Evelyn (*starting up*). A wasp! — a wasp! — just going to settle. Take care of the wasp, Miss Douglas!

Blount. A wasp! — where? — don't bwing it this way. — Some people don't mind them! I've a particular dislike to wasps; they sting damnably!

Evelyn. I beg pardon — it's only a gad-fly.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir John will be happy to see you in his study, Sir Frederick. [*Exit* Servant.

Blount. Vewy well. Upon my word, there is something vewy nice about this girl. To be sure, I love Georgina — but if this one would take a fancy to me (*thoughtfully*) — Well, I don't see what harm it could do me! — *Au plaisir!*

SCENE IV.

EVELYN *and* CLARA.

Evelyn. Clara!

Clara. Cousin!

Evelyn. And you, too, are a dependant!

Clara. But on Lady Franklin, who seeks to make me forget it.

Evelyn. Ay, but can the world forget it? This insolent condescension — this coxcombry of admiration — more galling than the arrogance of contempt! Look you now — Robe Beauty in silk and cashmere — hand Virtue into her chariot — lackey their caprices — wrap them from the winds — fence them round with a golden circle — and Virtue and Beauty are as goddesses both to peasant and to prince. Strip them of the adjuncts — see Beauty and Virtue poor — dependent — solitary — walking the world defenceless; oh, *then* the devotion changes its character — the same crowd gather eagerly around — fools, fops, libertines — not to worship at the shrine, but to sacrifice the victim!

Clara. My cousin, you are cruel!

Evelyn. Forgive me! There is a something when a man's heart is better than his fortunes, that makes even affection bitter. Mortification for myself — it has ceased to chafe me. I can mock where I once resented. But *you* — YOU, so delicately framed and nurtured — one slight to you — one careless look — one disdainful tone — makes me feel the true curse of the poor man. His pride gives armor to *his own* breast, but it has no shield to protect another!

Clara. But I, too, have pride of my own; I, too, can smile at the pointless insolence —

Evelyn. Smile — and he took your hand! O, Clara, you know not the tortures that I suffer hourly! When others approach you — young, fair, rich,

— the sleek darlings of the world — I accuse you of your very beauty — I writhe beneath every smile that you bestow. No — speak not! — my heart has broken its silence, and you shall hear the rest. For you I have endured the weary bondage of this house — the fool's gibe — the hireling's sneer — the bread purchased by toils that should have led me to loftier ends: yes, to see you — hear you — breathe the same air — be ever at hand — that if others slighted, from one at least you might receive the luxury of respect: — for this — for this I have lingered, suffered, and forborne. O, Clara, we are orphans both — friendless both: you are all in the world to me: turn not away — my very soul speaks in these words — I LOVE YOU!

Clara. No — Evelyn — Alfred — No! say it not; think it not! it were madness.

Evelyn. Madness! Nay, hear me yet. I am poor, penniless — a beggar for bread to a dying servant. True! But I have a heart of iron! I have knowledge — patience — health, — and my love for you gives me at last ambition! I have trifled with my own energies till now, for I despised all things till I loved you. With you to toil for — your step to support — your path to smooth — and I — I poor Alfred Evelyn — promise at last to win for you even fame and fortune! Do not withdraw your hand — *this* hand — shall it not be mine?

Clara. Ah, Evelyn! Never — never!

Evelyn. Never!

Clara. Forget this folly; our union is impossible, and to talk of love were to deceive both!

Evelyn (*bitterly*). Because I am poor!

Clara. And *I too!* A marriage of privation — of penury — of days that dread the morrow! I have seen such a lot! Never return to this again.

Evelyn. Enough — you are obeyed. I deceived myself — ha! ha! — I fancied that I too was loved. I, whose youth is already half gone with care and toil! — whose mind is soured — whom nobody *can* love — who ought to have loved no one!

Clara (*aside*). And if it were only *I* to suffer, or perhaps to starve! O, what shall I say? (*Aloud.*) Evelyn — Cousin!

Evelyn. Madam.

Clara. Alfred — I — I —

Evelyn. Reject me!

Clara. Yes! It is past! [*Exit.*

Evelyn. Let me think. It was yesterday her hand trembled when mine touched it. And the rose I gave her — yes, she pressed her lips to it once when she seemed as if she saw me not. But it was a trap — a trick — for I was as poor then as now. This will be a jest for them all! Well, courage! it is but a poor heart that a coquet's contempt can break! And now, that I care for no one, the world is but a great chess-board, and I will sit down in earnest and play with Fortune.

Enter LORD GLOSSMORE, *preceded by* Servant.

Servant. I will tell Sir John, my Lord.

[EVELYN *takes up the newspaper.*

Gloss. The secretary — hum! Fine day, sir; any news from the East?

Evelyn. Yes! — all the wise men have gone back there!

Gloss. Ha! ha! — not all, for here comes Mr Stout, the great political economist.

SCENE V.

STOUT, GLOSSMORE, EVELYN.

Stout. Good morning, Glossmore.

Gloss. *Glossmore!* — the parvenu!

Stout. Afraid I might be late — Been detained at the Vestry — Astonishing how ignorant the English poor are! Took me an hour and a half to beat it into the head of a stupid old widow, with nine children, that to allow her three shillings a week was against all the rules of public morality!

Evelyn. Excellent! — admirable! — your hand, sir!

Gloss. What! you approve such doctrines, Mr. Evelyn? Are old women only fit to be starved?

Evelyn. Starved! popular delusion! Observe, my Lord — to squander money upon those who starve is only to afford encouragement to starvation!

Stout. A very superior person that!

Gloss. Atrocious principles! Give me the good old times when it was the duty of the rich to succor the distressed.

Evelyn. On second thoughts, *you* are right, my

Lord. I, too, know a poor woman — ill — dying — in want. Shall *she*, too, perish?

Gloss. Perish! horrible! — in a Christian country. Perish! Heaven forbid!

Evelyn (*holding out his hand*). What, then, will you give her?

Gloss. Ehem! Sir — the parish ought to give.

Stout. No! — No! — No! Certainly not! (*with great vehemence.*)

Gloss. No! no! But I say yes! yes! And if the parish refuse to maintain the poor, the only way left to a man of firmness and resolution, holding the principles that I do, and adhering to the constitution of our fathers, is to force the poor *on* the parish by never giving them a farthing one's self.

SCENE VI.

SIR JOHN, BLOUNT, LADY FRANKLIN, GEORGINA, GLOSSMORE, STOUT, EVELYN.

Sir John. How d'ye do? — Ah! How d'ye do, gentlemen? This is a most melancholy meeting! The poor deceased! what a man he was!

Blount. I was chwistened Fwedewick after him! He was my first cousin.

Sir John. And Georgina his own niece — next of kin! — an excellent man, though odd — a kind heart, but no liver! I sent him twice a year thirty dozen of the Cheltenham waters. It 's a comfort to reflect on these little attentions at such a time!

Stout. And I, too, sent him the Parliamentary debates regularly, bound in calf. He was my second cousin — sensible man — and a follower of Malthus: never married to increase the surplus population, and fritter away his money on his own children. And now —

Evelyn. He reaps the benefit of celibacy in the prospective gratitude of every cousin he had in the world!

Lady F. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir John. Hush! hush! decency, Lady Franklin; decency!

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mr. Graves — Mr. Sharp.

Sir John. O, here's Mr. Graves; that's Sharp the lawyer, who brought the will from Calcutta.

SCENE VII.

GRAVES, SHARP, SIR JOHN, &c.

Chorus of Sir John, Gloss., Blount, Stout. Ah, Sir — Ah, Mr. Graves!

[GEORGINA *holds her handkerchief to her eyes.*

Sir John. A sad occasion!

Graves. But everything in life is sad. Be comforted, Miss Vesey. True, you have lost an uncle; but I — I have lost a wife — such a wife! — the first of her sex — and the second cousin of the de-

funct! Excuse me, Sir John; at the sight of your mourning my wounds bleed afresh.

[Servants *hand round wine and sandwiches.*

Sir John. Take some refreshment — a glass of wine.

Graves. Thank you! — (very fine sherry!) Ah! my poor sainted Maria! Sherry was *her* wine: everything reminds me of Maria! Ah, Lady Franklin! *you* knew her. Nothing in life can charm me now. (*Aside.*) A monstrous fine woman that!

Sir John. And now to business. Evelyn, you may retire.

Sharp (*looking at his notes*). Evelyn — any relation to Alfred Evelyn?

Evelyn. The same.

Sharp. Cousin to the deceased, seven times removed. Be seated, sir; there may be some legacy, though trifling; all the relations, however distant, should be present.

Lady F. Then Clara is related: I will go for her. [*Exit.*

Georg. Ah, Mr. Evelyn; I hope you will come in for something — a few hundreds, or even more.

Sir John. Silence! Hush! Wugh! ugh! Attention!

[*While the Lawyer opens the Will, re-enter* LADY FRANKLIN *and* CLARA.

Sharp. The will is very short — being all personal property. He was a man that always came to the point.

Sir John. I wish there were more like him! (*Groans and shakes his head.*)

[*Chorus groan and shake their heads.*

Sharp (*reading*). "I, Frederick James Mordaunt, of Calcutta, being at the present date of sound mind, though infirm body, do hereby give, will and bequeath — Imprimis, To my second cousin, Benjamin Stout, Esq., of Pall Mall, London ——

[*Chorus exhibit lively emotion.*

Being the value of the Parliamentary Debates with which he has been pleased to trouble me for some time past — deducting the carriage thereof, which he always forgot to pay — the sum of 14*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.*"

[*Chorus breathe more freely.*

Stout. Eh, what? — 14*l.*? O, hang the old miser!

Sir John. Decency! — decency! Proceed, sir.

Sharp. "Item. — To Sir Frederick Blount, Baronet, my nearest male relative ——"

[*Chorus exhibit lively emotion.*

Blount. Poor old boy!

[GEORGINA *puts her arm over* BLOUNT'S *chair.*

Sharp. "Being, as I am informed, the best-dressed young gentleman in London, and in testimony to the only merit I ever heard he possessed, the sum of 500*l.* to buy a dressing-case."

[*Chorus breathe more freely;* GEORGINA *catches her father's eye, and removes her arm.*

Blount (*laughing confusedly*). Ha! ha! ha! Vewy poor wit — low! — vewy — vewy low!

Sir John. Silence, now, will you?

Sharp. "Item. — To Charles Lord Glossmore — who asserts that he is my relation — my collection of dried butterflies, and the pedigree of the Mordaunts from the reign of King John."

[*Chorus as before.*

Gloss. Butterflies! — Pedigree! — I disown the plebeian!

Sir John (*angrily*). Upon my word, this is too revolting! Decency! Go on.

Sharp. "Item. — To Sir John Vesey, Baronet, Knight of the Guelph, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c."

[*Chorus as before.*

Sir John. Hush! *Now* it is really interesting!

Sharp. "Who married my sister, and who sends me every year the Cheltenham waters, which nearly gave me my death, I bequeath — the empty bottles."

Sir John. Why, the ungrateful, rascally old —

Chorus. Decency, Sir John — decency!

Sharp. "Item. — To Henry Graves, Esq., of the Albany ——" [*Chorus as before.*

Graves. Pooh! gentlemen — my usual luck — not even a ring, I dare swear!

Sharp. "The sum of 5,000*l.* in the Three per Cents."

Lady F. I wish you joy!

Graves. Joy — pooh! Three per Cents! Funds sure to go! Had it been *land*, now — though only an acre! — just like my luck.

Sharp. "Item. — To my niece, Georgina Vesey —"

[*Chorus as before.*

Sir John. Ah, now it comes!

Sharp. "The sum of 10,000*l.* India stock, being, with her father's reputed savings, as much as a single woman ought to possess."

Sir John. And what the devil, then, does the old fool do with all his money?

Chorus. Really, Sir John, this is too revolting. Decency! Hush!

Sharp. "And, with the aforesaid legacies and exceptions, I do will and bequeath the whole of my fortune, in India Stock, Bonds, Exchequer Bills, Three per Cent. Consols, and in the Bank of Calcutta (constituting him hereby sole residuary legatee and joint executor with the aforesaid Henry Graves, Esq.), to Alfred Evelyn, now, or formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge — [*Universal excitement.* Being, I am told, an oddity, like myself — the only one of my relations who never fawned on me; and who, having known privation, may the better employ wealth." And now, sir, I have only to wish you joy, and give you this letter from the deceased; I believe it is important.

Evelyn (*crossing over to Clara*). Ah, Clara, if you had but loved me!

Clara (*turning away*). And his wealth, even more than poverty, separates us forever!

[*Omnes crowd round to congratulate* EVELYN.

Sir John (*to Georgina*). Go, child — put a good face on it — he's an immense match! My dear fellow, I wish you joy — you are a great man now — a very great man!

Evelyn (*aside*). And *her* voice alone is silent!

Lord Gloss. If I can be of any use to you —

Stout. Or I, sir —

Blount. Or I! Shall I put you up at the clubs?

Sharp. You will want a man of business. I transacted all Mr. Mordaunt's affairs.

Sir John. Tush, tush! Mr. Evelyn is at home *here* — always looked on him as a son! Nothing in the world we would not do for him! Nothing!

Evelyn. Lend me 10*l.* for my old nurse!

[*Chorus put their hands into their pockets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *An ante-room in* EVELYN'S *new house; at one corner, behind a large screen,* MR. SHARP *writing at a desk, books and parchments before him.* — MR. CRIMSON, *the portrait-painter;* MR. GRAB, *the publisher;* MR. MACSTUCCO, *the architect;* MR. TABOURET, *the upholsterer;* MR. MACFINCH, *the silversmith;* MR. PATENT, *the coach-maker;* MR. KITE, *the horse-dealer; and* MR. FRANTZ, *the tailor.* — (Servants *cross to and fro the stage.*)

Patent (*to Frantz, showing a drawing*). Yes, sir, this is the Evelyn vis-à-vis! No one more the fashion than Mr. Evelyn. Money makes the man, sir.

Frantz. But de tailor, de schneider, make de gentleman! It is Mr. Frantz, of St. James's, who take his measure and his cloth, and who make de fine handsome noblemen and gentry, where de faders and de mutters make only de ugly little naked boys!

MacStucco. He 's a mon o' teeste, Mr. Evelyn. He taulks o' buying a veela (villa), just to pool down and build oop again. Ah, Mr. MacFinch! a design for a piece of pleete, eh?

MacFinch (*showing the drawing*). Yees, sir, the shield o' Alexander the Great, to hold ices and lemonade! It will coost two thousand poon'!

MacStucco. And it 's dirt cheap — ye 're Scotch, arn't ye?

MacFinch. Aberdounshire! — scraitch me, and I'll scraitch you!

[*Door at the back thrown open. — Enter* EVELYN.

Evelyn. A levee, as usual. Good day. Ah, Tabouret, your designs for the draperies; very well. And what do you want, Mr. Crimson?

Crimson. Sir, if you 'd let me take your portrait, it would make my fortune. Every one says you 're the finest judge of paintings.

Evelyn. Of paintings! paintings! Are you sure I'm a judge of paintings?

Crimson. O, sir, did n't you buy the great Correggio for 4,000*l.*?

Evelyn. True — I see. So 4,000*l.* makes me an excellent judge of paintings. I 'll call on you, Mr. Crimson, — good day. Mr. Grab — oh, you 're the publisher who once refused me 5*l.* for my poem? You are right, it was a sad doggerel.

Grab. Doggerel! Mr. Evelyn, it was sublime! But times were bad then.

Evelyn. Very bad times with me.

Grab. But now, sir, if you will give me the preference, I 'll push it, sir, — I 'll push it! I only publish for poets in high life, sir; and a gentleman of your station ought to be pushed! — 500*l.* for the poem, sir!

Evelyn. 500*l.* when I don't want it, where 5*l.* once would have seemed a fortune.

"Now I am rich, what value in the lines!
How the wit brightens — how the sense refines!"

[*Turns to the rest, who surround him.*

Kite. Thirty young horses from Yorkshire, sir!

Patent (*showing drawing*). The Evelyn vis-à-vis!

MacFinch (*showing drawing*). The Evelyn salver!

Frantz (*opening his bundle, and with dignity*). Sare, I have brought de coat — de great Evelyn coat.

Evelyn. O, go to —— that is, go home! Make me as celebrated for vis-à-vis, salvers, furniture, and coats, as I already am for painting, and shortly shall be for poetry. I resign myself to you — go!

[*Exeunt* MACFINCH, PATENT, *&c.*

Enter STOUT.

Evelyn. Stout, you look heated.

Stout. I hear you have just bought the great Groginhole property.

Evelyn. It is true. Sharp says it 's a bargain.

Stout. Well, my dear friend Hopkins, member for Groginhole, can't live another month — but the interests of mankind forbid regret for individuals! The patriot Popkins intends to start for the borough the instant Hopkins is dead! — your interest will secure his election! — now is your time! put yourself forward in the march of enlightenment! — By all that is bigoted, here comes Glossmore!

SCENE II.

STOUT, GLOSSMORE, EVELYN; SHARP *still at his desk.*

Gloss. So lucky to find you at home! Hopkins, of Groginhole, is not long for this world. Popkins, the brewer, is already canvassing underhand (so very ungentlemanlike!). Keep your interest for young Lord Cipher — a most valuable candidate. This is an awful moment — the CONSTITUTION depends on his return! Vote for Cipher!

Stout. Popkins is your man!

Evelyn (*musingly*). Cipher and Popkins — Popkins and Cipher! Enlightenment and Popkins — Cipher and the Constitution! I AM puzzled! Stout, I am not known at Groginhole.

Stout. Your *property*'s known there!

Evelyn. But purity of election — independence of votes —

Stout. To be sure: Cipher bribes *abominably.* Frustrate his schemes — preserve the liberties of the borough — turn every man out of his house who votes against enlightenment and Popkins!

Evelyn. Right! — down with those who take the liberty to admire any liberty except *our* liberty! That *is* liberty!

Gloss. Cipher has a stake in the country — will have 50,000*l.* a year — Cipher will never give a vote without considering beforehand how people of 50,000*l.* a year will be affected by the motion!

Evelyn. Right: for as without law there would

be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law! That *is* law!

Stout. Popkins is all for economy — there's a sad waste of the public money — they give the Speaker 5,000*l.* a year, when I've a brother-in-law who takes the chair at the vestry, and who assures me confidentially he'd consent to be Speaker for half the money!

Gloss. Enough, Mr. Stout. Mr. Evelyn has too much at stake for a leveller.

Stout. And too much sense for a bigot.

Evelyn. Mr. Evelyn has no politics at all! Did you ever play at *battledoor?*

Both. Battledoor?

Evelyn. Battledoor — that is a contest between two parties: both parties knock about something with singular skill — something is kept up — high — low — here — there — everywhere — nowhere! How grave are the players! how anxious the by-standers! how noisy the battledoors! But when this something falls to the ground, only fancy — it's nothing but cork and feather! Go, and play by yourselves — I'm no hand at it!

Stout (*aside*). Sad ignorance! Aristocrat!

Gloss. Heartless principles! Parvenu!

Stout. Then you don't go *against* us? I'll bring Popkins to-morrow.

Gloss. Keep yourself free till I present Cipher to you.

Stout. I must go to inquire after Hopkins. The return of Popkins will be an era in history.

[*Exit.*

Gloss. I must be off to the club — the eyes of the country are upon Groginhole. If Cipher fail, the constitution is gone! [*Exit.*

Evelyn. Both sides alike! Money *versus* Man! Sharp, come here — let me look at you! You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest; — but what *is* honesty? — where does it exist? — in what part of us?

Sharp. In the heart, I suppose, sir.

Evelyn. Mr. Sharp, it exists in the breeches' pocket! Observe: I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table — I contemplate you both; the man there — the gold here! Now, there is many a man in those streets honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form — imperishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul too, for that little coin! Is that the fault of the man? No! it is the fault of mankind! God made man; behold what mankind have made a god! When I was poor, I hated the world; now I am rich, I despise it! Fools — knaves — hypocrites! By the bye, Sharp, send 100*l.* to the poor bricklayer whose house was burned down yesterday —

Enter GRAVES.

Ah, Graves, my dear friend! what a world this is! — a cur of a world, that fawns on its master, and bites the beggar! Ha! ha! it fawns on *me* now, for the beggar has bought the cur.

Graves. It is an atrocious world. But astron-

omers say that there is a travelling comet which must set it on fire one day, — and that's some comfort!

Evelyn. Every hour brings its gloomy lesson — the temper sours — the affections wither — the heart hardens into stone! Zounds, Sharp! what do you stand gaping there for? — have you no bowels? — why don't you go and see to the bricklayer? [*Exit* SHARP.

SCENE III.

GRAVES *and* EVELYN.

Evelyn. Graves, of all my new friends — and their name is Legion — you are the only one I esteem; there is sympathy between us; we take the same views of life. I am cordially glad to see you!

Graves (*groaning*). Ah! why should you be glad to see a man so miserable?

Evelyn. Because I am miserable myself.

Graves. You! Pshaw! *you* have not been condemned to lose a wife!

Evelyn. But, plague on it, man, I may be condemned to take one! Sit down, and listen. I want a confidant! Left fatherless, when yet a boy, my poor mother grudged herself food to give me education. Some one had told her that learning was better than house and land; that's a lie, Graves.

Graves. A scandalous lie, Evelyn!

Evelyn. On the strength of that lie I was put to school — sent to college, a sizar. Do you know what a sizar is? In pride he is a gentleman — in knowledge he is a scholar — and he crawls about, amidst gentlemen and scholars, with the livery of a pauper on his back! I carried off the great prizes — I became distinguished — I looked to a high degree, leading to a fellowship; that is, an independence for myself — a home for my mother. One day a young lord insulted me — I retorted — he struck me — refused apology — refused redress. I was a sizar! — a Pariah! — a thing to *be* struck! Sir, I was at least a man, and I horsewhipped him in the hall before the eyes of the whole College! A few days, and the lord's chastisement was forgotten. The next day the sizar was expelled — the career of a life blasted! That is the difference between Rich and Poor: it takes a whirlwind to move the one — a breath may uproot the other! I came to London. As long as my mother lived, I had one to toil for; and I did toil — did hope — did struggle to be something yet. She died, and then, somehow, my spirit broke — I resigned myself to my fate; the Alps above me seemed too high to ascend — I ceased to care what became of me. At last I submitted to be the poor relation — the hanger-on and gentleman-lackey of Sir John Vesey. But I had an object in that — there was one in that house whom I had loved at the first sight.

Graves. And were you loved again?

Evelyn. I fancied it, and was deceived. Not an hour before I inherited this mighty wealth I confessed my love, and was rejected because I was poor. Now, mark: you remember the letter which Sharp gave me when the will was read?

Graves. Perfectly; what were the contents?

Evelyn. After hints, cautions, and admonitions — half in irony, half in earnest (Ah, poor Mordaunt had known the world!), it proceeded — but I 'll read it to you: — "Having selected you as my heir, because I think money a trust to be placed where it seems likely to be best employed, I now — not impose a condition, but ask a favor. If you have formed no other and insuperable attachment, I could wish to suggest your choice: my two nearest female relations are my niece Georgina, and my third cousin, Clara Douglas, the daughter of a once dear friend. If you could see in either of these one whom you could make your wife, such would be a marriage that, if I live long enough to return to England, I would seek to bring about before I die." My friend, this is not a legal condition — the fortune does not *rest* on it; yet, need I say that my gratitude considers it a moral obligation? Several months have elapsed since thus called upon — I ought now to decide: you hear the names — Clara Douglas is the woman who rejected me!

Graves. But now she would accept you!

Evelyn. And do you think I am so base a slave to passion, that I would owe to my gold what was denied to my affection?

Graves. But you must choose one, in common gratitude; you *ought* to do so — yes, there you are right. Besides, you are constantly at the house — the world observes it: you must have raised hopes in one of the girls. Yes, it is time to decide between her whom you love and her whom you do not!

Evelyn. Of the two, then, I would rather marry where I should exact the least. A marriage, to which each can bring sober esteem and calm regard, may not be happiness, but it may be content. But to marry one whom you could adore, and whose heart is closed to you — to yearn for the treasure, and only to claim the casket — to worship the statue that you never may warm to life — Oh! such a marriage would be a hell, the more terrible because Paradise was in sight.

Graves. Georgina is pretty, but vain and frivolous. — (*Aside.*) But he has no right to be fastidious — he has never known Maria! — (*Aloud.*) Yes, my dear friend, now I think on it, you *will* be as wretched as myself! When you are married we will mingle our groans together!

Evelyn. You may misjudge Georgina; she may have a nobler nature than appears on the surface. On the day, but before the hour, in which the will was read, a letter, in a strange or disguised hand, signed "*From an unknown friend to Alfred Evelyn*," and enclosing what to a girl would have been a considerable sum, was sent to a poor woman for whom I had implored charity, and whose address I had only given to Georgina.

Graves. Why not assure yourself?

Evelyn. Because I have not dared. For sometimes, against my reason, I have hoped that it might be Clara! (*taking a letter from his bosom and looking at it.*) No, I can't recognize the hand. Graves, I detest that girl.

Graves. Who? Georgina?

Evelyn. No; Clara! But I've already, thank Heaven! taken some revenge upon her. Come nearer. — (*Whispers.*) I've bribed Sharp to say that Mordaunt's letter to me contained a codicil leaving Clara Douglas 20,000*l.*

Graves. And did n't it? How odd, then, not to have mentioned her in his will!

Evelyn. One of his caprices: besides, Sir John wrote him word that Lady Franklin had adopted her. But I'm glad of it — I've paid the money — she's no more a dependant. No one can insult her now — she owes it all to me, and does not guess it, man — does not guess it! — owes it to me, — me whom she rejected; — me, the poor scholar! Ha! ha! there's some spite in that, eh?

Graves. You're a fine fellow, Evelyn, and we understand each other. Perhaps Clara may have seen the address, and dictated this letter after all!

Evelyn. Do you think so? I'll go to the house this instant!

Graves. Eh? Humph! Then I'll go with you. That Lady Franklin is a fine woman! If she were not so gay, I think — I could —

Evelyn. No, no; don't think any such thing; women are even worse than men.

Graves. True; to love is a boy's madness!

Evelyn. To feel is to suffer.

Graves. To hope is to be deceived.

Evelyn. I have done with romance!

Graves. Mine is buried with Maria!

Evelyn. If Clara did but write this —

Graves. Make haste, or Lady Franklin will be out! A vale of tears! — a vale of tears!

Evelyn. A vale of tears, indeed! [*Exeunt*

Re-enter GRAVES *for his hat.*

Graves. And I left my hat behind me! Just like my luck! If I had been bred a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads.* [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Drawing-rooms at SIR JOHN VESEY'S, *as in Act I., Scene 1.*

LADY FRANKLIN, CLARA, Servant.

Lady F. Past two, and I have so many places to go to! Tell Philipps I want the carriage directly — instantly.

Servant. I beg pardon, my Lady; Philipps told me to say the young horse had fallen lame, and could not be used to-day. [*Exit.*

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* For this melancholy jest Mr. Graves is indebted to a poor Italian poet.

Lady F. Well, on second thoughts, that is lucky; now I have an excuse for not making a great many tedious visits. I must borrow Sir John's horses for the ball to-night. O, Clara, you must see my new turban from Carson's — the prettiest thing in the world, and so becoming!

Clara. Ah, Lady Franklin, you 'll be so sorry — but — but —

Lady F. But what?

Clara. Such a misfortune! poor Smith is in tears — I promised to break it to you. Your little Charley had been writing his copy, and spilt the ink on the table; and Smith not seeing it — and taking out the turban to put in the pearls as you desired — she — she —

Lady F. Ha! ha! laid it on the table, and the ink spoilt it. Ha! ha! — how well I can fancy the face she made! Seriously, on the whole it is fortunate; for I think I look best, after all, in the black hat and feathers.

Clara. Dear Lady Franklin, you really have the sweetest temper!

Lady F. I hope so — for it 's the most becoming turban a woman can wear! Think of that when you marry. Oh, talking of marriage, I 've certainly made a conquest of Mr. Graves.

Clara. Mr. Graves! I thought he was inconsolable.

Lady F. For his sainted Maria! Poor man! not contented with plaguing him while she lived, she must needs haunt him now she is dead.

Clara. But why does he regret her?

Lady F. Why? Because he has everything to make him happy — easy fortune, good health, respectable character. And since it is his delight to be miserable, he takes the only excuse the world will allow him. For the rest — it 's the way with widowers; that is, whenever they mean to marry again. But, my dear Clara, you seem absent — pale — unhappy — tears, too?

Clara. No — no — not tears. No!

Lady F. Ever since Mr. Mordaunt left you 20,000*l.* every one admires you. Sir Frederick is desperately smitten.

Clara (*with disdain*). Sir Frederick!

Lady F. Ah! Clara, be comforted — I know your secret: I am certain that Evelyn loves you.

Clara. He did — it is past now. He misconceived me when he was poor; and now he is rich, it is not for me to explain.

Lady F. My dear child, happiness is too rare to be sacrificed to a scruple. Why does he come here so often?

Clara. Perhaps for Georgina!

Enter SIR JOHN, *and turns over the books, &c., on the table, as if to look for the newspaper.*

Lady F. Pooh! Georgina is my niece; she is handsome and accomplished — but her father's worldliness has oilt her nature — she is not worthy of Evelyn! Behind the humor of his

irony there is something noble — something that may yet be great. For his sake as well as yours let me at least —

Clara. Recommend me to his pity? Ah, Lady Franklin! if he addressed me from dictation, I should again refuse him. No; if he cannot read my heart — if he will not seek to read it — let it break unknown.

Lady F. You mistake me, my dear child: let me only tell him that you dictated that letter — that you sent that money to his old nurse. Poor Clara! it was your little all. He will then know, at least, if avarice be your sin.

Clara. He would have guessed it, had *his* love been like *mine*.

Lady F. Guessed it! — nonsense! The handwriting unknown to him — every reason to think it came from Georgina.

Sir John (*aside*). Hum! Came from Georgina!

Lady F. Come, *let* me tell him *this*. I know the effect it would have upon his choice.

Clara. Choice! oh, that humiliating word! No, Lady Franklin, no! Promise me!

Lady F. But —

Clara. No! Promise — faithfully — sacredly.

Lady F. Well, I promise.

Clara. You know how fearful is my character — no infant is more timid: if a poor spider cross the floor, you often laugh to see me grow pale and tremble; and yet I would lay this hand upon the block — I would walk barefoot over

the ploughshare of the old ordeal — to save Alfred Evelyn one moment's pain. But I have refused to share his poverty, and I should die with shame if he thought I had now grown enamored of his wealth. My kind friend, you will keep your promise?

Lady F. Yes, since it must be so.

Clara. Thanks. I — I — forgive me — I am not well. [*Exit.*

Lady F. What fools these girls are! — they take as much pains to lose a husband as a poor widow does to get one!

Sir John. Have you seen "The Times" newspaper? Where the deuce is the newspaper? I can't find "The Times" newspaper.

Lady F. I think it is in my room. Shall I fetch it?

Sir John. My dear sister — you 're the best creature. Do! [*Exit* LADY FRANKLIN.

Ugh! you unnatural conspirator against your own family! What can this *letter* be? Ah! I recollect something.

Enter GEORGINA.

Georgina. Papa, I want —

Sir John. Yes, I know what you want well enough! Tell me — were you aware that Clara had sent money to that old nurse Evelyn bored us about the day of the will?

Georg. No! He gave me the address, and I promised, if —

Sir John. Gave you *the address?* — that 's lucky! Hush!

Enter Servant.

Mr. Graves — Mr. Evelyn.

SCENE V.

GRAVES, EVELYN, SIR JOHN, GEORGINA, LADY FRANKLIN.

Lady F. (*returning*). Here is the newspaper.

Graves. Ay — read the newspapers! — they 'll tell you what this world is made of. Daily calendars of roguery and woe! Here, advertisements from quacks, money-lenders, cheap warehouses, and spotted boys with two heads. So much for dupes and impostors! Turn to the other column — police reports, bankruptcies, swindling, forgery, and a biographical sketch of the snub-nosed man who murdered his own three little cherubs at Pentonville. Do you fancy these but exceptions to the *general* virtue and health of the nation? — Turn to the leading articles; and your hair will stand on end at the horrible wickedness or melancholy idiotism of that half the population who think differently from yourself. In my day I have seen already eighteen crises, six annihilations of Agriculture and Commerce, four overthrows of the Church, and three last, final, awful,

and irremediable destructions of the entire Constitution. And that 's a newspaper!

Lady F. Ha! ha! your usual vein! always so amusing and good-humored!

Graves (*frowning and very angry*). Ma'am — good-humored! —

Lady F. Ah! you should always wear that agreeable smile; you look so much younger — so much handsomer — when you smile!

Graves (*softened*). Ma'am — A charming creature, upon my word!

Lady F. You have not seen the last HB.? It is excellent. I think it might make you *laugh*. But, by the by, I don't think you can laugh.

Graves. Ma'am — I have not laughed since the death of my sainted Ma—

Lady F. Ah! and that spiteful Sir Frederick says you never laugh, because — But you 'll be angry?

Graves. Angry! — pooh! I despise Sir Frederick too much to let anything he says have the smallest influence over me! He says I don't laugh, because —

Lady F. You have lost your front teeth!

Graves. Lost my front teeth! Upon my word! Ha! ha! ha! That 's too good — capital! Ha! ha! ha! (*laughing from ear to ear*).

Lady F. Ha! ha! ha!

[*They retire to the table in the inner drawing-room.*

Evelyn (*aside*). Of course Clara will not appear! — avoids me as usual! But what do I

care? — what is she to me? Nothing! I 'll swear this is her glove! — no one else has so small a hand! She 'll miss it — so — so! Nobody 's looking — I 'll keep it, just to vex her.

Sir John (*to Georg.*). Yes — yes — leave me to manage: you took his portrait, as I told you?

Georg. Yes — but I could not catch the expression. I got Clara to touch it up.

Sir John. That girl 's always in the way!

Enter CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH.

Smooth. Good morning, dear John. Ah, Miss Vesey, you have no idea of the conquests you made at Almack's last night!

Evelyn (*examining him curiously while Smooth is talking to Georgina*). And that 's the celebrated Dudley Smooth!

Sir John. More commonly called Deadly Smooth! — the finest player at whist, écarté, billiards, chess, and picquet, between this and the Pyramids — the sweetest manners! — always calls you by your Christian name. But take care how you play at cards with him!

Evelyn. He does not cheat, I suppose?

Sir John. Hist! *No!* — but he always *wins!* Eats up a brace of lords and a score or two of guardsmen every season, and runs through a man's fortune like a course of the Carlsbad waters. He 's an uncommonly clever fellow!

Evelyn. Clever? yes! When a man steals a loaf we cry down the knavery — when a man di-

verts his neighbor's mill-stream to grind his own corn, we cry up the cleverness! — And every one courts Captain Dudley Smooth!

Sir John. Why, who could offend him? — the best-bred, civillest creature — and a dead shot! There is not a cleverer man in the three kingdoms.

Evelyn. A study — a study! — let me examine him! Such men are living satires on the world.

Smooth (*passing his arm caressingly over Sir John's shoulder*). My dear John, how well you are looking! A new lease of life! Introduce me to Mr. Evelyn.

Evelyn. Sir, it 's an honor I 've long ardently desired. [*They bow and shake hands.*

Enter SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.

Blount. How d'ye do, Sir John? Ah, Evelyn — I wished so much to see you.

Evelyn. 'T is my misfortune to be visible!

Blount. A little this way. You know, perhaps, that I once paid my addwesses to Miss Vesey; but since that vewy eccentwic will Sir John has shuffled me off, and hints at a pwior attachment — (*aside*) which I know to be false.

Evelyn (*seeing Clara*). A prior attachment! — (Ha! Clara!) Well, another time, my dear Blount.

Enter CLARA.

Blount. Stay a moment — I want you to do me a favor with regard to Miss Douglas.

Evelyn. Miss Douglas!

Blount. Yes; — you see, though Georgina has gweat expectations, and Stingy Jack will leave her all that he has, yet she has only her legacy of 10,000*l.* at the moment — no doubt closely settled on herself too: Clawa has 20,000*l.* And I think Clawa always liked me a little.

Evelyn. You! I dare say she did!

Blount. It is whispered about that you mean to pwopose to Georgina. Nay, Sir John more than hinted that was her pwior attachment!

Evelyn. Indeed!

Blount. Now, as you are all in all with the family, if you could say a word for me to Miss Douglas, I don't see what harm it could do me! — (*Aside.*) I will punish Georgina for her pwerfidy.

Evelyn. 'Sdeath, man! speak for yourself! You are just the sort of man for young ladies to like — they understand you — you 're of their own level. Pshaw! you 're too modest — you want no mediator!

Blount. My dear fellow, you flatter me. I 'm well enough in my way. But you, you know, would cawwy evewything before you! — you 're so confoundedly wich!

Evelyn (*turning to Clara*). Miss Douglas, what do you think of Sir Frederick Blount? Observe him. He is well dressed — young — tolerably handsome — (*Blount bowing*) bows with an air — has plenty of small-talk — everything to captivate. Yet he thinks that, if he and I were suitors to the same lady, I should be more successful because I am

richer. What say you? Is love an auction? and *do* women's hearts go to the highest bidder?

Clara. Their hearts? — No.

Evelyn. But their hands — yes! You turn away. Ah, you dare not answer that question!

Georg. (*aside*). Sir Frederick flirting with Clara? I 'll punish him for his perfidy. *You* are the last person to talk so, Mr. Evelyn! — you, whose wealth is your smallest attraction, — you, whom every one admires, — so witty, such taste, such talent! Ah, I 'm very foolish!

Sir John (*clapping him on the shoulder*). You must not turn my little girl's head. Oh, you 're a sad fellow! Apropos, I must show you Georgina's last drawings. She has wonderfully improved since you gave her lessons in perspective.

Georg. No, papa! — No, pray, no! Nay, don't!

Sir John. Nonsense, child! — it 's very odd, but she 's more afraid of you than of any one!

Smooth (*to Blount, taking snuff*). He 's an excellent father, our dear John! and supplies the place of a mother to her.

[*Turns away to* LADY FRANKLIN *and* GRAVES.

[EVELYN *and* GEORGINA *seat themselves, and look over the drawings;* SIR JOHN *leans over them;* SIR FREDERICK *converses with* CLARA; EVELYN *watching them.*

Evelyn. Beautiful! — a view from Tivoli. (Death! — she looks down while he speaks to her!) Is there a little fault in that coloring? (She positively

blushes!) But this Jupiter is superb. (What a d——d coxcomb it is!) (*Rising.*) Oh, she certainly loves him — I too can be loved elsewhere — I too can see smiles and blushes on the face of another.

Georg. Are you not well?

Evelyn. I beg pardon. Yes, you are indeed improved! Ah, who so accomplished as Miss Vesey?

[*Takes up the drawings; pays her marked attention in dumb show.*

Clara. Yes, Sir Frederick, the concert was very crowded! — Ah, I see that Georgina consoles him for the past! He has only praises for her, nothing but taunts for me!

Blount. I wish you would take my opewa-box next Saturday — 't is the best in the house. I 'm not wich, but I spend what I have on myself! I make a point to have evewything the best in a quiet way. Best opewa-box — best dogs — best horses — best house of its kind. I want nothing to complete my establishment but the best wife!

Clara (*abstractedly*). That will come in good time, Sir Frederick.

Evelyn. Oh, it will come — will it? Georgina refused the trifler — *she* courts him (*taking up a portrait*). Why, what is this? — my own —

Georg. You must not look at that — you must not, indeed. I did not know it was there!

Sir John. Your own portrait, Evelyn! Why, child, I was not aware you took likenesses: — that 's something new. Upon my word it 's a strong resemblance.

Georg. Oh, no — it does not do him justice. Give it to me. I will tear it. (*Aside.*) That odious Sir Frederick!

Evelyn. Nay, you shall not.

Clara. So — so — he loves her, then! Misery — misery! But he shall not perceive it! No — no — I can be proud too. Ha! ha! — Sir Frederick — excellent — excellent — you are so entertaining — ha! ha! (*laughs hysterically*).

Evelyn. Oh, the affectation of coquettes — they cannot even laugh naturally!

[CLARA *looks at him reproachfully, and walks aside with* SIR FREDERICK.

But where is the new guitar you meant to buy, Miss Vesey — the one inlaid with tortoise-shell? It is nearly a year since you set your heart on it, and I don't see it yet!

Sir John (*taking him aside confidentially*). The guitar — oh, to tell you a secret — she applied the money I gave her for it to a case of charity several months ago — the very day the will was read. I saw the letter lying on the table, with the money in it. Mind, not a word to her — she 'd never forgive me!

Evelyn. Letter! — money! What was the name of the person she relieved? — not Stanton?

Sir John. I don't remember, indeed.

Evelyn (*taking out the letter*). This is not her hand!

Sir John. No! I observed at the time it was not her hand, but I got out from her that she did not wish the thing to *be known*, and had employed some

one else to copy it. May I see the letter? Yes, I think this is the wording. But I did not mean to tell you what case of charity it was. I promised Georgy I would not. Still, how did she know Mrs. Stanton's address? — you never gave it to me!

Evelyn. I gave it to her, Sir John.

Clara (*at the distance*). Yes, I 'll go to the opera, if Lady Franklin will. Do go, dear Lady Franklin! — On Saturday, then, Sir Frederick.

[*Exit* BLOUNT.

Evelyn. Sir John, to a man like me, this simple act of unostentatious generosity is worth all the accomplishments in the world. A good heart — a tender disposition — a charity that shuns the day — a modesty that blushes at its own excellence — an impulse towards something more divine than Mammon; — such are the true accomplishments which preserve beauty forever young. Such I have sought in the partner I would take for life; — such have I found — alas! not where I had dreamed! — Miss Vesey, I will be honest — I say, then, frankly — (*as Clara approaches, raising his voice and looking fixedly at her*) — I have loved another — deeply — truly — bitterly — *vainly!* I cannot offer to you, as I did to her, the fair first love of the human heart — rich with all its blossoms and its verdure. But if esteem — if gratitude — if an earnest resolve to conquer every recollection that would wander from your image; — if these can tempt you to accept my hand and fortune, my life shall be a study to deserve your confidence.

[CLARA *stands motionless, clasping her hands, and then slowly seats herself.*

Sir John. The happiest day of my life!

[CLARA *falls back in her chair.*

Evelyn (*darting forward*). (*Aside.*) She is pale; she faints! What have I done? Oh Heaven!—Clara!

Clara (*rising with a smile*). Be happy, my cousin —be happy! Yes, with my whole heart I sav it — be happy, Alfred Evelyn!

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The drawing-rooms in* SIR JOHN VESEY'S *house.*

SIR JOHN, GEORGINA.

Sir John. And he has not pressed you to fix the wedding-day?

Georg. No; and since he proposed he comes here so seldom, and seems so gloomy. Heigho! Poor Sir Frederick was twenty times more amusing.

Sir John. But Evelyn is fifty times as rich!

Georg. Sir Frederick dresses so well!

Sir John. You 'll have magnificent diamonds; but a word with you: I saw you yesterday in the square with Sir Frederick; that must not happen again. When a young lady is engaged to one man, nothing is so indecorous as to flirt with another. It might endanger your marriage itself. O, it 's highly indecorous!

Georg. Don't be afraid, papa, — he takes up with Clara.

Sir John. Who, Evelyn?

Georg. Sir Frederick. Heigho! — I hate artful girls.

Sir John. The settlements will be splendid! if anything happens, nothing can be handsomer than your jointure.

Georg. My own kind papa, you always put things so pleasantly. But do you not fear lest he discover that Clara wrote the letter?

Sir John. No; and I shall get Clara out of the house. But there is something else that makes me very uneasy. You know that no sooner did Evelyn come into possession of his fortune than he launched out in the style of a prince. His house in London is a palace, and he has bought a great estate in the country. Look how he lives! — Balls — banquets — fine arts — fiddlers — charities — and the Devil to pay!

Georg. But if he can afford it —

Sir John. Oh! so long as he stopped *there* I had no apprehension; but since he proposed for you he is more extravagant than ever. They say he has taken to gambling: and he is always with Captain Smooth. No fortune can stand Deadly Smooth. If he gets into a scrape he may fall off from the settlements. We must press the marriage at once.

Georg. Heigho! Poor Frederick! You don't think he is *really* attached to Clara!

Sir John. Upon my word, I can't say. Put on your bonnet, and come to Storr and Mortimer's to choose the jewels.

Georg. The jewels; — yes — the drive will do me good. So you 'll send away Clara? — she 's so very deceitful.

Sir John. Never fear, — yes — tell her to come to me. [*Exit* GEORGINA.

Yes; I must press on this marriage; Georgina

has not wit enough to manage him, — at least till he 's her husband, and then all women find it smooth sailing. This match will make me a man of prodigious importance! I suspect he 'll give me up her ten thousand pounds. I can't think of his taking to gambling, for I love him as a son, — and I look on his money as my own.

SCENE II.

CLARA *and* SIR JOHN.

Sir John. Clara, my love!

Clara. Sir —

Sir John. My dear, what I am going to say may appear a little rude and unkind, but you know my character is frankness. To the point, then; my poor child, I am aware of your attachment to Mr. Evelyn —

Clara. Sir! *my attachment?*

Sir John. It is generally remarked. Lady Kind says you are falling away. My poor girl, I pity you, — I do, indeed! Now, there 's that letter you wrote to his old nurse, — it has got about somehow, — and the world is so ill-natured. I don't know if I did right; but after he had proposed to Georgy — (of course not before!) — I thought it so unpleasant for you, as a young lady, to be suspected of anything forward with respect to a man who was not attached to you, that I rather let it be supposed that Georgy *herself* wrote the letter.

Clara. Sir, I don't know what right you had to —

Sir John. That 's very true, my dear: and I 've been thinking since that I ought perhaps to tell Mr. Evelyn that the letter was yours, — shall I?

Clara. No, sir; I beg you will not. I — I —

[*Weeps.*

Sir John. My dear Clara, don't cry; I would not have said this for the world, if I was not a little anxious about my own girl. Georgina is so unhappy at what every one says of your attachment —

Clara. Every one? O, torture!

Sir John. That it preys on her spirits, — it even irritates her temper! You see, though the marriage will take place almost immediately, Mr. Evelyn does not come so often as he ought. In a word, I fear these little jealousies and suspicions will tend to imbitter their future union. — I 'm a father — forgive me.

Clara. Imbitter their union! O, never! What would you have me do, sir?

Sir John. Why, you 're now independent. Lady Franklin seems resolved to stay in town. Surely she can't mean to take her money out of the family by some foolish inclination for Mr. Graves? He is always purring and whining about the house, like a black cat in the megrims. What think you, eh?

Clara. Sir, it was of myself, — my unhappy self, you were speaking.

Sir John. Sly! — True; true! What I meant

to say was this: — Lady Franklin persists in staying *here:* you are your own mistress. Mrs. Carlton, aunt to my late wife, is going abroad for a short time, and would be delighted if you would accompany her.

Clara. It is the very favor I would have asked of you. (*Aside.*) I shall escape at least the struggle and the shame. When does she go?

Sir John. In five days, — next Monday. — You forgive me?

Clara. Sir, I thank you.

Sir John (*drawing the table*). Suppose, then, you write a line to her yourself, and settle it at once?

Enter Servant.

Servant. The carriage, Sir John; Miss Vesey is quite ready.

Sir John. Wait a moment. SHALL I tell Evelyn you wrote the letter?

Clara. No, sir, I implore you.

Sir John. But it would be awkward for Georgy, if discovered.

Clara. It *never* shall be.

Sir John. Well, well, as you please. I know nothing could be so painful to a young lady of pride and delicacy. — James, if Mr. Serious, the clergyman, calls, say I 'm gone to the great meeting at Exeter Hall: if Lord Spruce calls, say you believe I 'm gone to the rehearsal of Cinderella. Oh! and if MacFinch should come — (MacFinch, who duns me three times a-week) — say I 've hurried off to

Garraway's to bid for the great Bulstrode estate. Just put the Duke of Lofty's card carelessly on the hall table. And I say, James, I expect two gentlemen a little before dinner, — Mr. Squab the Radical, and Mr. Qualm of the great Marylebone Conservative Association. Show Squab into the study, and be sure to give him the "Weekly True Sun," — Qualm into the back parlor, with the "Times" and the "Morning Post." One must have a little management in this world. All humbug! — all humbug, upon my soul! [*Exit.*

Clara (*folding the letter*). There, — it is decided! A few days, and we are parted forever! — a few weeks, and another will bear his name — his wife! Oh, happy fate! She will have the right to say to him — though the whole world should hear her — "I am thine!" And I imbitter their lot — I am the cloud upon their joyous sunshine! And yet, O Alfred! if she loves thee — if she knows thee — if she values thee — and, when thou wrong'st her, if she can forgive, as I do — I can bless her when far away, and join her name in my prayer for thee!

Evelyn (*without*). Miss Vesey just gone? Well, I will write a line.

SCENE III.

EVELYN *and* CLARA.

Evelyn (*aside*). So — Clara! Do not let me disturb you, Miss Douglas.

Clara (*going*). Nay, I have done.

Evelyn. I see that my presence is always odious to you. It is a reason why I come so seldom. But be cheered, madam: I am here but to fix the day of my marriage, and I shall then go into the country — till — till — In short, this is the last time my visit will banish you from the room I enter.

Clara (*aside*). The last time! — and we shall then meet no more! — And to part thus forever — in scorn — in anger — I cannot bear it! (*Approaching him.*) Alfred, my cousin, it is true this may be the last time we shall meet — I have made my arrangements to quit England.

Evelyn. To quit England?

Clara. But before I go, let me thank you for many a past kindness, which it is not for an orphan easily to forget.

Evelyn (*mechanically*). To quit England!

Clara. I have long wished it: but enough of me Evelyn, now that you are betrothed to another — now, without recurring to the past — now, without the fear of mutual error and mistake — something of our old friendship may at least return to us. — And if, too, I dared, I have that on my mind which only a friend — a sister — might presume to say to you.

Evelyn (*moved*). Miss Douglas — Clara — if there is aught that I could do — if, while hundreds — strangers — beggars — tell me that I have the power, by opening or shutting this worthless hand, to bid sorrow rejoice, or poverty despair — if — if my life — my heart's blood — could render to *you* one such service as my gold can give to others — why, speak! — and the past you allude to, — yes, even that bitter past, — I will cancel and forget!

Clara (*holding out her hand*). We are friends, then! you are again my cousin! my brother.

Evelyn (*dropping her hand*). *Brother!* Ah! say on!

Clara. I speak, then, as a sister — herself weak, inexperienced, ignorant, nothing — *might* speak to a brother, in whose career she felt the ambition of a man. Oh, Evelyn, when you inherited this vast wealth I pleased myself with imagining how you would wield the power delegated to your hands. I knew your benevolence — your intellect — your genius! — the ardent mind couched beneath the cold sarcasm of a long-baffled spirit! I saw before me the noble and bright career open to you at last — and I often thought that, in after years, when far away — as I soon shall be — I should hear your name identified, not with what fortune can give the base, but with deeds and ends to which, for the *great*, fortune is but the instrument; — I often thought that I should say to my own heart — weeping proud and delicious tears, — "And once this man loved me!"

Evelyn. No more, Clara! — oh, heavens! — no more!

Clara. But *has* it been so? — have you been true to your own self? Pomp — parade — luxuries — pleasures — follies! — all these might distinguish others — they do but belie the ambition and the soul of Alfred Evelyn! — Oh! pardon me — I am too bold — I pain — I offend you. — Ah, I should not have dared thus much had I not thought at times, that — that —

Evelyn. That these follies — these vanities — this dalliance with a loftier fate were your own work! You thought that, and you were right! Perhaps, indeed, after a youth steeped to the lips in the hyssop and gall of penury — perhaps I might have wished royally to know the full value of that dazzling and starry life which, from the last step in the ladder, I had seen indignantly and from afar. But a month — a week would have sufficed for that experience. Experience! — Oh, how soon we learn that hearts are as cold and souls as vile — no matter whether the sun shine on the noble in his palace, or the rain drench the rags of the beggar cowering at the porch. The extremes of life differ but in this: — Above, *Vice* smiles and revels — below, *Crime* frowns and starves. But you — did not you reject me because I was poor? Despise me if you please! — my revenge might be unworthy — I wished to show you the luxuries, the gaud, the splendour I thought you prized, — to surround with the attributes your sex seems most to value the station that,

had you loved me, it would have been yours to command. But vain — vain alike my poverty and my wealth! You loved me not in either, and my fate is sealed?

Clara. A happy fate Evelyn! — you love!

Evelyn. And at last I am beloved. (*After a pause, and turning to her abruptly.*) Do you doubt it?

Clara. No, I believe it firmly! — (*Aside.*) Were it possible for her not to love him?

Evelyn. Georgina, perhaps, is vain — and light — and —

Clara. No — think it not! Once removed from the worldly atmosphere of her father's counsels, and you will form and raise her to your own level. She is so young yet — she has beauty, cheerfulness, and temper; — the rest you will give, if you will but yet do justice to your own nature. And, now that there is nothing unkind between us — not even regret — and surely (*with a smile*) not revenge, my cousin, you will rise to your nobler self — and so, farewell!

Evelyn. No; stay, one moment; you still feel interest in my fate! Have I been deceived? Oh, why — why did you spurn the heart whose offerings were lavished at your feet? Could you still — still —? Distraction — I know not what I say: — my honor pledged to another — my vows accepted and returned! Go, Clara, it is best so! Yet you will miss some one, perhaps, more than me — some one to whose follies you have been more

indulgent — some one to whom you would permit a yet tenderer name than that of brother!

Clara (*aside*). It will make him, perhaps, happier to think it! Think so, if you will! — but part friends.

Evelyn. Friends — and that is all! Look you, this is life! The eyes that charmed away every sorrow — the hand whose lightest touch thrilled to the very core — the presence that, like moonlight, shed its own hallowing beauty over the meanest things; a little while — a year — a month — a day, and we smile that we could dream so idly. All — all — the sweet enchantment, known but once, never to return again, vanished from the world! And the one who forgets the soonest — the one who robs your earth forever of its summer — comes to you with a careless lip, and says — "Let us part friends!" —— Go, Clara, — go, — and be happy if you can!

Clara (*weeping*). Cruel — cruel — to the last! — Heaven forgive you, Alfred! [*Exit.*

Evelyn. Soft! let me recall her words, her tones, her looks. — *Does she love me?* She defends her rival — she did not deny it when I charged her with attachment to another; and yet — and yet — there is a voice at my heart which tells me I have been the rash slave of a jealous anger. — But I have made my choice — I must abide the issue!

Enter GRAVES, *preceded by* Servant.

Servant. Lady Franklin is dressing, sir.

SCENE IV.

GRAVES *and* EVELYN.

Graves. Well, I 'll wait. (*Exit* Servant.) She was worthy to have known the lost Maria! So considerate to ask me hither — not to console me, *that* is impossible — but to indulge the luxury of woe. It will be a mournful scene. — (*Seeing* EVELYN.) Is that you, Evelyn? — I have just heard that the borough of Groginhole is vacant at last. Why not stand yourself? — with your property you might come in without even a personal canvass.

Evelyn. I, who despise these contests for the color of a straw — this everlasting litigation of Authority *versus* Man — I to be one of the wranglers? — never!

Graves. You are quite right, and I beg your pardon.

Evelyn (*aside*). And yet Clara spoke of ambition. She would regret me if I could be distinguished. — (*Aloud.*) To be sure, after all, Graves, corrupt as mankind are, it is our duty to try at least to make them a little better. An Englishman owes something to his country.

Graves. He does indeed! (*counting on his fingers.*) East winds, Fogs, Rheumatism, Pulmonary Complaints, and Taxes — (EVELYN *walks about in disorder.*) You seem agitated — a quarrel with your intended? Oh! when you 've been married

a month, you 'll not know what to do without one!

Evelyn. You are a pleasant comforter.

Graves. Do you deserve a comforter? One morning you tell me you love Clara, or at least detest her, which is the same thing (poor Maria often said she detested *me*) — and that very afternoon you propose to Georgina!

Evelyn. Clara will easily console herself — thanks to Sir Frederick!

Graves. He is young!

Evelyn. Good-looking!

Graves. A coxcomb!

Evelyn. And therefore irresistible!

Graves. Nevertheless, Clara has had the bad taste to refuse him. I have it from Lady Franklin, to whom he confided his despair in rearranging his neckcloth!

Evelyn. My dear friend — is it possible?

Graves. But what then? You *must* marry Georgina, who, to believe Lady Franklin, is sincerely attached to — your fortune. Go and hang yourself, Evelyn; you have been duped by them.

Evelyn. By them — bah! If deceived, I have been my own dupe. Is it not a strange thing that in matters of reason — of the arithmetic and logic of life — we are sensible, shrewd, prudent men; but touch our hearts — move our passions — take us for an instant from the hard safety of worldly calculation — and the philosopher is duller than the fool? *Duped* — if I thought it! —

Graves. To be sure! — you tried Clara in your *poverty*; it was a safe experiment to try Georgina in your *wealth.*

Evelyn. Ha! that is true — very true. Go on.

Graves. You 'll have an excellent father-in-law. Sir John positively weeps when he talks of your income!

Evelyn. Sir John, possibly — but Georgina?

Graves. Plays affection to you in the afternoon, after practising first with Sir Frederick in the morning.

Evelyn. On your life, sir, be serious: what do you mean?

Graves. That in passing this way I see her very often walking in the square with Sir Frederick.

Evelyn. Ha! say you so?

Graves. What then? Man is born to be deceived. You look nervous — your hand trembles; that comes of gaming. They say at the clubs that you play deeply.

Evelyn. Ha! ha! Do they say that? — a few hundreds lost or won — a cheap opiate — anything that can lay the memory to sleep. The poor man drinks, and the rich man gambles — the same motive to both! But you are right — it is a base resource — I will play no more.

Graves. I am delighted to hear it, for your friend Captain Smooth has ruined half the young heirs in London. To play with him is to advertise yourself a bankrupt. Even Sir John is alarmed. I met him just now in Pall Mall; he made me stop,

and implored me to speak to you. By the by, I forgot — do you bank with Flash, Brisk, Credit, and Co.?

Evelyn. So, Sir John is alarmed? — (*Aside.*) Gulled by this cogging charlatan? — Aha! I may beat him yet at his own weapons! — Humph! Bank with Flash! Why do you ask me?

Graves. Because Sir John has just heard that they are in a very bad way, and begs you to withdraw anything you have in their hands.

Evelyn. I'll see to it. So Sir John is *alarmed* at my gambling?

Graves. Terribly! He even told me he should go himself to the club this evening, to watch you.

Evelyn. To watch me! — good — I will be there.

Graves. But you will promise not to play?

Evelyn. Yes — to play. I feel it is impossible to give it up!

Graves. No — no! 'Sdeath, man! be as wretched as you please; break your heart, that 's nothing! but damme, take care of your pockets.

Evelyn. I will be there — I will play with Captain Smooth — I will lose as much as I please — thousands — millions — billions; and if he presume to spy on my losses, hang me if I don't lose Sir John himself into the bargain! (*Going out and returning.*) I am so absent! What was the bank you mentioned? Flash, Brisk, and Credit? Bless me, how unlucky! and it 's too late to draw out to-day. Tell Sir John I 'm very much obliged to him, and he 'll find me at the club any time before daybreak hard at work with my friend Smooth! [*Exit.*

Graves He 's certainly crazy! but I don't wonder at it. What the approach of the dog-days is to the canine species, the approach of the honeymoon is to the human race.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Lady Franklin's compliments — she will see you in the *boudoir*, sir.

Graves. In the *boudoir!* — go, go — I 'll come directly. [*Exit* Servant.

My heart beats — it must be for grief. Poor Maria! (*Searching his pockets for his handkerchief.*) Not a white one! — just like my luck: I call on a lady to talk of the dear departed, and I've nothing about me but a cursed gaudy, flaunting, red, yellow, and blue abomination from India, which it 's even indecent for a disconsolate widower to exhibit. Ah! Fortune never ceases to torment the susceptible. The *boudoir!* — ha! ha! the *boudoir!* [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Boudoir in the same house.

Lady F. I take so much compassion on this poor man, who is determined to make himself wretched, that I am equally determined to make him happy! Well, if my scheme does but succeed, he shall laugh, he shall sing, he shall — Mum! — here he comes!

Enter GRAVES.

Graves (*sighing*). Ah, Lady Franklin!

Lady F. (*sighing*). Ah, Mr. Graves! (*They seat themselves.*) Pray excuse me for having kept you so long. Is it not a charming day?

Graves. An east wind, ma'am! but nothing comes amiss to you! — it 's a happy disposition! Poor Maria! — *she*, too, was naturally gay.

Lady F. Yes, she was gay. So much life, and a great deal of spirit.

Graves. Spirit? Yes! — nothing could master it. She *would* have her own way! Ah! there was nobody like her!

Lady F. And then, when her spirit was up, she looked so handsome! Her eyes grew so brilliant!

Graves. Did not they? — Ah! ah! ha! ha! ha! And do you remember her pretty trick of stamping her foot? — the tiniest little foot — I think I see her now. Ah! this conversation is very soothing!

Lady F. How well she acted in your private theatricals!

Graves. You remember her Mrs. Oakley, in "The Jealous Wife"? Ha! ha! how good it was! — ha! ha!

Lady F. Ha! ha! Yes, in the very first scene, when she came out with (*mimicking*) "Your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me!"

Graves. No — no! that 's not it! more energy.

(*Mimicking.*) "Your unkindness and barbarity will be the DEATH of me." Ha! ha! I ought to know how she said it, for she used to practise it on me twice a-day. Ah! poor dear lamb! (*Wipes his eyes.*)

Lady F. And then she sang so well! was such a composer! What was that little French air she was so fond of?

Graves. Ha! ha! sprightly? was it not? Let me see — let me see.

Lady F. (*humming*). Tum ti — ti tum — ti — ti — ti. No, that 's not it.

Graves (*humming*). Tum ti — ti — tum ti — ti — tum — tum — tum.

Both. Tum ti — ti — tum ti — ti — tum — tum — tum. Ha! ha!

Graves (*throwing himself back*). Ah! what recollections it revives! It is too affecting.

Lady F. It *is* affecting; but we are all mortal. (*Sighs.*) And at your Christmas party at Cyprus Lodge, do you remember her dancing the Scotch reel with Captain Macnaughten?

Graves. Ha! ha! ha! To be sure — to be sure.

Lady F. Can you think of the step? — somehow thus, was it not? (*Dancing.*)

Graves. No — no — quite wrong! — just stand there. Now then (*humming the tune.*) — La — la-la-la. — La la, &c. [*They dance.*

That 's it — excellent — admirable!

Lady F. (*aside*). Now it 's coming.

Enter SIR JOHN, BLOUNT, GEORGINA, — *they stand amazed.*

[LADY FRANKLIN *continues to dance.*

Graves. Bewitching — irresistible! It 's Maria herself that I see before me! Thus — thus — let me clasp — Oh, the Devil! Just like my luck! — (*Stopping opposite* SIR JOHN.)

[LADY FRANKLIN *runs off.*

Sir John. Upon *my* word, Mr. Graves!

Georg., Blount. Encore — encore! Bravo — bravo!

Graves. It 's all a mistake! I — I — Sir John. Lady Franklin, you see — that is to say — I — Sainted Maria! you are spared, at least, this affliction!

Georg. Pray go on!

Blount. Don't let us interwupt you.

Graves. Interrupt me! I must say that this rudeness — this gross impropriety — to pry into the sorrows of a poor bereaved sufferer, seeking comfort from a sympathizing friend — But such is human nature!

Georg. But, Mr. Graves! — (*following him.*)

Graves. Heartless!

Blount. My dear Mr. Graves! — (*following him.*)

Graves. Frivolous!

Sir John. Stay and dine! — (*following him.*)

Graves. Unfeeling!

Omnes. Ha! — ha! — ha!

Graves. Monsters! Good day to you.*

[*Exit, followed by* SIR JOHN, *&c.*

SCENE VI.

*The interior of * * * * 's Club; night; lights, &c. Small sofa-tables, with books, papers, tea, coffee, &c. Several Members grouped by the fireplace; one Member with his legs over the back of his chair; another with his legs over his table; a third with his legs on the chimney-piece. To the left, and in front of the Stage, an old Member reading the newspaper, seated by a small round table; to the right a card-table, before which* CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH *is seated, and sipping lemonade; at the bottom of the Stage another card-table.*

GLOSSMORE *and* STOUT.

Gloss. You don't come often to the club, Stout?

Stout. No; time is money. An hour spent at a club is unproductive capital.

Old Mem. (*reading the newspaper*). Waiter!—the snuff-box. [Waiter *brings it.*

Gloss. So, Evelyn has taken to play? I see Deadly Smooth, "hushed in grim repose, awaits his evening prey." Deep work to-night, I suspect, for Smooth is drinking lemonade—keeps his head clear—monstrous clever dog!

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* For the original idea of this scene the author is indebted to a little *proverbe*, never, he believes, acted in public.

Enter EVELYN ; *salutes and shakes hands with different members in passing up the Stage.*

How d' ye do, Glossmore ? How are you, Stout ? *you* don't play, I think ? Political Economy never plays at cards, eh ? — never has time for anything more frivolous than Rents and Profits, Wages and Labor, High Prices and Low — Corn-Laws, Poor-Laws, Tithes, Currency — Dot-and-go-one — Rates, Puzzles, Taxes, Riddles, and Botheration ! Smooth is the man. Aha ! Smooth. Piquet, eh ? You owe me my revenge !

[*Members touch each other significantly :* STOUT *walks away with the snuff-box;* Old Member *looks at him savagely.*

Smooth. My dear Alfred, anything to oblige.

[*They seat themselves.*

Old Mem. Waiter ! — the snuff-box.

[Waiter *takes it from* STOUT *and brings it back to* Old Member.

Enter BLOUNT.

Blount. So, so ! Evelyn at it again, — eh, Glossmore ?

Gloss. Yes, Smooth sticks to him like a leech. Clever fellow, that Smooth !

Blount. Will you make up a wubber ?

Gloss. Have you got two others ?

Blount. Yes ; Flat and Green.

Gloss. Bad players.

Blount. I make it a wule to play with bad play-

ers; it is five per cent in one's favor. I hate gambling. But a quiet wubber, if one is the best player out of four, can't do one any harm.

Gloss. Clever fellow, that Blount!

[BLOUNT *takes up the snuff-box and walks off with it;* Old Member *looks at him savagely.*

[BLOUNT, GLOSSMORE, FLAT, *and* GREEN *make up a table at the bottom of the Stage.*

Smooth. A thousand pardons, my dear Alfred, — ninety repique — ten cards! — game!

Evelyn (*passing a note to him*). Game! Before we go on, one question. This is Thursday — how much do you calculate to win of me before Tuesday next?

Smooth. *Ce cher Alfred!* He is so droll!

Evelyn (*writing in his pocket-book*). Forty games a-night — four nights, minus Sunday — our usual stakes — that would be right, I think!

Smooth (*glancing over the account*). Quite — if I win all — which is next to impossible.

Evelyn. It shall be possible to win twice as much, on one condition. Can you keep a secret?

Smooth. My dear Alfred, I have kept myself! I never inherited a farthing — I never spent less than 4000*l.* a-year — and I never told a soul how I managed it.

Evelyn. Hark ye, then — a word with you — (*they whisper*).

Old Mem. Waiter! — the snuff-box!

[Waiter *takes it from* BLOUNT, *&c.*

Enter SIR JOHN.

Evelyn. You understand?

Smooth. Perfectly; anything to oblige.

Evelyn (*cutting*). It is for you to deal.

[*They go on playing.*

Sir John (*groaning*). There 's my precious son-in-law, that is to be, spending *my* consequence, and making a fool of himself.

[*Takes up the snuff-box;* Old Member *looks at him savagely.*

Blount. I 'm out. Flat, a poney on the odd twick. That 's wight. — (*Coming up counting his money.*) Well, Sir John, you don't play?

Sir John. Play? no! Confound him — lost again!

Evelyn. Hang the cards! — double the stakes!

Smooth. Just as you please — done!

Sir John Done, indeed!

Old Mem. Waiter! — the snuff-box.

[Waiter *takes it from* SIR JOHN.

Blount. I 've won eight points and the bets — I never lose — I never play in the Deadly Smooth set!

[*Takes up the snuff-box;* Old Member *as before.*

Sir John (*looking over* SMOOTH'S *hand, and fidgeting backwards and forwards*). Lord, have mercy on us! Smooth has seven for his point! What 's the stakes?

Evelyn. Don't disturb us — I only throw out four. Stakes, Sir John? — immense! Was ever

such luck? — not a card for my point. Do stand back, Sir John — I 'm getting irritable.

Old Mem. Waiter! — the snuff-box.

[Waiter *brings it back.*

Blount. One hundred pounds on the next game, Evelyn?

Sir John. Nonsense — nonsense — don't disturb him! All the fishes come to the bait! Sharks and minnows all nibbling away at my son-in-law!

Evelyn. One hundred pounds, Blount? Ah! the finest gentleman is never too fine a gentleman to pick up a guinea. Done! Treble the stakes, Smooth!

Sir John. I 'm on the rack! (*seizing the snuff-box.*) Be cool, Evelyn! take care, my dear boy! Be cool — be cool.

Evelyn. What — what? You have four queens! — five to the king. Confound the cards! a fresh pack. (*Throws the cards behind him over* SIR JOHN.)

Old Mem. Waiter! — the snuff-box.

[*Different members gather round.*

1*st Mem.* I never before saw Evelyn out of temper. He must be losing immensely!

2*d Mem.* Yes, this is interesting!

Sir John. Interesting! there 's a wretch!

1*st Mem.* Poor fellow! he 'll be ruined in a month!

Sir John. I 'm in a cold sweat.

2*d Mem.* Smooth is the very Devil.

Sir John. The Devil 's a joke to him!

Gloss. (*slapping* SIR JOHN *on the back*). A clever fellow that Smooth, Sir John, eh? (*Takes up the snuff-box.* Old Member *as before.*) 100*l.* on this game, Evelyn?

Evelyn (*half turning round*). You! well done the Constitution! yes, 100*l.*!

Old Mem. Waiter!—the snuff-box.

Stout. I *think* I'LL venture 200*l.*, on this game, Evelyn?

Evelyn (*quite turning round*). Ha! ha! ha!—Enlightenment and the Constitution on the same side of the question at last! O, Stout, Stout!—greatest happiness of the greatest number—greatest number, number one! Done, Stout!—200*l.*!—ha! ha! ha!—deal, Smooth. Well done, Political Economy—ha! ha! ha!

Sir John. Quite hysterical—drivelling! Ar'n't you ashamed of yourselves? His own cousins—all in a conspiracy—a perfect gang of them.

[*Members indignant.*

Stout (*to Members*). Hush! he's to marry Sir John's daughter.

1*st Mem.* What, Stingy Jack's? oh!

Chorus of Members. Oh! oh!

Old Mem. Waiter! the snuff-box.

Evelyn (*rising in great agitation*). No more, no more—I've done!—quite enough. Glossmore, Stout, Blount—I'll pay you to-morrow. I—I—Death!—this is ruinous!

[*Seizes the snuff-box;* Old Member *as before.*

Sir John. Ruinous? I dare say it is. What

has he lost? what *has* he lost, Smooth? Not much? eh? eh?

[*Omnes gather round* SMOOTH.

Smooth. Oh, a trifle, dear John! — excuse me! We never tell our winnings. — (*To* BLOUNT.) How d'ye do, Fred? — (*To* GLOSSMORE.) By the by, Charles, don't you want to sell your house in Grosvenor-square? — 12,000*l.*, eh?

Gloss. Yes, and the furniture at a valuation. About 3,000*l.* more.

Smooth (*looking over his pocket-book*). Um! — Well, we 'll talk of it.

Sir John. 12 and 3 — 15,000*l.* What a cold-blooded rascal it is! — 15,000*l.*, Smooth?

Smooth. Oh, the house itself is a trifle; but the establishment — I 'm considering whether I have enough to keep it up, my dear John.

Old Mem. Waiter, the snuff-box! (*Scraping it round, and with a wry face.*) — And it 's all gone!

[*Gives it to the* Waiter *to fill.*

Sir John (*turning round*). And it 's all gone!

Evelyn (*starting up and laughing hysterically*). Ha! ha! all gone? not a bit of it. Smooth, this club is so noisy. Sir John, you are always in the way. Come to my house! come! Champagne and a broiled bone. Nothing venture, nothing have! The luck must turn, and by Jupiter we 'll make a night of it!

Sir John. A night of it!!! For Heaven's sake, Evelyn! EVELYN!! — think what you are about! — think of Georgina's feelings! think of your poor

lost mother! — think of the babes unborn! think of —

Evelyn. I 'll think of nothing! Zounds! — you don't know what I have lost, man; it 's all your fault, distracting my attention. Pshaw — pshaw! Out of the way, do! Come, Smooth. Ha! ha! a night of it, my boy — a night of it!

[*Exeunt* SMOOTH *and* EVELYN.

Sir John (*following*). You must not, you shall not! Evelyn, my dear Evelyn! he 's drunk — he 's mad! Will no one send for the police?

Members. Ha! ha! ha! Poor old Stingy Jack!

Old Mem. (*rising for the first time, and in a great rage*). Waiter! — the snuff-box!

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Anteroom in* EVELYN'S *house, as in Scene I., Act II.*

TABOURET, MACFINCH, FRANTZ, *and other* Tradesmen.

Tab. (*half whispers*). So, I hear that Mr. Evelyn has turned gamester! There are strange reports about to-day — I don't know what to make of it! We must look sharp, Mr. MacFinch, we poor tradesmen, and make hay while the sun shines.

MacFinch. I wuish those geeming-houses were aw at the Deevil! — It 's a sheam and a sin for gentlemen to gang and ruin themselves, when we honest tradesmen could do it for them with sae muckle advantage to the arts and coummerce o' the country!

[*Omnes shake their heads approvingly.*

Enter SMOOTH *from the inner room, with a pocket-book and pencil in his hand.*

Smooth (*looking round*). Hum! ha! Fine pictures! — (*Feeling the curtains.*) The new-fashioned velvet, hum! good proportioned rooms! Yes, this house is better than Glossmore's! Oh, Mr. Tabouret, the upholsterer! you furnished these rooms? All of the best, eh?

Tab. Oh, the VERY best! Mr. Evelyn is not a man to grudge expense, sir!

Smooth. He is not, indeed. You 've been paid, I suppose, Tabouret?

Tab. No, Sir, no — I never send in my bills when a customer is rich. (*Aside.*) Bills are like trees, and grow by standing.

Smooth. Humph! Not PAID? humph!

[*Omnes gather round.*

MacFinch. I dinna like that hoomph, there 's something vara suspeecious abun' it.

Tab. (*to the tradesmen*). It 's the great card-player, Captain Smooth — finest player in Europe — cleaned out the Duke of Sillyvale. Uncommonly clever man!

Smooth (*pacing about the room*). Thirty-six feet by twenty-eight — Um! I think a bow-window *there* would be an *improvement:* could it be done easily, Tabouret?

MacFinch. If Mr. Evelyn wants to pool about his house, there 's no mon like my friend Mr. MacStucco.

Smooth. Evelyn! I was speaking of *myself.* Mr. MacStucco? — humph!

Tab. Yourself? Have you bought the house, sir?

Smooth. *Bought* it? — hum! — ha! — it depends — So you 've not been paid yet? — um! Nor you — nor you — nor you? Hum! ha!

Tab. No, sir! — what *then?* No fear of Mr. EVELYN! Ha! ha!

Omnes (*anxiously*). Ha! ha! — what then?

MacFinch. Ah, sir, what then? I 'm a puir mon

with a family; this way, Captain! You 've a leetle account in the buiks; an' we 'll e'en wipe it out altogether, gin you 'll say what you mean by that Hoom ha!

Smooth. MacFinch, my dear fellow, don't oblige me to cane you; I would not have Mr. Evelyn distressed for the world. Poor fellow! he holds very bad cards. So you 've not been paid yet? Don't send in your bills on any account — Mind! Yes; I don't dislike the house with some alteration. Good day to you — Hum! ha!

[*Exit, looking about him, examining the chairs, tables, &c.*

Tab. Plain as a pike-staff! staked his very house on an odd trick!

SCENE II.

The foregoing. — Enter SHARP *from the inner room, agitated, and in a hurry.*

Sharp. O Lord! O Lord! — who 'd have thought it? Cards are the Devil's books! John! — Thomas! — Harris! — (*ringing the bell.*)

Enter Two Servants.

Tom, take this letter to Sir John Vesey's. If not at home, find him — he will give you a check. Go to his banker's, and get it cashed *instantly*. Quick — quick! off with you!

Tab. (*seizing* Servant). What 's the matter — what 's the matter? How 's Mr. Evelyn?

Servant. Bad — very bad! Sat up all night with Captain Smooth. [*Runs off.*

Sharp (*to the other* Servant). Yes, Harris, your poor master! O dear! O dear! You will take this note to the Belgian minister, Portland-place. Passport for Ostend! Have the travelling carriage ready at a moment's notice!

MacFinch (*stopping* Servant). Passport! Hark ye, my mon; is he gaun to pit the saut seas between us and the siller?

Servant. Don't stop me — something wrong in the chest — change of air — late hours — and Captain Smooth! [*Exit.*

Sharp (*walking about*). And if the bank should break! — if the bank *is* broke, and he can't draw out! — bound to Smooth.

Tab. Bank! — what bank?

Sharp. Flash's bank! Flash, brother-in-law to Captain Smooth! What have *you* heard? — eh? — eh?

Tab. That there 's an awful run on it!

Sharp. I must be off. Go — go — you can't see Mr. Evelyn to-day!

Tab. My account, sir!

MacFinch. I 've a muckle bairns and a sma' bill!

Frantz. O sare, de great gentlemen always tink first of de tailor!

Sharp. Call again — call again at Christmas.

The bank, — the cards, — the bank! O dear! O dear! [*Exit.*

Tab. The bank!

MacFinch. The passport!

Frantz. And all dat vil be seen of de great Evelyn coat is de back of it! *Donner und Hagel!* — I vil arrest him — I vil put de salt on de tail of it!

Tab. (*aside*). I'll slip down to the city and see how the bank goes!

MacFinch (*aside*). I'll e'en gang to my coosin the la'yer. Nothing but peetience for us, Mr. Tabouret.

Tab. Ay, ay, — stick by each other — share and share alike — that 's my way, sir.

Omnes. Share and share alike. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Servant, GLOSSMORE, *and* BLOUNT.

Servant. My master is not very well, my lord! but I'll let him know. [*Exit.*

Gloss. I'm very curious to learn the result of his gambling tête-à-tête.

Blount. Oh, he 's so howwidly wich, he can afford even a tête-à-tête with Deadly Smooth!

Gloss. Poor old Stingy Jack! why Georgina was *your* intended.

Blount. Yes; and I really liked the girl, though

out of pique I pwoposed to her cousin. But what can a man do against money?

Enter EVELYN.

If we could start fair, you 'd see whom Georgina would pwefer: but she 's sacwificed by her father She as much as told me so!

Evelyn. So, so, gentlemen, we 've a little account to settle — one hundred each.

Both. Don't talk of it.

Evelyn (*putting up his pocket-book*). Well, I 'll not talk of it! — (*Taking* BLOUNT *aside.*) Ha! ha! you 'd hardly believe it — but I 'd rather not pay you just at present: my money is locked up, and I must wait, you know, for the Groginhole rents. So, instead of owing you one hundred pounds, suppose I owe you *five?* You can give me a check for the other four. And, hark ye! not a word to Glossmore.

Blount. Glossmore! the gweatest gossip in London! I shall be delighted! — (*Aside.*) It never does harm to lend to a wich man; one gets it back somehow. By the way, Evelyn, if you want my gway cab-horse, you may have him for two hundwed pounds, and that will make seven.

Evelyn (*aside*). That 's the fashionable usury: your friend does not take interest — he sells you a horse. — (*Aloud.*) Blount, it 's a bargain.

Blount (*writing the check, and musingly*). No; I don't see what harm it can do me; that off-leg must end in a spavin.

Evelyn (*to* GLOSSMORE). That hundred pounds I owe you is rather inconvenient at present; I 've a large sum to make up for the Groginhole property — perhaps you would lend me five or six hundred more — just to go on with?

Gloss. Certainly! Hopkins is dead: your interest for Cipher would —

Evelyn. Why, I can't promise *that* at this moment. But as a slight mark of friendship and gratitude, I shall be very much flattered if you 'll accept a splendid gray cab-horse I bought to-day — cost two hundred pounds!

Gloss. Bought *to-day!* — then I 'm safe. My dear fellow, you 're always so princely!

Evelyn. Nonsense! just write the check; and, hark ye, not a syllable to Blount!

Gloss. Blount! He 's the town-crier!

[*Goes to write.*

Blount (*giving* EVELYN *the check*). Wansom's, Pall-mall East.

Evelyn. Thank you. So you *proposed* to Miss Douglas!

Blount. Hang it! yes; I could have sworn that she fancied me; her manner, for instance, that vewy day you pwoposed for Miss Vesey, otherwise Georgina —

Evelyn. Has only half what Miss Douglas has.

Blount. You forget how much Stingy Jack must have saved! But I beg your pardon.

Evelyn. Never mind; but not a word to Sir John, or he 'll fancy I 'm ruined.

Gloss. (*giving the check*). Ransom's, Pall-mall East. Tell me, did you win or lose last night?

Evelyn. Win! lose! oh! No more of that, if you love me. I must send off at once to the banker's (*looking at the two checks*).

Gloss. (*aside*). Why! he 's borrowed from Blount, too!

Blount (*aside*). That 's a check from Lord Glossmore!

Evelyn. Excuse me; I must dress; I have not a moment to lose. You remember you dine with me to-day — seven o'clock. You 'll meet Smooth. (*With tears in his voice.*) It may be the last time I shall ever welcome you here! My — what am I saying? — Oh, merely a joke! — good by — *good* by.

[*Shaking them heartily by the hand. Exit by the inner room.*

Blount. Glossmore!

Gloss. Blount!

Blount. I am afraid all 's not wight!

Gloss. I incline to your opinion!

Blount. But I 've sold my gway cab-horse.

Gloss. Gray cab-horse! you! What is he really worth now?

Blount. Since he is sold, I will tell you — Not a sixpence!

Gloss. Not a sixpence? he gave it to me!

[EVELYN *at the door giving directions to a* Servant *in dumb show.*

Blount. That was devilish unhandsome! Do you know, I feel nervous!

Gloss. Nervous! Let us run and stop payment of our checks.

[EVELYN *shuts the door, and* Servant *runs across the stage.*

Blount. Hollo, John! where so fast?

Servant (*in great haste*). Beg pardon, Sir Frederick, to Pall-mall East — Messrs. Ransom.

[*Exit.*

Blount (*solemnly*). Glossmore, we are fwoored?

Gloss. Sir, the whole town shall know of it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter TOKE *and other* Servants.

Toke. Come, come, stir yourselves! we've no time to lose. This room is to be got ready for the shawls. Mrs. Crump and the other ladies of the household are to wait here on the women before they go up to the drawing-room. Take away that desk; don't be lazy! and give me the newspaper.

[TOKE *seats himself; the* Servants *bustle about.*

Strange reports about my patron! and the walley is gone for the passport!

Enter FRANTZ *with a bundle.*

Frantz. Mr. Toke, my goot Mr. Toke, I 've brought you von leetel present.

Toke. John and Charles, vanish!

[*Exeunt* Servants.

I scorn to corrupt them 'ere working classes!

Frantz (*producing a pair of small-clothes which* TOKE *examines*). Your master is von beggar! He vants to run avay; ve are all in de same vat-you-call-it — de same leetel nasty boat, Mr. Toke! Just let my friend Mr. Clutch up through the area. I vil put vat you call un execution on de gutes and de cattles dis very tay.

Toke. I accept the abridgments: but you 've forgotten to line the pockets!

Frantz. Blesh my soul, so I have! (*giving a note*).

Toke. The area-gate shall be left undefended. Do it quietly — no *claw*, as the French say.

Frantz. Goot Mr. Toke — to-morrow I vill line de oter pocket. [*Exit.*

Toke. My patron does not give me satisfaction!

Enter Footman.

Footman. What chandeliers are to be lighted, Mr. Toke? — it 's getting late.

Toke. Don't disturb me — I 'm rum-mynating! — yes, yes, there 's no doubt of it! Charles, the area-gate is open?

Footman. And all the plate in the pantry! I 'll run and —

Toke. Not a step! leave it open.

Footman. But —

Toke (*with dignity*). It 's for the sake of wentilation ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A splendid saloon in EVELYN'S *house.*

EVELYN *and* GRAVES.

Graves. You 've withdrawn your money from Flash and Brisk ?

Evelyn. No.

Graves. No ! — then —

Enter SIR JOHN, LADY FRANKLIN, *and* GEORGINA.

Sir John. You got the check for 500*l.* safely ? — too happy to —

Evelyn (*interrupting him*). My best thanks ! — my warmest gratitude ! So kind in you ! so seasonable ! — that 500*l.* — you don't know the value of 500*l.* I shall never forget your nobleness of conduct.

Sir John. Gratitude ! Nobleness ! — (*Aside.*) I can't have been taken in ?

Evelyn. And in a moment of such distress !

Sir John (*aside*). Such distress ! He picks out the ugliest words in the whole dictionary !

Evelyn. I 've done with Smooth. But I 'm still a little crippled, and you must do me *another* favor.

I've only as yet paid the deposit of ten per cent for the great Groginhole property. I am to pay the rest this week — nay, I fear to-morrow. I 've already sold out of the Funds; the money lies at the banker's, and of course I can't touch it; for if I don't pay by a certain day, I forfeit the estate and the deposit.

Sir John. What 's coming now, I wonder?

Evelyn. Georgina's fortune is 10,000*l.* I always meant, my dear Sir John, to present you with that little sum.

Sir John. Oh, Evelyn! your generosity is positively touching (*wipes his eyes*).

Evelyn. *But* the news of my losses has frightened my tradesmen! I have so many heavy debts at this moment that — that — that — But I see Georgina is listening, and I 'll say what I have to say to her.

Sir John. No, no — no, no. Girls don't understand business!

Evelyn. The very reason I speak to her. This is an affair not of business, but of *feeling*. Stout, show Sir John my Correggio.

Sir John (*aside*). Devil take his Correggio! The man is born to torment me!

Evelyn. My dear Georgina, whatever you may hear said of me, I flatter myself that you feel confidence in my honor.

Georg. Can you doubt it?

Evelyn. I confess that I am embarrassed at this moment: I have been weak enough to lose money

at play; and there are other demands on me. I promise you never to gamble again as long as I live. My affairs can be retrieved; but for the first few years of our marriage it may be necessary to retrench.

Georg. Retrench!

Evelyn. To live, perhaps, altogether in the country.

Georg. Altogether in the country!

Evelyn. To confine ourselves to a modest competence.

Georg. Modest competence! I knew something horrid was coming!

Evelyn. And now, Georgina, you may have it in your power at this moment to save me from much anxiety and humiliation. My money is locked up —my debts of honor must be settled — you are of age — your 10,000*l.* in your own hands —

Sir John (STOUT *listening as well as* SIR JOHN). I'm standing on hot iron!

Evelyn. If you could lend it to me for a few weeks — You hesitate! oh! believe the honor of the man you will call your husband before all the calumnies of the fools whom we call the world! Can you give me this proof of your confidence? Remember, without confidence, what is wedlock?

Sir John (*aside to her*). No! (*Aloud, pointing his glass at the Correggio.*) Yes, the painting may be fine.

Stout. But you don't like the subject?

Georg. (*aside*). He may be only trying me! Best leave it to papa.

Evelyn. Well —

Georg. You — you shall hear from me to-morrow. — (*Aside.*) Ah, there 's that dear Sir Frederick! [*Goes to* BLOUNT.

Enter GLOSSMORE *and* SMOOTH; EVELYN *salutes them, paying* SMOOTH *servile respect.*

Lady F. (*to* GRAVES). Ha! ha! To be so disturbed yesterday, — was it not droll?

Graves. Never recur to that humiliating topic.

Gloss. (to STOUT). See how Evelyn fawns upon Smooth!

Stout. How mean in him! — *Smooth* — a professional gambler — a fellow who lives by his wits! I would not know such a man on any account!

Smooth (*to* GLOSS.). So Hopkins is dead — you want Cipher to come in for Groginhole, eh?

Gloss. What! — could *you* manage it?

Smooth. *Ce cher Charles!* — anything to oblige!

Stout. Groginhole! What can he have to do with Groginhole? Glossmore, present me to Smooth.

Gloss. What! the gambler — the fellow who lives by his wits?

Stout. Why, his wits seem to be an uncommonly productive capital? I 'll introduce myself. How d' ye do, Captain Smooth? We have met at the club, I think — I am charmed to make your acquaintance in private. I say, sir, what do you think of the affairs of the nation? Bad! very bad! — no enlightenment! — great fall off in the revenue! —

no knowledge of finance! There 's only one man who can save the country — and that 's POPKINS!

Smooth. Is he in Parliament, Mr. Stout? What 's your Christian name, by-the-by?

Stout. Benjamin. — No; — constituencies are so ignorant, they don't understand his value. He 's no orator: in fact, he stammers so much — but devilish profound. Could not we insure him for Groginhole?

Smooth. My dear Benjamin, it 's a thing to be thought on.

Evelyn (*advancing*). My friends, pray be seated; — I wish to consult you. This day twelve months I succeeded to an immense income, and as, by a happy coincidence, on the same day I secured your esteem, so now I wish to ask you if you think I could have spent that income in a way more worthy your good opinion.

Gloss. Impossible! excellent taste — beautiful house!

Blount. Vewy good horses — (*Aside to* GLOSSMORE) especially the gway cab!

Lady F. Splendid pictures!

Graves. And a magnificent cook, ma'am!

Smooth (*thrusting his hands into his pockets*). It 's my opinion, Alfred — and I 'm a judge — that you could not have spent your money better!

Omnes (*except* SIR JOHN). Very true!

Evelyn. What say *you*, Sir John? You may think me a little extravagant; but you know that in this world the only way to show one's self thoroughly

respectable is to make a thoroughly respectable show.

Sir John. Certainly — certainly ! No, you could not have done better. (*Aside.*) I don't know what to make of it.

Georg. Certainly. — (*Coaxingly.*) Don't retrench, my dear Alfred !

Gloss. Retrench ! nothing so plebeian !

Stout. Plebeian, sir ! — worse than plebeian ! — it is against all the rules of public morality. Every one knows, now-a-days, that extravagance is a benefit to the population — encourages art — employs labor — and multiplies spinning-jennies.

Evelyn. You reassure me! I own I did think that a man worthy of friends so sincere might have done something better than feast — dress — drink — play —

Gloss. Nonsense — we like you the better for it. (*Aside.*) I wish I had my 600*l.* back, though.

Evelyn. And you are as much my friends now as when you offered me 10*l.* for my old nurse ?

Sir John. A thousand times more so, my dear boy ! [*Omnes approve.*

Enter SHARP.

Smooth. But who 's our new friend ?

Evelyn. Who ! the very man who first announced to me the wealth which you allow I have spent so well. But what 's the matter, Sharp ?

SHARP (*whispering* EVELYN).

Evelyn (*aloud*). The bank 's *broke !*

Sir John. Broke ! — what bank ?

Evelyn. Flash, Brisk, and Co.

Gloss. (*to* SMOOTH). And Flash was your brother-in-law. I 'm very sorry.

Smooth (*taking snuff*). Not at all, Charles, — I did not bank there.

Sir John. But I warned you — you withdrew ?

Evelyn. Alas ! no !

Sir John. Oh ! Not much in their hands ?

Evelyn. Why, I told you the purchase-money for Groginhole was at my bankers' — but no, no don't look so frightened ! It was not placed with Flash — it is at Hoare's — it is, indeed. Nay, I assure you it is. A mere trifle at Flash's, upon my word, now ! To-morrow, Sharp, we 'll talk of this ! One day more — one day, at least, for enjoyment

Sir John. Oh ! a pretty enjoyment !

Blount. And he borrowed 700*l.* of me !

Gloss. And 600*l.* of me !

Sir John. And 500*l.* of me !

Stout. Oh ! a regular Jeremy Diddler !

Smooth (*to* SIR JOHN). John, do you know, I think I would take a handsome offer for this house just as it stands — furniture, plate, pictures, books, bronzes, and statues !

Sir John. Powers above !

Stout (*to* SIR JOHN). I say you have placed your daughter in a very unsafe investment. What then ? — a daughter 's like any other capital — transfer the stock in hand to t' other speculation.

Sir John (*going to* GEORG.). Ha! I 'm afraid we 've been very rude to Sir Frederick. A monstrous fine young man!

Enter TOKE.

Toke (*to* EVELYN). Sir, I beg your pardon, but Mr. MacFinch insists on my giving you this letter instantly.

Evelyn (*reading*). How! Sir John, this fellow, MacFinch, has heard of my misfortunes, and insists on being paid; — a lawyer's letter — quite insolent!

Toke. And, sir, Mr. Tabouret is below, and declares he won't stir till he 's paid.

Evelyn. Won't stir till he 's paid! What 's to be done, Sir John? — Smooth, what *is* to be done?

Smooth. If he won't stir till he 's paid, make him up a bed, and I 'll take him in the inventory as one of the fixtures, Alfred!

Evelyn. It is very well for you to joke, Mr. Smooth. But —

Enter Sheriff's Officer, *giving a paper to* EVELYN, *and whispering.*

Evelyn. What 's this? Frantz, the tailor. Why, the impudent scoundrel! Faith, this is more than I bargained for — Sir John, the bailiffs are in the house!

Stout (*slapping* SIR JOHN *on the back with glee*). The bailiffs are in the house, old gentleman! But I did n't lend him a farthing.

Evelyn. And for a mere song — 150*l.*! Sir John, pay this fellow, will you? or see that my people kick out the bailiffs, or do it yourself, or something, — while we go to dinner!

Sir John. Pay — kick — I'll be d——d if I do! — Oh, my 500*l.*! my 500*l.*! Mr. Alfred Evelyn, I want my 500*l.*!

Graves. I'm going to do a very silly thing — I shall lose both my friend and my money; — just like my luck! — Evelyn, go to dinner — I'll settle this for you.

Lady F. I love you for that!

Graves. Do you? then I am the happiest — Ah! ma'am, I don't know what I am saying!

[*Exeunt* GRAVES *and* Officer.

Evelyn (*to* GEORG.). Don't go by these appearances! I repeat 10,000*l.* will more than cover all my embarrassments. I shall hear from you to-morrow?

Georg. Yes — yes!

Evelyn. But you're not going? — You, too, Glossmore? — you, Blount? — you, Stout? — you, Smooth?

Smooth. No; I'll stick by you as long as you've a guinea to stake!

Gloss. Oh, this might have been expected from a man of such ambiguous political opinions!

Stout. Don't stop me, Sir. No man of common enlightenment would have squandered his substance in this way. Pictures and statues? — baugh!

Evelyn. Why, you all said I could not spend my

money better! Ha! ha! ha! — the absurdest mistake! — you don't fancy I'm going to prison? — Ha! ha! — Why don't you laugh, Sir John? — Ha! ha! ha!

Sir John. Sir, this horrible levity! — Take Sir Frederick's arm, my poor, injured, innocent child! — Mr. Evelyn, after this extraordinary scene, you can't be surprised that I — I — Zounds! I'm suffocating!

Smooth. But, my dear John, it is for us at least to put an execution on the dinner.

Stout (*aside*). The election at Groginhole is to-morrow. This news may not arrive before the poll closes. — (*Rushing to* EVELYN.) Sir, Popkins never bribes: but Popkins will bet you 1,000*l.* that he don't come in for Groginhole.

Gloss. This is infamous, Mr. Stout! Cipher is a man who scorns every subterfuge! — (*Aside to* EVELYN.) But, for the sake of the Constitution, name your price.

Evelyn. I know the services of Cipher — I know the profundity of Popkins: but it's too late — the borough's engaged!

Toke. Dinner is served.

Gloss. (*pausing*). Dinner!

Stout. Dinner! it's a very good smell!

Evelyn (*to* SIR JOHN). Turtle and venison, too.

[*They stop irresolute.*

Evelyn. That's right — come along. But, I say, Blount — Stout — Glossmore — Sir John — one word first; will you lend me 10*l.* for my old nurse? [*They all fall back.*

Ah! you fall back. — Behold a lesson for all who build friendship upon their fortune, and not their virtues! — You lent me hundreds this morning to squander upon pleasure — you would refuse me 10*l.* now to bestow upon benevolence. Go — we have done with each other — go!

[*Exeunt, indignantly, all but* EVELYN *and* SMOOTH.

Re-enter GRAVES.

Graves. Heyday! — what 's all this?

Evelyn. Ha! ha! — the scheme prospers — the duper *is* duped! Come, my friends — come! when the standard of money goes down, in the great battle between man and fate — why, a bumper to the brave hearts that refuse to desert us! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—* * * * *'s *Club*; SMOOTH, GLOSSMORE—*other Members.*

Gloss. Will his horses be sold, think you?

Smooth. Very possibly, Charles!—a fine stud—hum! ha!—Waiter, a glass of sherry!

Gloss. They say he must go abroad.

Smooth. Well! it's the best time of year for travelling, Charles!

Gloss. We are all to be paid to-day: and that looks suspicious!

Smooth. Very suspicious, Charles! Hum!—ah!

Gloss. My dear fellow, you must know the rights of the matter: I wish you'd speak out. What have you really won? Is the house itself gone?

Smooth. The house itself is certainly not gone, Charles, for I saw it exactly in the same place this morning at half-past ten—it has not moved an inch!

[Waiter *gives a letter to* GLOSSMORE.

Gloss. (*reading*). From Groginhole—an express! What's this? I'm amazed!!! (*Reading.*) "They've actually, at the eleventh hour, started Mr. Evelyn; and nobody knows what his politics are! We shall be *beat!*—the Constitution is gone!—CIPHER!" Oh! this is infamous in

Evelyn! Gets into Parliament just to keep himself out of the Bench.

Smooth. He 's capable of it!

Gloss. Not a doubt of it, sir!—Not a doubt of it!

Enter SIR JOHN *and* BLOUNT, *talking.*

Sir John. My dear boy, I 'm not flint! I am but a man! If Georgina really loves you—and I am sure that she *does*—I will never think of sacrificing her happiness to ambition—she is yours; I told her so this very morning.

Blount (*aside*). The old humbug!

Sir John. She 's the best of daughters!—the most obedient, artless creature! Oh! she 's been properly brought up; a good daughter makes a good wife. Dine with me at seven, and we 'll talk of the settlements.

Blount. Yes; I don't care for fortune;—but—

Sir John. Her 10,000*l.* will be settled on herself—that of course.

Blount. *All* of it, sir? Weally, I—

Sir John. What *then*, my dear boy? I shall leave you both all I 've laid by. Ah! you know I 'm a close fellow! "Stingy Jack"—eh? After all, worth makes the man!

Smooth. And the more a man 's worth, John, the worthier man he must be! [*Exit.*

Blount (*aside*). Yes; he has no other child! she *must* have all his savings; I don't see what harm it could do me. Still that 10,000*l.*—I want that

10,000*l.*; if she would but wun off now, one could get wid of the settlements.

Enter STOUT (*wiping his forehead*), *and takes* SIR JOHN *aside.*

Stout. Sir John, we 've been played upon! My secretary is brother to Flash's head clerk; Evelyn had not 300*l.* in the bank!

Sir John. Bless us and save us! you take away my breath! But then — Deadly Smooth — the execution — the — oh, he must be done up!

Stout. As to Smooth, he 'd "do anything to oblige." All a trick, depend upon it! Smooth has already deceived me, for before the day 's over Evelyn will be member for Groginhole. I 've had an express from Popkins; he 's in despair! not for *himself* — but for the *country*, Sir John — what 's to become of the country?

Sir John. But what could be Evelyn's *object?*

Stout. Object? Do you look for an object in a whimsical creature like that? A man who has not even any political opinions! Object! Perhaps to break off his match with your daughter! Take care, Sir John, or the borough will be lost to your family!

Sir John. Aha! I begin to smell a rat! But it 's not too late yet.

Stout. My interest in Popkins made me run to Lord Spendquick, the late proprietor of Groginhole. I told him that Evelyn could not pay the rest of the money; and *he* told me that —

Sir John. What ?

Stout. Mr. Sharp had just paid it him; there 's no hope for Popkins ! England will rue this day !

Sir John. *Georgina* shall lend him the money ! *I'll* lend him — every man in my house shall lend him — I feel again what it is to be a father-in-law ! — (*Aside.*) But stop; I 'll be cautious. Stout may be on his side — a trap — not likely; but I 'll go first to Spendquick myself. Sir Frederick, excuse me — you can't dine with me to-day. And, on second thoughts, I see that it would be very unhandsome to desert poor Evelyn, now he 's down in the world. Can't think of it, my dear boy — can't think of it ! Very much honored, and happy to see you as a friend. Waiter, my carriage ! Um ! What, humbug *Stingy Jack*, will they ? Ah ! a good joke, indeed ! [*Exit.*

Blount. Mr. Stout, what have you been saying to Sir John ? Something against my chawacter; I know you have; don't deny it. Sir, I shall expect satisfaction !

Stout. Satisfaction, Sir Frederick ? as if a man of enlightenment had any satisfaction in fighting ! Did not mention your name; we were talking of Evelyn. Only think ! — he 's no more ruined than you are.

Blount. Not wuined ! Aha, now I understand ! — So, so ! Stay, let me see — she 's to meet me in the square !

[*Pulls out his watch; a very small one.*

Stout (*pulling out his own; a very large one*). I must be off to the vestry.

Blount. Just in time! — ten thousand pounds! 'Gad, my blood 's up, and I won't be tweated in *this* way, if he were fifty times Stingy Jack!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The drawing-rooms in SIR JOHN VESEY'S *house.*

LADY FRANKLIN, GRAVES.

Graves. Well, well, I am certain that poor Evelyn loves Clara still, but you can't persuade me that she cares for him.

Lady F. She has been breaking her heart ever since she heard of his distress. Nay, I am sure she would give all she has, could it save him from the consequences of his own folly.

Graves (*half aside*). She would only give him his own money, if she did. I should like just to sound her.

Lady F. (*ringing the bell*). And you shall. I take so much interest in her, that I forgive your friend everything but his offer to Georgina.

Enter Servant.

Where are the young ladies?

Servant. Miss Vesey is, I believe, still in the square: Miss Douglas is just come in, my lady.

Lady F. What! did she go out with Miss Vesey?

Servant. No, my lady! I attended her to Drummond's the banker. [*Exit.*

Lady F. Drummond's!

Enter CLARA.

Why, child, what on earth could take you to Drummond's at this hour of the day?

Clara (*confused*). Oh, I — that is — I — Ah, Mr. Graves! How is Mr. Evelyn? How does he bear up against so sudden a reverse?

Graves. With an awful calm. I fear all is not right here! (*Touching his head*). — The report in the town is, that he must go abroad instantly, — perhaps to-day!

Clara. Abroad! — to-day!

Graves. But all his creditors will be paid; and he only seems anxious to know if Miss Vesey remains true in his misfortunes.

Clara. Ah! he loves her so *much*, then!

Graves. Um! — that 's more than I can say.

Clara. She told me last night, that he said to the last that 10,000*l.* would free him from all his liabilities, — that was the sum, was it not?

Graves. Yes; he persists in the same assertion. Will Miss Vesey lend it?

Lady F. (*aside*). If she does, I shall not think so well of her poor dear mother; for I am sure she 'd be no child of Sir John's!

Graves. I should like to convince myself that

my poor friend has nothing to hope from a woman's generosity.

Lady F. Civil! And are men, then, less covetous?

Graves. I know one man, at least, who, rejected in his poverty by one as poor as himself, no sooner came into a sudden fortune than he made his lawyer invent a codicil which the testator never dreamt of, bequeathing independence to the woman who had scorned him.

Lady F. And never told her!

Graves. Never! There 's no such document at Doctors' Commons, depend on it! You seem incredulous, Miss Clara! Good-day!

Clara (*following him*). One word, for mercy's sake! Do I understand you right? Ah, how could I be so blind? Generous Evelyn!

Graves. *You* appreciate, and *Georgina* will desert him. Miss Douglas, he loves you still. — I that 's not just like me! Meddling with other people's affairs, as if they were worth it — hang them!

[*Exit.*

Clara. Georgina will desert him. Do you think so? — (*Aside.*) Ah, he will soon discover that she never wrote that letter!

Lady F. She told me last night that she would never see him again. To do her justice, she 's less interested than her father, — and as much attached as she can be to another. Even while engaged to Evelyn she has met Sir Frederick every day in the square.

Clara. And he is alone — sad — forsaken — ruined. And I, whom he enriched — I, the creature of his bounty — I, once the woman of his love — I stand idly here to content myself with tears and prayers! O, Lady Franklin, have pity on me — on him! We are both of kin to him — as relations we have both a right to comfort! Let us go to him — come!

Lady F. No! it would scarcely be right — remember the world — I cannot!

Clara. All abandon him — then I will go alone!

Lady F. You! — so proud — so sensitive!

Clara. Pride — when he wants a friend?

Lady F. His misfortunes are his own fault — a gambler!

Clara. Can you think of his faults now? *I* have no right to do so. All I have — all — his gift! — and I never to have dreamed it!

Lady F. But if Georgina do indeed release him — if she have already done so — what will he think? What but —

Clara. What but — that, if he love me still, I may have enough for both, and I am by his side! But that is too bright a dream. He told me I might call him brother! Where now, should a sister be? — But — but — I — I — I — tremble! If, after all — if — if — In one word am I too bold? The world — my conscience can answer *that* — but do you think that HE could despise me?

Lady F. No, Clara, no! Your fair soul is too transparent for even libertines to misconstrue.

Something tells me that this meeting may make the happiness of both! You cannot go alone. My presence justifies all. Give me your hand — we will go together! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in EVELYN'S *house.*

Evelyn. Yes; as yet, all surpasses my expectations. I am sure of Smooth — I have managed even Sharp: my election will seem but an escape from a prison. Ha! ha! True, it cannot last long; but a few hours more are all I require, and for that time at least I shall hope to be thoroughly ruined.

Enter GRAVES.

Well, Graves, and what do people say of me?

Graves. Everything that 's bad!

Evelyn. Three days ago I was universally respected. I awake this morning to find myself singularly infamous. Yet I 'm the same man.

Graves. Humph! why gambling —

Evelyn. Cant! it was not criminal to gamble — it was criminal to lose. Tut! — will you deny that if I had ruined Smooth instead of myself, every hand would have grasped mine yet more cordially, and every lip would have smiled congratulation on my success? Man — Man! I 've not been rich and poor for nothing! The Vices and the Virtues are

written in a language the World cannot construe; it reads them in a vile translation, and the translators are — FAILURE and SUCCESS! You alone are unchanged.

Graves. There 's no merit in that. I am always ready to mingle my tears with any man. — (*Aside.*) I know I 'm a fool, but I can't help it. Hark ye, Evelyn! I like you — I 'm rich; and anything I can do to get you out of your hobble will give me an excuse to grumble for the rest of my life. There, now it 's out.

Evelyn (*touched*). There 's something good in human nature after all! My dear friend, I will now confide in you: I am not the spendthrift you think me — my losses have been trifling — not a month's income of my fortune (GRAVES *shakes him heartily by the hand*). No! — it has been but a stratagem to prove if the love, on which was to rest the happiness of a whole life, were given to the Money or the Man. Now, you guess why I have asked from Georgina this one proof of confidence and affection. — Think you she will give it?

Graves. Would you break your heart if she did not?

Evelyn. It is in vain to deny that I still love Clara; our last conversation renewed feelings which would task all the energies of my soul to conquer. What, then? I am not one of those, the Sybarites of sentiment, who deem it impossible for humanity to conquer love — who call their own weakness the voice of a resistless destiny. Such is

the poor excuse of every woman who yields her honor, of every adulterer who betrays his friend! No! the heart was given to the soul as its ally, not as its traitor.

Graves. What do you tend to?

Evelyn. This: — If Georgina still adhere to my fortunes (and I will not put her to too harsh a trial); if she can face the prospect, not of ruin and poverty, but of a moderate independence; if, in one word, she love me for myself, I will shut Clara forever from my thoughts. I am pledged to Georgina, and I will carry to the altar a soul resolute to deserve her affection and fulfil its vows.

Graves. And if she reject you?

Evelyn (*joyfully*). If she do, I am free once more! And then — then I will dare to ask, for I can ask without dishonor, if Clara can explain the past and bless the future!

Enter Servant *with a letter.*

Evelyn (*after reading it*). The die is cast — the dream is over! Generous girl! O Georgina! I will deserve you yet.

Graves. Georgina! is it possible?

Evelyn. And the delicacy, the womanhood, the exquisite grace of this! How we misjudge the depth of the human heart! How seeing the straws on the surface, we forget that the pearls may lie hid below!* I imagined her incapable of this devotion.

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* "Errors like straws," &c.

Graves. And *I too.*

Evelyn. It were base in me to continue this trial a moment longer: I will write at once to undeceive that generous heart (*writing*).

Graves. I would have given 1,000*l.* if that little jade Clara had been beforehand. But just like my luck: if I want a man to marry one woman, he 's sure to marry another on purpose to vex me!

[EVELYN *rings the bell.*

Enter Servant.

Evelyn. Take this instantly to Miss Vesey; say I will call in an hour. (*Exit* Servant.) And now Clara is resigned forever! Why does my heart sink within me? Why, why, looking to the fate to come, do I see only the memory of what has been?

Graves. You are re-engaged then to Georgina?

Evelyn. Irrevocably.

SCENE IV.

Enter Servant, *announcing* LADY FRANKLIN *and* MISS DOUGLAS.

EVELYN *and* GRAVES

Lady F. My dear Evelyn, you may think it strange to receive such visitors at this moment; but, indeed, it is no time for ceremony. We are your relations — it is reported you are about to

leave the country — we come to ask frankly what we can do to serve you?

Evelyn. Madam — I —

Lady F. Come, come — do not hesitate to confide in us; Clara is less a stranger to you than I am: your friend here will perhaps let me consult with him. — (*Aside to* GRAVES.) Let us leave them to themselves.

Graves. You 're an angel of a widow; but you come too late, as whatever is good for anything generally does.

[*They retire into the inner room, which should be partially open.*

Evelyn. Miss Douglas, I may well want words to thank you; this goodness — this sympathy —

Clara (*abandoning herself to her emotion*). Evelyn! Evelyn! Do not talk thus! — Goodness; sympathy! — I have learned *all — all!* It is for ME to speak of *gratitude!* What! even when I had so wounded you — when you believed me mercenary and cold — when you thought that I was blind and base enough not to know you for what you are; — even *at that time* you thought but of my happiness — my fortunes — my fate! — And to you — you — I owe all that has raised the poor orphan from servitude and dependence! While your words were so bitter, your deeds so gentle! Oh, noble Evelyn, this then was your revenge!

Evelyn. You owe me no thanks — that revenge was sweet! Think you it was nothing to feel that my presence haunted you, though you knew it not?

— that in things, the pettiest as the greatest, which that gold could buy — the very jewels you wore — the very robe in which, to other eyes, you might seem more fair — in all in which you took the woman's young and innocent delight — *I* had a part — a share? that, even if separated forever — even if another's — even in distant years — perhaps in a happy home, listening to sweet voices that might call you "mother!" even then should the uses of that dross bring to your lips one smile — that smile was mine — due to me — due, as a sacred debt, to the hand that you rejected — to the love that you despised!

Clara. Despised! See the proof that I despised you! — see: in this hour, when they say you are again as poor as before, I forget the world — my pride — perhaps too much my sex: I remember but your sorrows — I am here!

Evelyn (*aside*). Oh, Heaven! give me strength to bear it! — (*Aloud.*) And is this the same voice that, when I knelt at your feet — when I asked but *one day* the hope to call you mine — spoke only of poverty, and answered, "*Never*"?

Clara. Because I had been unworthy of your love if I had insured your misery. Evelyn, hear me! My father, like you, was poor — generous; gifted, like you, with genius — ambition: sensitive, like you, to the least breath of insult. He married, as you would have done — married one whose only dower was penury and care! Alfred, I saw that genius the curse to itself! — I saw that ambition

wither to despair! — I saw the struggle — the humiliation — the proud man's agony — the bitter life — the early death! — and heard over his breathless clay my mother's groan of self-reproach! Alfred Evelyn, now speak! Was the woman you loved so nobly to repay you with such a doom?

Evelyn. Clara, we should have shared it!

Clara. Shared? Never let the woman who really loves, comfort her selfishness with such delusion! In marriages like this the wife cannot share the burden; it is he — the husband — to provide, to scheme, to work, to endure — to grind out his strong heart at the miserable wheel! The wife, alas! cannot share the struggle — she can but witness the despair! And therefore, Alfred, I rejected you.

Evelyn. Yet you believe me as poor now as I was then.

Clara. But *I* am not poor: *we* are not so poor! Of this fortune, which is all your own — if, as I hear, one half would free you from your debts, why, we have the other half still left. Evelyn! it is humble — but it is not penury.

Evelyn. Cease, cease — you know not how you torture me. Oh, that when hope was possible; — oh, that you had bid me take it to my breast and wait for a brighter day!

Clara. And so have consumed your life of life upon a hope perhaps delayed till age — shut you from a happier choice, from fairer fortunes — shackled you with vows that, as my youth and its poor attributes decayed, would only have irritated

and galled — made your whole existence one long suspense! No, Alfred, even *yet* you do not know me!

Evelyn. Know you! Fair angel, too excellent for man's harder nature to understand! — at least it is permitted me to revere. Why were such blessed words not vouchsafed to me before? — why, why come they now? — too late! Oh, Heaven — too late!

Clara. Too late! What, then, have I said?

Evelyn. Wealth! what is it without you? *With* you, I recognize its power; to forestall your every wish — to smooth your every path — to make all that life borrows from Grace and Beauty your ministrant and handmaid; and then, looking to those eyes, to read there the treasures of a heart that excelled all that kings could lavish; — why *that* were to make gold indeed a god! But vain — vain — vain! Bound by every tie of faith, gratitude, loyalty, and honor, to another!

Clara. Another! Is she, then, true to your reverses? I did not know this — indeed, I did not! And I have thus betrayed myself! O, shame! he must despise me now!

SCENE V.

The foregoing. — Enter SIR JOHN; *at the same time* GRAVES *and* LADY FRANKLIN *advance from the inner room.*

Sir John (*with dignity and frankness*). Evelyn, I was hasty yesterday. You must own it natural that I should be so. But Georgina has been so urgent in your defence, that — (*as* LADY FRANKLIN *comes up to listen*) Sister, just shut the door, will you — that I cannot resist her. What 's money without happiness? So give me your security; for she insists on lending you the 10,000*l.*

Evelyn. I know; and have already received it.

Sir John. Already received it! Is he joking? Faith, for the last two days I believe I have been living amongst the Mysteries of Udolpho! Sister, have you seen Georgina?

Lady F. Not since she went out to walk in the square.

Sir John (*aside*). She 's not in the square nor the house — where the deuce can the girl be?

Evelyn. I have written to Miss Vesey — I have asked her to fix the day for our wedding.

Sir John (*joyfully*). Have you? Go, Lady Franklin, find her instantly — she must be back by this time: take my carriage, it is but a step — you won't be two minutes gone. — (*Aside.*) I 'd go myself, but I 'm afraid of leaving him a moment while he 's in such excellent dispositions.

Lady F. (*repulsing* CLARA). No, no: stay till I return. [*Exit.*

Sir John. And don't be down-hearted, my dear fellow; if the worst come to the worst, you will have everything I can leave you. Meantime, if I can in any way help you —

Evelyn. Ha! — you! — *you*, too? Sir John, you have seen my letter to Miss Vesey? (*Aside*) or could she have learned the truth before she ventured to be generous?

Sir John. No! on my honor. I only just called at the door on my way from Lord Spend — that is, from the City. Georgina was out; — was ever anything so unlucky? — (*Without.*) [Hurrah — hurrah! Blue for ever!] — What's that?

Enter SHARP.

Sharp. Sir, a deputation from Groginhole — poll closed in the first hour — you are returned! Holloa, sir — holloa!

Evelyn. And it was to please Clara!

Sir John. Mr. Sharp — Mr. Sharp — I say, how much has Mr. Evelyn lost by Messrs. Flash and Co.?

Sharp. Oh, a great deal, sir, — a great deal.

Sir John (*alarmed*). How? — a great deal!

Evelyn. Speak the truth, Sharp, — concealment is all over.

Sharp. 223*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* — a great sum to throw away!

Graves. Ah, I comprehend now! Poor Evelyn caught in his own trap!

Sir John. Eh! what, my dear boy? — what? Ha! ha! all humbug, was it? — all humbug, upon my soul! So, Mr. Sharp, is n't he ruined after all? — not the least, wee, rascally, little bit in the world, ruined?

Sharp. Sir, he has never even lived up to his income.

Sir John. Worthy man! I could jump up to the ceiling! I am the happiest father-in-law in the three kingdoms. — And that's my sister's knock, too.

Clara. Since I was mistaken, cousin, — since, now, you do not need me, — forget what has passed; my business here is over. Farewell!

Evelyn. Could you but see my heart at this moment, with what love, what veneration, what anguish it is filled, you would know how little, in the great calamities of life, fortune is really worth. And must we part now, — *now*, when — when — I never wept before, since my mother died!

Enter LADY FRANKLIN *and* GEORGINA, *followed by* BLOUNT, *who looks shy and embarrassed.*

Graves. Georgina herself — then there 's no hope.

Sir John. What the deuce brings that fellow Blount here? — Georgy, my dear Georgy, I want to —

Evelyn. Stand back, Sir John!

Sir John. But I must speak a word to her — I want to —

Evelyn. Stand back, I say, — not a whisper —

not a sign. If your daughter is to be my wife, to *her* heart only will I look for a reply to *mine*.

Lady F. (*to* GEORG.). Speak the truth, niece.

Evelyn. Georgina, it is true, then, that you trust me with your confidence — your fortune? It is also true, that when you did so you believed me ruined? Oh, pardon the doubt! Answer as if your father stood not there — answer me from that truth the world cannot yet have plucked from your soul — answer as if the woe or weal of a life trembled in the balance — answer as the woman's heart, yet virgin and unpolluted, *should* answer to one who has trusted to it his all!

Georg. What can he mean?

Sir John (*making signs*). She won't look this way, she won't — hang her — HEM!

Evelyn. You falter. I implore — I adjure you — answer!

Lady F. The truth!

Georg. Mr. Evelyn, your fortune might well dazzle me, as it dazzled others. Believe me, I sincerely pity your reverses.

Sir John. Good girl! you hear her, Evelyn.

Georg. What's money without happiness?

Sir John. Clever creature! — my own sentiments!

Georg. And so, as our engagement is now annulled, — papa told me so this very morning, — I have promised my hand where I have given my heart — to Sir Frederick Blount.

Sir John. I told you, — I? No such thing —

no such thing: you frighten her out of her wits — she don't know what she 's saying.

Evelyn. Am I awake? But this letter — this letter, received to-day —

Lady F. (*looking over the letter*). Drummond's — from a banker!

Evelyn. Read — read.

Lady F. "Ten thousand pounds just placed to your account — from the same unknown friend to Evelyn." Oh, Clara, I know now why you went to Drummond's this morning.

Evelyn. Clara! What! — and the former one with the same signature, on the faith of which I pledged my hand and sacrificed my heart —

Lady F. Was written under my eyes, and the secret kept that —

Evelyn. Look up, look up, Clara — I am free! — I am released! you forgive me? — you love me? — you are mine! We are rich — rich! I can give you fortune, power, — I can devote to you my whole life, thought, heart, soul — I am all yours, Clara — my own — my wife!

Sir John (*to* GEORG.). So, you 've lost the game by a revoke, in trumping your own father's best of a suit! — Unnatural jade! — Aha, Lady Franklin — I am to thank you for this!

Lady F. You 've to thank me that she 's not now on the road to Scotland with Sir Frederick. I chanced on them by the Park just in time to dissuade and save her. But, to do her justice, a hint of your displeasure was sufficient.

Georg. (*half sobbing*). And you know, papa, you said this very morning that poor Frederick had been very ill-used, and you would settle it all at the club.

Blount. Come, Sir John, you can only blame yourself and Evelyn's cunning device. After all, I'm no such vewy bad match; and as for the 10,000*l.* —

Evelyn. I'll double it. Ah, Sir John, what's money without happiness?

Sir John. Pshaw — nonsense — stuff. Don't humbug me!

Lady F. But if you don't consent, she'll have no husband at all.

Sir John. Hum! there 's something in that. (*Aside to* EVELYN.) Double it, will you? Then settle it all *tightly* on her. Well — well — my foible is not avarice. Blount, make her happy. Child, I forgive you. — (*Pinching her arm.*) Ugh, you fool!

Graves (*to* LADY F.). I'm afraid it's catching. What say you? I feel the symptoms of matrimony creeping all over me. Shall we, eh? Frankly, now, frankly —

Lady F. Frankly, now, there 's my hand, on one condition, — that we finish our reel on the wedding-day.

Graves. Accepted. Is it possible? Sainted Maria! thank Heaven you are spared this affliction!

Enter SMOOTH.

Smooth. How d 'ye do, Alfred? I intrude, I fear! Quite a family party.

Blount. Wish us joy, Smooth — Georgina 's mine, and —

Smooth. And our four friends there apparently have made up another rubber. John, my dear boy, you look as if you had something at stake on the odd trick.

Sir John. Sir, your very — Confound the fellow! — and he 's a dead shot, too!

Enter STOUT *and* GLOSSMORE *hastily, talking with each other.*

Stout. I 'm sure he 's of our side; we 've all the intelligence.

Gloss. I 'm sure he 's of our's if his fortune is safe, for we 've all the property. — My dear Evelyn, you were out of humor yesterday — but I forgive you.

Stout. Certainly! — what would become of public life if a man were obliged to be two days running in the same mind? — I rise to explain. — Just heard of your return, Evelyn. Congratulate you. The great motion of the session is fixed for Friday. We count on your vote. Progress with the times!

Gloss. Preserve the Constitution!

Stout. Your money will do wonders for the party! — Advance.

Gloss. The party respects men of your property! Stick fast!

Evelyn. I have the greatest respect, I assure

you, for the worthy and intelligent flies upon both sides the wheel; but whether we go too fast or too slow, does not, I fancy, depend so much on the flies as on the Stout Gentleman who sits inside and pays the post-boys. Now all my politics as yet is to consider what 's best for the Stout Gentleman!

Smooth. Meaning John Bull. *Ce cher* old John!

Stout. I'm as wise as I was before.

Gloss. Sir, he 's a trimmer!

Evelyn. Smooth, we have yet to settle our first piquet account and our last! And I sincerely thank you for the service you have rendered to me, and the lesson you have given these gentlemen. — (*Turning to* CLARA.) Ah, Clara, you — you have succeeded where wealth had failed! You have reconciled me to the world and to mankind. My friends — we must confess it — amidst the humors and the follies. the vanities, deceits, and vices that play their parts in the Great Comedy of Life — it is our own fault if we do not find such natures, though rare and few, as redeem the rest, brightening the shadows that are flung from the form and body of the TIME with glimpses of the everlasting holiness of truth and love.

Graves. But for the truth and the love, when found, to make us tolerably happy, we should not be without —

Lady F. Good health;

Graves. Good spirits;

Clara. A good heart;

Smooth. An innocent rubber;

Georg. Congenial tempers;
Blount. A pwoper degwee of pwudence;
Stout. Enlightened opinions;
Gloss. Constitutional principles;
Sir John. Knowledge of the world;
Evelyn. And — plenty of Money!

THE END.

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